

DR. BARNARDO'S SUCCESSOR.  
May, 1908.

A NEW COMPETITION with PRIZES.

SEVERAL COMPLETE STORIES.

6d.

# THE QUIVER



CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

CASELL & CO. LTD.,  
LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK,  
TORONTO & MELBOURNE.

# *I am almost alive*



Give me a tongue, and I'd speak. As it is I'm doomed to write and keep on writing all the time—writing business notes for you—letters for your wife—exercises for the children—tales for travellers, and goodness knows what for the journalist.

Keep me in your waistcoat pocket—and I'm always ready to write; "Johnny—on the spot" everytime—otherwise Onoto the Pen.

As a fountain pen I'm a novelty, **I do not leak.** Funny, is it not? but it's true. I don't blot the paper, I don't scratch nor splutter. I'm proud to be

the perfect fountain pen and there's no need for me to blow my own trumpet—users by the tens of thousands see to that. I stand alone in the world on my merits—without filler or relative to bother my owner—mess his fingers and his clothes. I am made in England by British labour.

- I fill myself in a flash
- I clean myself in filling
- I'm light, tight and right.

I am waiting now at your Stationers, waiting to go home with you—**10/6** (or if you like a little more) makes me your lifelong friend. My character is all it should be—the perfect self-filling fountain pen that does not leak. What a testimonial! What a monument of the virtues! Take me home.

## **"Onoto the Pen"**

"Pen Points—a booklet for the ready writer."

Free on application to

**T. DE LA RUE & Co., Ltd.,**  
235 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.



## Ludcord Squares The Health Carpet

It has taken years of costly experiment to perfect the "Ludcord"—strongest and most durable Carpet on the market. The "Ludcord" is **seamless**. It is **reversible**—note that. It is **low in price**, because woven on a special loom. There are numerous imitations—**why?** See that **you** get the **real thing**—Trelor's "Ludcord." Many exquisite colours and designs. 3 yds. by 2 yds., 10/6; 3½ yds. by 3 yds., 18/6; 4 yds. by 3 yds., 21/-; 4 yds. by 3½ yds., 24/6. Can be supplied in Stair Carpets and Rugs. Particulars sent on application.

SEND FOR PATTERNS AND PRICE LISTS.

TRELOAR & SONS, Dept. 30, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.



REVERSIBLE!

## Brighter Days are in Store

for all who suffer from kidney and liver trouble if they will take BEECHAM'S PILLS. This famous remedy is a reliable cure for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, and the disordered conditions arising therefrom. Their action is gentle yet certain, and derangement of the affected organs is quickly corrected. There is no need for anyone to continue to suffer

if you will

give these Pills a fair chance. You will be surprised and delighted at the improvement they effect. You will begin to enjoy your food; sleep will become natural and refreshing; all your ailments will vanish, leaving no trace behind—in short, you will enjoy the blessing of health unalloyed if you decide without delay to

take

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancs.

Sold everywhere in Boxes, price 1/1½ (56 Pills) and 2/9 (168 Pills).

**FIRST IN THE FIELD**  
**EVANS' ORIGINAL**  
**MELTON PIES.**

Ever, Housekeeper should keep them in store in readiness for emergencies.

REALLY MADE IN MELTON MOWBRAY from the finest English Pork, in the cleanliest of surroundings and in a large airy factory. The process of manufacture from start to finish is cleanliness perfected. It speaks wonders that many customers have sold them for 50 years.

A delicacy for all times and all seasons.

Ask for them—**"EVANS."**

Of all Grocers, Stores, etc.

EVANS & CO., Manufacturers, Melton Mowbray.

Q.—May, 1908.]

**KEATING'S POWDER**  
**KILLS**

TINS  
3<sup>d</sup>. 6<sup>d</sup>.  
4 1/-

**BEETLES**

Face Cover 2.

## How Are You Feeding Baby?

DO you realise that not only baby's present health but his future depend on the food you are giving your Baby now? If this food does not agree—does not supply the nourishment that nature calls for, your child cannot grow up healthy and strong. There is another point to be remembered also—a food that agrees now may cause illness and distress when summer comes. It may contain starch which is heating—or have to be mixed with milk, which warm weather may contaminate.

Are you sure baby's food is right—had you not better go into the question now?

Mothers who have tried it and doctors the country over who know of its merits will tell you there is no food quite so good as MALTICO, and none so safe for use in summer weather.

MALTICO is a complete food in itself—without the addition of milk. It is starch free, yet contains all the elements necessary for perfect nutrition.

Its pleasant taste makes any child enjoy it—its great digestibility enables the weakest little stomach to retain it.

MALTICO is packed in a wide-necked bottle, not in a tin which might contaminate the food.

Ask for and insist on having

# Maltico

**THE BEST OF THE BABY FOODS.**

MALTICO is sold by all Chemists and Stores in bottles 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, order from

MALTICO FOODS, LIMITED, 158, Redcross Street, London, E.C.  
Wholesale Agents—Rocke Tompsitt & Co.



# THE SCOTTISH

Funds  
£19,000,000.



# WIDOWS' FUND

The Largest British Mutual Office

PROSPECTUSES, &c., WILL BE SENT ON APPLICATION

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LONDON: 28 CORNHILL, E.C., & 5 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

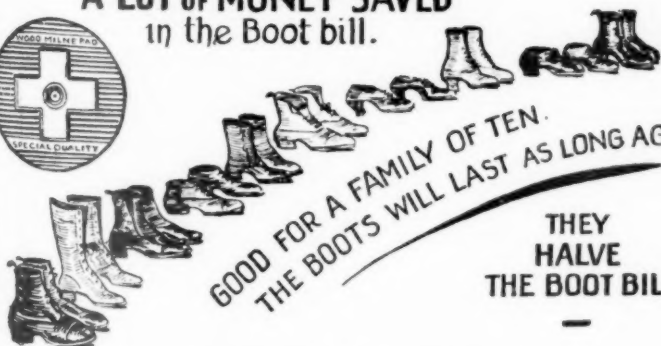
*Agencies in all the Principal Towns in the United Kingdom.*

## IT MAKES A MAN THINK -

that if all the family were to wear

## WOOD-MILNE HEEL PADS

there would be  
**A LOT OF MONEY SAVED**  
in the Boot bill.



GOOD FOR A FAMILY OF TEN.  
THE BOOTS WILL LAST AS LONG AGAIN.

THEY  
HALVE  
THE BOOT BILL



... WOOD-MILNE LIMITED. ...

*Since the foundation of the Firm (1728)  
Six Monarchs have reigned over  
England -*



**Fry's**

PURE CONCENTRATED

**Cocoa**

still reigns supreme

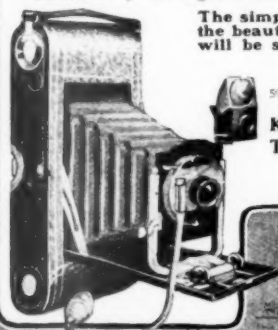
# KODAKS

NO READER OF THIS MAGAZINE should be without a Kodak this year. It puts within the reach of everybody a pastime which is second to none in the delights it affords—a method of picture-making in which success is attainable from the start. In Kodak photography you have light, portable cameras, taking daylight-loading roll films instead of heavy plates, and a system of daylight development which abolishes the dark room and is endorsed by the highest authorities.

The simplicity of the Kodak method is set forth in the beautifully illustrated KODAK BOOK which will be sent free to anybody naming this paper.

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 64, Bold-st., Liverpool; 72-74, Buchanan-st., Glasgow;  
 59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 63, Chapside, F.C.; 115, Oxford-st., W.;  
 171-173, Regent-st., W.; 4, Strand, London, W.C.

KODAKS CAN BE OBTAINED OF ALL  
 THE BEST PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS.



## PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

(Broncho-Laryngeal).

For CHEST, THROAT, and VOICE.

A Boon for Asthma, Cough, Catarrh.

Invaluable to Speakers, Singers, and Teachers.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN wrote: "I have always found Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles efficacious."

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT "Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Chest, and Voice, and recommends her friends to use them."

SIR HENRY IRVING wrote: "Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles are excellent."

MISS ELLEN TERRY "Considers Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles better than any other Lozenge or Pastille for the Voice."

Sold only in boxes, 1/- and 2/6, by Chemists and Stores, or posted from

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS DEPOT, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



## EXTRA PIN MONEY.

Why keep that useless Jewellery

of yours locked up in your box, drawer, or safe, when you might turn it into ready money? Send it to us and we will send you our cash offer by return of post. If offer not accepted, goods immediately returned. We also buy old False Teeth, Silver, Diamonds, Pearls, Emeralds, Platinum, etc., etc.

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 18, London Street, NORWICH.

ESTABLISHED MORE THAN 50 YEARS.

References—Bankers: Barclay's. Telephone 224.

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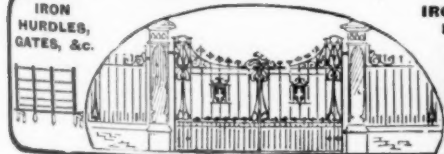


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WOLVERHAMPTON.

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139 & 141 CANNON ST. E.C.

LISTS  
 FREE.



**IZAL**

Non-Poisonous.

N.B.—For internal use a special "Medi-  
cal Izal" is supplied, with  
directions, etc.

All Antiseptical  
greater power  
than Pure Car-  
bolic Acid.

Shake the Bottle.

Officially adopted  
by His Majesty's  
Government.

Newton, Chambers  
AND CO., LTD.,  
THORNGILFEE,  
Near SHEFFIELD.

## The Ideal Disinfectant

**IZAL** destroys all  
disease germs and  
offensive odours,  
keeps the Home  
sweet and healthy,  
prevents infection.

**A SHILLING BOTTLE  
MAKES 20 GALLONS**

### The Best Brown Bread

Note the texture of TUROG Bread. It is one of the secrets of its tremendous popularity. It is light in crumb—not heavy like ordinary brown bread.

This is a clear cut—no crumbs, no waste.

TUROG Bread is delicious and appetising. It contains all the valuable food elements of carefully selected, sound wheat. It is economical, keeping fresh for five days.

TUROG Bread slices to wafer thinness without crumbling, and makes the most exquisite, crisp and tasty toast. Try it to-day. Of Bakers everywhere.

SPILLERS & BAKERS, LTD., CARDIFF,  
Millers of TUROG Flour.

# Turog Bread





## The comforting corrective

Constipation is a malady that requires immediate, but not drastic correction, for violent purgatives may prove more dangerous than days of neglect.

In delicate women and children this is especially true, and for them the gentle laxative action of California Syrup of Figs, with its pleasant taste, and calm and soothing after effect, is unquestionably the most beneficial.

An important fact to remember is that California Syrup of Figs builds up the strength of the organs, so that the habit of constipation is not merely relieved, but permanently overcome.

## CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE

is recommended by Doctors and used in over a million homes. It may be obtained of all Chemists, 1/4 and 1/9. When purchasing, say that you want, and insist on having *California* Syrup of Figs. It is a good plan to keep a bottle always at hand, take a dose whenever needed and so avoid illness and expense.



In order to distinguish the genuine California Syrup of Figs, note the circular Trade Mark in blue at the top of the package, also the name of the California Fig Syrup Co. in a red band at the foot. Every label so marked is a guarantee of genuine quality.





## **The Typewriter Championship**

Business Exhibition,  
Olympia, 1908,

won on the

**"BAR-LOCK."**

Out of the first 4 positions in the  
"CHAMPIONSHIP" and  
"TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP,"  
the

**"BAR-LOCK"**

**won 5  
out of 8.**

The 7 hours' record was also made on

**"BAR-LOCK,"**

The Busy Man's Typewriter.

The only machine combining  
the twin advantages of

**All the Writing Always in Sight.**

**One Key—One Character Keyboard.**

Write for "Speed" Circular,

**HIS MAJESTY'S TYPEWRITER MAKERS,**

12 & 14, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

## **Enjoyment of Food**

*is desirable, and in order  
to obtain the greatest  
benefit, a most necessary  
condition. Those who  
regularly eat*

# Hovis

(Trade Mark)

Bread (the "Meat of the  
Wheat") are assured pleasant  
and profitable meals.

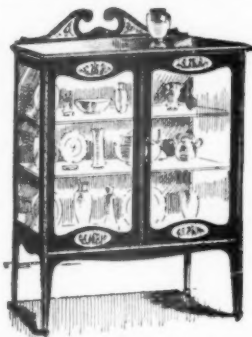
Hovis is the outcome of a  
scientific milling process which  
retains all the good qualities of  
the wheat. It contains germ,  
but not bran. It is perfectly  
pure, is nutritious in the  
highest degree, and is the most  
easily assimilated bread.

Hovis cuts thinly, it keeps  
well, and it makes delicious  
toast.

Most bakers make it. Try a  
loaf!

**The HOVIS-BREAD FLOUR CO., LTD.**  
Macclesfield.

**SALE** of the **ENTIRE STOCK**  
of  
**BAILEY SLOPER & CO.**  
at **SWEEPING REDUCTIONS.**



Mahogany Inlaid China Cabinet, fitted with shelves, and lined with Silk. 3 ft. 2 in. wide, 4 ft. 6 in. high ... **£28 6**

**Special  
Illustrated  
Sale  
Catalogue  
Post  
Free.**



Elegant Polished Brass Fenders, Antique Pierced Design, 4 1/2 in. high, 2 ft. long, **3/11**; 2 ft. 3 in. long, **4/11**; 2 ft. 6 in. long, **5/11**. Brass Poker and Tongs for ditto, **3/11** per pair.



Bedroom Settee Ottoman with box and lift-up seat, spring stuffed and covered with artistic Cretonne ... **£15 0**

**Oetzmann's**  
OETZMANN & CO

HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road

**The Allenburys' Foods**

A PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING  
AND MANAGEMENT (48 pages) FREE.



MOTHER & CHILD. Baby, 6 1/2 months old. Fed from birth on the Allenburys' Foods.

The "Allenburys" Milk Foods closely resemble human milk in composition and they are as easily digested. They promote vigorous and healthy development, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet. A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding, FREE.

**ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, LONDON.**

**Good for the Skin.**

A good skin-cream protects the skin and keeps it soft, clear, and smooth—but be sure it's a **GOOD Cream!** Beware of oily or greasy compounds, for they choke the pores, coarsen the skin, grow superfluous hair, and need powder to hide the "shine."

Test your face cream! Rub a little well into fine, white paper—an ugly grease spot at once shows the presence of oil or grease. Try this with the dainty, snowy, sweetly scented



### Icilma Fluor Cream

and note the result. Icilma Fluor Cream is perfect for summer and winter use; it is absolutely harmless, containing no oil, grease, fat, or harmful drugs, but simply imparts the wonderful cleansing and beautifying powers of **ICILMA NATURAL WATER.**

Excellent for insect bites and for protecting the skin from Sunburn and Windburn. Use it daily and watch your skin grow clearer.

Price 1/-, 1/8—all Chemists and Stores.

For 3d. stamps we send dainty samples of Cream and Icilmia (solidified Icilmia Water), and an illustrated art card on "Skin Tone."

**ICILMA CO., LTD.**

(Dept. 72), 14a, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

**CLEARANCE SALE.**

Greenhouses, from 37/6.



Cucumber Frames, from 11/6.



Incubators, from 20/-.



Rustic Houses, from 27/6.



Good sound Material and Workmanship Guaranteed.

25 per cent. to 50 per cent. below usual prices. Lights, Forcing Houses, Propagators, Hand Lights, Four Mothers, Reapers, Incubators, Egg Testers, Gilt Cradles, Nest Boxes, Studios, Cycle Houses, Motor Car Houses, Bins, Shelters, Chapel, School, and Billiard Rooms.

Poultry Houses, from 18/6.



Iron Churches, from 60/-.



Tennis Pavilion, 411 lbs.



Send for Illustrated Sale Catalogue, Post Free. Hundreds of Bargains. Business hours 9 to 6, Saturdays included.

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## "THE QUEEN" RECOMMENDS JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER KIND IS preferred. FREE

**NO LANCING OR CUTTING**

Required if you use the world-renowned

**BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.**

It has saved many a limb from the knife.

Cured others after being given up by Hospitals.

The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and ALL SKIN

DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS,

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Offered  
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SHILLING  
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**BIG BARGAIN  
BOUGHT.**

Charmingly Pretty  
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Money returned if not true.

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Castles, Countryside Walks, Cozy  
Nooks, Lovely Landscapes, &c., &c.

or 50 with Album Complete, Carriage Paid, 1/3 to Clear.

SAMPLE PARFUMERIE, PAR EXCELLENCE, 3 STAMPS.

T.B.L. KING'S PREMISES, SAVOY CORNER, STRAND, LONDON.

MESSRS. LUTAS LEATHLEY & Co., of Arm-  
ley, Leeds, were among the pioneers in this  
country of the system of shopping by post,  
and it is evident from their new catalogue  
that they are well abreast of the times in  
dress material and household goods—in fact,  
in everything that the warehousemen of the  
north supply. A postcard addressed to them  
will be followed by a heavy box of samples,  
from which a capital selection of goods may  
be made in shirtings, flannels, calico, flane-  
lette, suitings, and linings. The merchan-  
dise are not neglected by this enterprising firm,  
who supply suits, boots, and shoes suitable  
for all requirements.

*Swan* Written with —

Fountain Pens —

To suit all hands —

Satisfactions guaranteed —

Or Money refunded —

For England —

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Sketching —

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Prices 10/6 upwards, Post Free.

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# LADIES!

MAKE YOUR

# PET DOGS

WELL and HAPPY

by giving them

**DOGINE**—the great Tonic for Dogs. It cures, and gives a smooth, healthy appearance to their coats. Your Dog will look better and feel better after you have given it **DOGINE** regularly. It prevents and cures Distemper. Can be obtained at all Chemists' and Stores, or direct from A.C. Wilson & Co., 24, Hart Street, Oxford Street, W.C. Price 2s. 6d., or six times the quantity, 10s. 6d.

**REDFERN'S**  
**NAVY PADS**

GENT'S 6½" LADIES' 4½"  
PER PAIR  
REFUSE ALL NOT MOULDED REDFERN'S.

# BENGER'S

## Food

prepared with milk is  
a complete food, rich,  
creamy and delicious

For dawning life and advancing age.  
For development and decline.  
In growing vigour and failing power.  
In breaking health and convalescence.

It is sweet and nutritive, a  
natural restorative, and is  
retained when all other foods  
are rejected.

Benger's Food is sold  
by Chemists, etc.  
everywhere.

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THE WINE TONIC

For Health and Strength

**To Rectify Anæmia.** Nine-tenths of the sickness and general weakness in young girls arises from a poor condition of the blood and is best corrected by "Wincarnis."

**To Relieve Exhaustion.** If you find your strength unaccountably ebbing away until you feel almost fit to drop, take "Wincarnis" daily with your meals, and you'll soon be fit.

**To Prevent Influenza.** You can avoid any kind of infectious disease by keeping up your strength at its maximum. Perhaps you can't do it yourself, but "Wincarnis" can do it effectually for you.

**SAMPLE BOTTLE GRATIS**

**SIGN THIS COUPON**

To obtain "WINCARNIS" free of charge.

Name.....

Address.....

"Quiver."

Fill in the Coupon and send with three penny stamps to pay cost of carriage. No charge for the bottle of "Wincarnis."

**COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.**



# Ingersoll

## Crown 5/- Watch

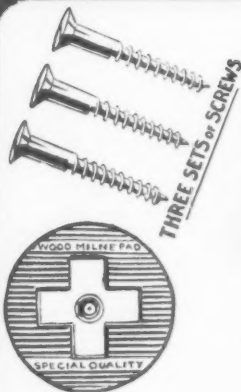
Keeps good time all the time. Looks well and wears well. Accuracy and durability justify the liberal guarantee that goes with every watch having Ingersoll on the dial.

Regular men's size, open face, real lever, lantern pinions, keyless action—stem-winding and stem-setting; non-magnetic; cases in nickel, gun metal, or gold plate finish.

For sale by leading shopkeepers, but if your dealer cannot supply you, send us 5/- and we will send watch to you by return post. Booklet free.

Other "Ingersoll" Watches—Eclipse, 6/-; Triumph, 7/6; and the Ladies' Midget Watch, 8/6.

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## IRON versus RUBBER.

## A GOOD TESTIMONIAL.

A wearer of

## WOOD-MILNE REVOLVING HEEL PADS writes:

"Dear Sirs,

"As a wearer of your HEEL PADS I think you may like to hear of my experience.

"I had a pair of pads fixed to my boots several months ago. They are not half worn down, but the iron screws have THREE TIMES worn through, showing how much better your rubber lasts than does iron itself. The rubber is as good as ever. THIS PAIR OF HEELS HAS SAVED ME A GUINEA."

ONLY WOOD-MILNE WILL DO THIS.

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CHURCHES, CHAPELS, SCHOOLS, COTTAGES.

PLANS FREE.



ESTIMATES FREE.



CHURCH, CHAPEL, AND SCHOOL FURNITURE, SEATS, PULPITS, LECTERNS, &c.  
Shipped to any Part of the World.

## HARBROW'S

## IRON

## BUILDING WORKS,

Adjoining South Bermondsey Station, S.E.





**An Irresistible Attraction!**

There is an attraction about a Hall's Distemper room—as soon as you enter you feel it is different, and better than a papered room.

The even velvety finish, the enhanced effect of furniture and pictures, the effect of refinement and good taste, are some of the reasons which have made this wall-covering so deservedly popular.

## HALL'S Distemper (Trade Mark)

rooms always look clean, airy and spacious.

Hall's Distemper is made in 70 permanent colours. It is quickly and easily applied with a whitewash brush and is, when first applied, a thorough disinfectant and germ destroyer. It sets hard, never cracks nor turns black, and is washable in three weeks after application.

Write for the beautiful Hall's Distemper booklet "Modern Development in House Decoration" with coloured views of dining, drawing, bedroom and library, post free, from the Sole Manufacturers—

**SISSONS BROTHERS & Co., Ltd., HULL.**  
London Office—199<sup>th</sup>, Boro' High St., S.E.

If any of my readers want a few minutes' fun for nothing I should advise them to write for a little booklet entitled "London Landmarks," published by Messrs. Hardtmuth, the makers of the famous "Koh-I-Noor" pencils. The pencil, I may say, is produced in no fewer than seventeen different degrees in order to suit all kinds of handwriting, and its long run of favour with the public is a sure guarantee of its worth. The booklet I speak of tells you all you want to know about the pencil, and in a piquant way it describes the sights of London as well.

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Full particulars as to this class of publicity, by means of a log number of the above, circulating in England, Scotland, and Ireland, may be had on application to the Manager, Advertisement Department, CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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IT IS  
BRITAIN'S BEST

ALL WOOL. NEVER SHRINKS. RECOMMENDED

## HARBUTT'S

Complete Home Modelling Outfits  
in 5 Colours. Post Free, 1/3 and  
2/10. **WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A.,**  
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## PEACH'S CURTAINS



**Lace Curtains**—"Floral Basket," 2/6 pair. "Clematis," Frilled edges, 9/- pair. "Bow and Sprig," Swiss, 12/10 pair. **Madras Muslins**, "Poppy," 11½d. yd., Frilled.

**Casement Fabrics, Cretonnes, Linens, Hosiery, Laces.**

Ask for Catalogue 120, post free; 1000 Numbers to select from.

**Everything in Window Drapery.** We make Lace Curtains. The advantage is substantial. Our New Patent "Contrenet" Curtains are shown, extra strong Net, from 3/- per pair. Never before such a wealth of new designs. Never such attractive values. **Durability beyond question.**

Ask for Catalogue 120, post free.

**1908 POPULAR PARCEL**—Lot 120 contains 5 pairs of Lace Curtains.

New Designs, White or Ecru. **2/- Carriage Free.** Viz: 2 pairs Effective Dining-room Curtains, rich lace design, 4½ yds. long, 60 ins. wide; 1 pair exquisite Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide; 2 pairs choice Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 43 ins. wide.

**SAMUEL PEACH & SONS**  
Box 120,

The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

# Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN.



(Copyright.)



THE PALACE, STOCKHOLM.

(Copyright.)

To Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Leeds. Please send the Queen of Sweden's "Queen's Royal" Household Hearthrugs for 15 also 1 Prudential Brussels Carpet, 6 ft. by 7 1/2 ft., price 3/11, as per your catalogue, with other goods. Herewith cheque, £2 ss. 7d.

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

## GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

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# The Quiver, May, 1908.

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Every little child is entitled to just as much happiness as can be crowded into the hours between rising in the morning and going to bed at night.

Of course, "No" must be said when children would get into danger, hurt themselves or their playmates, or do something wrong. To yield to a child's wishes when it would mean injury to the child is weak and foolish; but far too often busy mothers utter a

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The actual fat from your daily food passes from the stomach into your blood in minute particles, and is carried along in the blood until it touches the walls of the little adipose or fat cells. It then passes through the walls of those cells and is stored within.

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In FIGUROIDS therefore you have the one genuine scientific cure for Obesity which acts safely, slowly and naturally. The acid in the blood disappears and with it also the rheumatism and gout associated with Obesity. Remember also that FIGUROIDS cannot harm any part of the system, and are indeed helpful to digestion, while the complexion improves and the figure is restored.

Avoid all unscientific acid and purgative preparations, which merely remove watery liquid and have no influence whatever in removing FAT from the body. Such preparations cannot produce permanent results, because it is only by affecting the walls of the adipose cells, which contain all the fat, that a permanent cure can be effected.

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Sold by all Chemists and Stores, or, should they be out of stock, sent direct from ourselves forwarded in plain wrappers.

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### COUPON

Order two small bottles and send this coupon and we will send you free a small box to carry one day's treatment; with one large bottle we will send a box to carry one day's treatment, and containing one day's treatment.

Quiver, May '08.

With Seigel's Syrup  
in the house  
(This fact all should  
remember),



No stomach troubles  
you will know  
From now until  
December.

YEAR IN

YEAR OUT

Mother Seigel's  
Syrup  
is now also  
prepared in  
**TABLET FORM**  
and sold under  
the name of  
**Mother Seigel's  
Syrup Tablets.**  
Price 2 9 one size only

For nearly forty years Mother Seigel's Syrup has gone on curing indigestion, and thousands are well to-day who but for it would be poor feeble invalids. Its great power is due to the fact that it acts directly on the stomach, liver and bowels, and by quickly restoring them to natural action, makes indigestion, biliousness, and all kindred ills quite impossible. When you feel the least symptom of stomach troubles take this great medicine, and you will be spared months, perhaps years, of suffering.

**MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP**  
— CURES INDIGESTION. —

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can be preserved, beautified, and enriched for years by using

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

which prevents baldness and scurf, and strengthens and restores the hair; also in a **Golden Colour** for fair or grey hair. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and  
**A. ROWLAND & SONS, Hatton Garden, London.**

LADIES. — SUN, WINDS,  
and . . . . .  
CHANGEABLE WEATHER will  
play havoc with your

SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

“ **BEETHAM'S**  
*Larola* ”  
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is, however, a Sure Safeguard against their ill effects.  
A little used after washing will  
**KEEP THE SKIN SOFT and SMOOTH  
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.**  
Bottles, 1/-, 2/-, 6/-, of all Chemists and Stores.  
**M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham.**

Face back of Plate.]

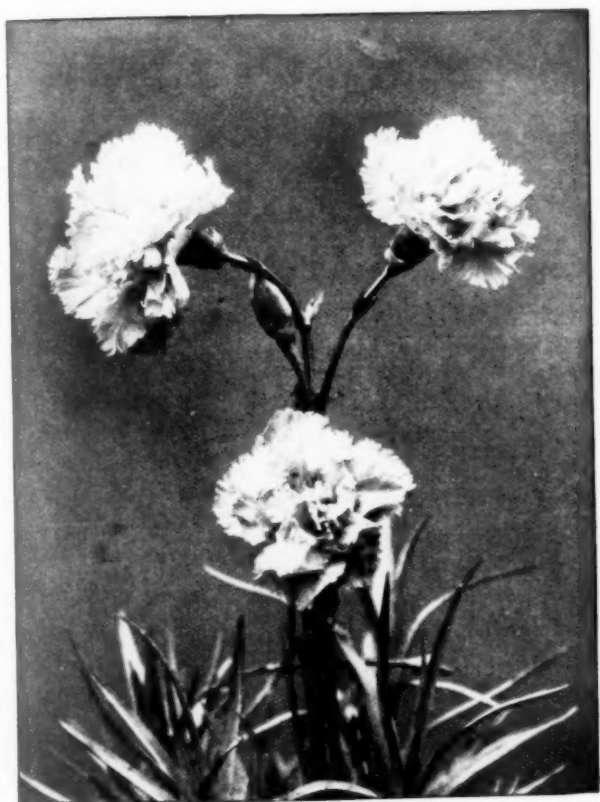
# SYMINGTON'S Edinburgh



A cup or a Gallon of Coffee can be  
MADE IN ONE MINUTE

## COFFEE ESSENCE

RETAINS THE FLAVOUR OF FRESHLY ROASTED COFFEE





A MORNING CALL.

(By Percy Tarrant.)

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## A Talk with Dr. Barnardo's Successor.

By R. MUDIE-SMITH.

ON a fine Saturday morning recently I set out to chat with the man upon whose shoulders Dr. Barnardo's mantle has fallen. Mr. William Baker had arranged to see me at the Girls' Village Homes, Barkingside, at 10.30 a.m. I arrived at Liverpool Street just as the trains were discharging their loads of passengers. Hundreds of pale-faced young people were streaming out of the gates citywards, until it seemed that every clerk in London must travel up to town by the Great Eastern Railway.

The journey from Liverpool Street to Ilford is not the most cheerful in the world; an apparently limitless level of slate roofs is broken only by stumpy red chimney pots and long narrow lanes, giving glimpses of dirty children playing in the gutter. Occasionally tall chimney stacks vary the monotony, and in the far distance the masts and yards of shipping bring a glimmer of romance which the steady accompaniment of backyards, each with its bit of washing, does its best to dispel. From Ilford you pilgrimage to Barkingside by an electric tram which conveniently brings you right up to the Homes.

### A Delightful Village.

We stopped before some iron gates, flanked by a lodge, and as the conductor called out "Girls' Village Homes" I dismounted and inquired for Mr. Baker of a busy woman beating mats. She directed me to follow a path by the church, and then to turn to the right by the school, and then to turn to the left, and keep straight on. Of course, I lost my way, but eventually was pioneered to Mossford Lodge by one of the children. There was much to engage my attention, and make me forget the instructions of the worthy beater of mats, for a village such as one only sees nowadays in old picture books had been extracted and planted within a mile or two of Ilford. Nothing seemed lacking save the village inn, the pump, and the pond with ducks, omissions which I feel sure Mr. Baker, who presides over the village in the capacity of father-in-ordinary, will remedy. The village church and green were there, also a number of attractive cottages, and innumerable village children, with clean,

smiling faces, some knitting, others nursing dolls with great gravity, others swinging, while in a field close by a number of girls were playing hockey. My little guide did not deposit me at the door, but shyly left me at the shrubbery which runs round one corner of the garden of Mossford Lodge.

### Mr. Baker's Career.

On turning this corner I saw a gentleman standing at the bottom of the steps who, at first glance, might have been mistaken for Sir Oliver Lodge; he was holding a watch in his hand, which mutely reproached me, it being now five minutes past the hour fixed by Mr. Baker for the interview. With a genial welcome he led the way indoors across a cool hall into a pleasant study lined with law books.

"The Editor of *The Quiver*," I began, "wants this to be a biographical article."

"Very well," responded Mr. Baker, "where shall we begin?"

"At the beginning, please."

"Well, I was born at Lismacue, Bansha, in County Tipperary, on the 23rd of April, 1849, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin."

"Was Professor Mahaffy there then?"

"Yes, he was one of the Fellows. Dr. Traill, the present Provost, was another; Professor Dowden became a professor during my time there."

"Had you any interesting contemporaries?"

"Standish O'Grady was at school and afterwards at college with me, and Mr. R. O. B. Lane, the Police-court Magistrate, was one of my seniors: I recollect he was a capital racquet player," added Mr. Baker. "I took my degree," he resumed, "in 1871, with honours in classics and mathematics, and then came to London in order to read for the Bar, to which I was called four years later. From that time until 1905 I practised at the Chancery Bar."

### Leaving the Bar.

And what led you to give up your legal work and take up your present duties?"

"My interest was first aroused in Dr. Barnardo and his work through my brother, who became a member of his committee





(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)  
MOSSFORD LODGE, MR. BAKER'S RESIDENCE  
AT BARKINGSIDE.

in 1877. My brother was a Common Law barrister, and on my coming to London I joined him, and thus learnt what Barnardo was doing. Ten years later I myself went on his committee—Mr. Howard Williams joining it at the same time—and I have been chairman since the committee was incorporated in 1895, succeeding Mr. Howard Williams in that post. Being chairman of the council when Dr. Barnardo died, I took over the management of affairs and was persuaded to become Honorary Director."

"Did you know Dr. Barnardo intimately?"

"Most intimately, and for many years. He was one of my dearest friends; one who would always put himself out to help others in any way he could. There was a fascination about the Doctor that inspired affection in all who came in contact with him."

"And during your long practice at the Chancery Bar what personalities impressed you most?"

"Mr. Justice Farwell and Mr. Justice Warrington, I think. The latter shared chambers with me for many years."

"Did you know Lord Russell of Killowen at all?"

"Yes, but not intimately, though he had chambers in the same house as myself. His biographer, Mr. Barry O'Brien, I know very well. Lord Ashbourne



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

MR. BAKER JOINS IN A MERRY GAME.

the Lord Chancellor for Ireland in the late Government, I knew, too, when he was Mr. Edward Gibson. I acted as Dr. Barnardo's counsel, and on Sir Arthur Watson taking silk succeeded him as Junior Counsel for the Corporation of London."

"You must have felt having to give up your practice."

"I did. It was no little wrench, but the labour here has been so tremendously heavy I've not had time to think about anything else. I thought," said Mr. Baker, "I knew what toil was, but found I didn't till I came here. You see, everything had got into arrears, as Dr. Barnardo had been ill for some time before he died, and no amount of experience from the outside could really prepare one for the experience from the inside. In consequence, for the first six months I was much overworked, but now I have got everything at my fingers' ends the task is easier. The variety of the work is as astonishing as the amount; a day in one's life at Stepney is a kind of dictionary, and no two days are similar. Each moment someone is submitting questions which have to be dealt with there and then, and here my experience at the Bar is simply invaluable. Legal training, at least, enables one to make up one's mind without unnecessary delay."

"And your recreation is?"

"Law, that and an occasional game of cricket with the children. I used to have the reputation of being a hard-hitter, playing when in Dublin for both Trinity College and the Phoenix club. I also played in the Viceregal eleven against I Zingari. Earl Spencer was Lord-Lieutenant in those days."

"But you love books?"

"Oh, yes. My favourites are Sophocles and Aristophanes among the Greeks; Horace, Terence and Livy among the Latins; Shakespeare, Byron, and Lamb among the English."

"By the way, I was referring a few minutes ago to Barnardo's fascination;

another of his gifts was his skill in selecting the staff. We have a splendid staff. Each member takes an intelligent and loving interest in the work, and each newcomer finds on joining us a most helpful tradition. Only those who take up the work for love of it are of any use. As you might imagine, the number of applications is prodigious. I get, at least, one or two every day, and from the most unlikely and often most unsuitable people. Indeed, the general impression seems to be that if the applicant



(Photo: Pictorial Agency)

MR BAKER VISITING THE PATIENTS IN THE SANATORIUM AT BARKINGSIDE.

has any affection for children, nothing further is necessary, and engagement should follow immediately!

"One of my latest ideas is to get young ladies to come here to teach the girls how to play cricket and hockey and croquet. You will see them at it later on. It is good for the girls and for their instructors."

"Do you spend much of your time here?"

"I come here generally on Friday nights, and once or twice in the week during holiday time as well; the rest of the week I am to be found at Stepney, save when I am visiting the various homes scattered about the country; this takes up a good deal of my time."

How many homes have you?"

"One hundred and thirty, with one hundred and sixty adults, and eight thousand children to look after!"

"And what is the average number of children received per day?"

"Roughly, eight or nine. We have thirteen doors always open, and take in over two thousand children a year."

"But a considerable proportion is sent to Canada, is it not?"

"Yes, about twelve hundred per annum, and we think there are no children like them," said Mr. Baker, laughing. "I don't think much of parents or of societies who don't brag about their children. We brag about ours, and expect other societies to brag about theirs. Dr. Stephenson, who used to be at the Bonner Road Orphanage—with which society, by the way, we are on the best of terms—was very proud of his boys and girls when superintendent: each of us thought his were the best. But we have talked long enough in here. Come outside and complete your education by inspecting our village."

As Mr. Baker passed out of the house he told me that the village was initiated in 1873. It began with five or six cottages, it now comprises sixty-five, spread over fifty-five acres of land. We first visited a large, spacious, sunny room where forty or fifty cripple girls were busy dressmaking.

#### Peaceful, Clean, and Beautiful.

"Haven't you any pretty dresses to show us?" he inquired of the lady superintendent? This question led to parcels containing the dresses for the girls going to Canada being undone. Extremely neat and pretty these costumes were, with no marks of a charitable institution about them. I remarked on this point, and Mr. Baker said it was their constant endeavour to avoid monotony. From this room we went to the sanatorium which has recently been erected for consumptive children, though it took us a considerable time to get there, as Mr. Baker had to give a number of little girls lifts into the air "to visit the moon." The sanatorium can accommodate seventeen patients, and sixteen were in residence when I visited it; the majority looking exceedingly well, thanks to the open-air treatment. Every detail of the hospital was of the latest type, from the walls of glazed tiles to the hot-water coils at the foot of each bed—a vast improvement on the old-fashioned hot water bottle. Broad

verandahs project from each floor, protected by wire blinds, and here the beds were placed. Each girl was knitting or crocheting, and each welcomed my host as a friend.

As I watched them I could not but contrast the peacefulness, cleanliness, and beauty of their present surroundings with the conditions they had escaped from. I thought of the thousands of children in the courts and mean streets of the cities, of whom these were but representatives, children whose need is as great as theirs was.

#### Cottage Homes.

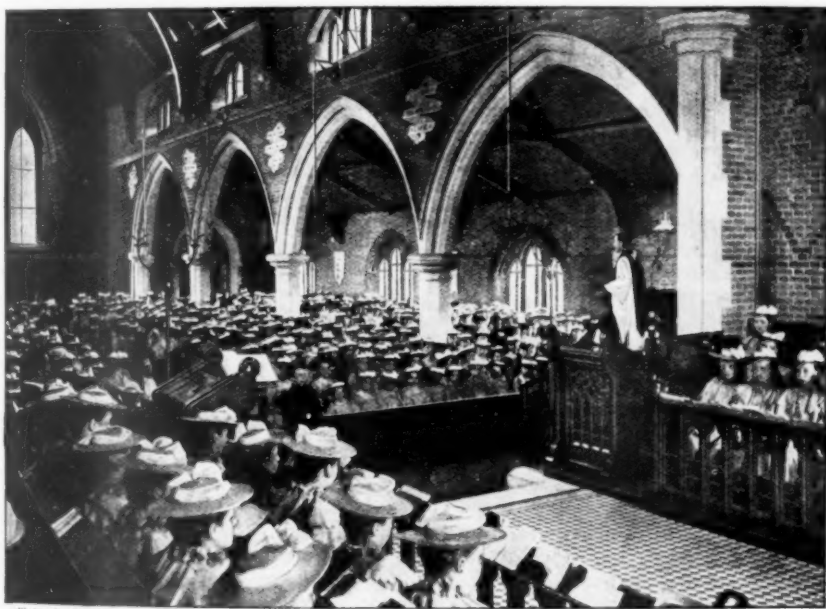
On leaving the sanatorium, we passed the recreation ground, where cricket was being played, and entered one of the many picturesque cottages which surround the village green. Cleaning was going forward busily, though the place seemed spotless. Downstairs were the dining-room and playroom, and along one of the walls of the latter stood a case containing large pigeon-holes for the children's toys. Upstairs were the bedrooms, and it would be difficult to contrive or imagine pleasanter sleeping-rooms. One contained three or four beds; the other five or six. Polished floors take the place of dust-holding carpets, and from the windows a wide sweep of Essex country was visible. These cottage homes are an immense improvement on the old system, and prove how far ahead of his time in ideas Dr. Barnardo was. Each cottage is in charge of a "mother," who looks after the happiness and comfort of the girls, and is responsible for their behaviour; much, if not all, depends on getting the right "mothers," but Mr. Baker told me they were wonderfully fortunate in securing skilled and devoted women for this delicate and difficult work.

Leaving the cottages, we passed on our way to the church the children's gardens, a new and successful feature introduced last year by Mr. Baker. To each cottage a piece of ground for a flower and kitchen garden is allotted, these plots being looked after by the girls. Messrs. Sutton kindly supply the seeds. Near to the church is a square grass plot beneath which Dr. Barnardo is buried, and a house close by contains many interesting memories of the Founder. Here can be seen his lay reader's licence; the cap and gown of his Edinburgh medical degree; letters announcing his determination to devote his life to rescuing waifs and strays; pictures of the spot where that work originated; a Bible

recording his decision to go to China as a missionary, a project abandoned for the duty nearer home; and the last proof Dr. Barnardo corrected, an appeal for funds in order that a batch of children might go to Canada. Dr. Barnardo emphasised characteristically the appeal by writing over the print the line "Waiting for your word!" I learnt from Mr. Baker that Mr. George Frampton is executing a statue of Dr. Barnardo, to be placed over his grave, and that he has refused to accept any fee for his labour, which is to be literally a labour of love. The fine church, an anonymous gift, though seating twelve hundred

good deal indicative of the Gospel. The eyes twinkle merrily. It was clear that Dr. Barnardo's successor is a great favourite with both the children and the staff. At Mossford he has a suite of rooms, furnished with great simplicity. There is the study, to which I have referred, and adjoining the study the drawing-room, peopled with an innumerable company of photographs of lads who have passed through the homes. "I like to have the boys about me," said Mr. Baker, noticing my glance.

I came away feeling that the institution Mr. Baker represents is to be most heartily congratulated on having secured such a



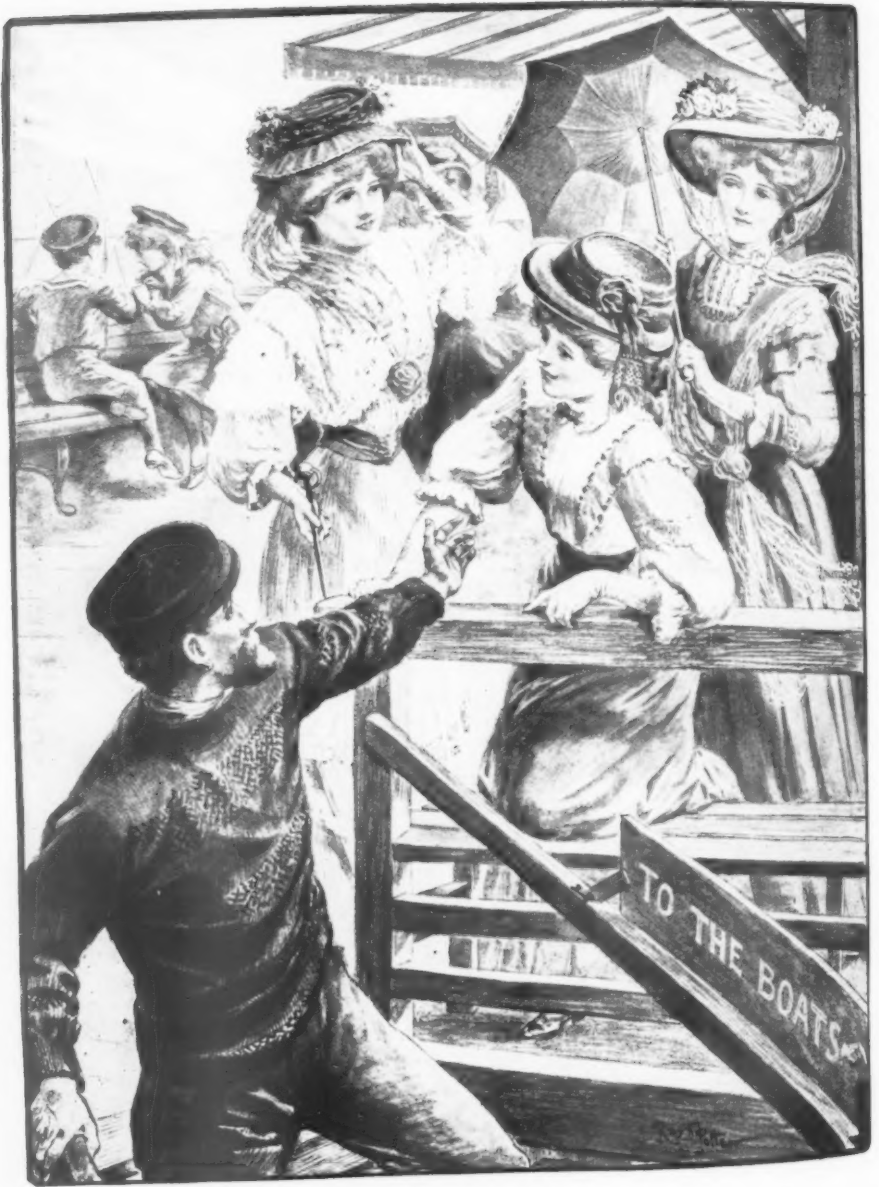
(Photo: London Stereoscopic Co.)

THE REV. W. H. FINNEY, M.A., THE CHAPLAIN, PREACHING IN THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH AT BARKINGSIDE.

children, is hardly large enough, there being thirteen hundred in the village, and whilst we were looking over the building additional chairs were being placed in readiness for the services on the following day. Among the places I did not visit were the admirably equipped laundry, which was being furnished with fresh machinery, and the school, which was closed for the holidays.

Mr. Baker's personality interested me greatly. He is a tall, well-built, broad-shouldered man, with a fine head and a benign, grey-bearded face. There is nothing about him suggestive of the Law, but a

successor to Dr. Barnardo. He is the ideal man for the post, and under his wise leadership the continued success of the Homes is assured. Mr. Baker is not only warm-hearted; he is broad-minded, with an intellectual equipment of no ordinary kind. First honours men in classics and mathematics are not too frequently found placing their culture at the disposal of poor children; and Mr. Baker added to these distinctions those of Classical Exhibitioner and medallist. May he be spared for many years to dedicate his sympathy and ability to the noble cause of saving the children!



"WHO'S FOR A SAIL?"

(Drawn by Raymond Potter.)

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## Miss Fallowfield's Fortune.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

(Author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," Etc.)

### PART I.

#### SYNOPSIS.

At a watering-place on the Welsh coast Charlotte Fallowfield sits in her dingy lodgings and deplores her poverty, but her sister Phoebe insists on taking a more hopeful view of their prospects. Each girl is engaged, but the chance of marriage for them is remote. Hearing of St. Winifrede's Well, where one may pray and the prayer be granted, Charlotte goes forth to offer a petition, meeting on the way an aged clergyman, who counsels her to pray only for what accords with the Divine Will. Returning home, she learns that her lover has suddenly left for America to inherit the fortune of a rich uncle, and by the next mail she receives news that her lover himself is dead, and the whole of the money—a million pounds—has been bequeathed to her.

The story moves on for twenty-five years, and finds Miss Fallowfield at Dinglewood Hall in the enjoyment of her fortune, most of which is spent in charity. Phoebe and her husband are dead, and their child Dagmar, now grown into a pretty young lady, lives with her aunt, from whom she has expectations of one hundred thousand pounds. The problem at Dinglewood—discussed with much shrewd wisdom at the weekly Dorcas-meeting—is the appointment of a new vicar. Miss Fallowfield, who holds the patronage of the living, at first favours the Rev. Theophilus Sprott, but Dagmar declares for somebody "young and good-looking and nice." The Rev. Theophilus is the son of Mr. Timothy Sprott, head clerk to Messrs. Duncan and Somers, Miss Fallowfield's lawyers, and Timothy, inspired thereto by his pushful wife, puts in a good word with his employer on behalf of his son. But at a dinner at Dinglewood Hall the Rev. Theophilus shows such a spirit of narrow-minded intolerance that Miss Fallowfield dismisses him as a possible new vicar, and under the advice of the Bishop of Merchester appoints the Rev. Luke Forrester to the vacant living. The new incumbent, a widower of some fifty years, has the rare quality of unworldliness. With him comes his son Claude, a young man of twenty-three, architect by profession, and imbued to the finger-tips with the love of beauty and a truly religious instinct.

Between Dagmar and Claude a tender feeling grows up, much to the annoyance of Mr. Octavius Rainbrow, art critic of *The Morning Sun*. He proposes marriage to Dagmar, who treats him in playful fashion, and when pressed for her reason for refusal says that it is "the shape of your nose." Meanwhile the new vicar and Miss Fallowfield are attracted to one another, and to the wonder of their own relatives and the parish at large they become engaged.

After a short time they are married, and depart on a honeymoon tour to Australia. Octavius Rainbrow is on the same vessel, having gone out with the intention of visiting the Sydney Exhibition. Before her marriage Miss Fallowfield made a temporary will—settling £100,000 on her niece Dagmar and £50,000 on Mr. Forrester—intending on her return to go fully into the question of how the remainder of her huge fortune should be expended in the cause of charity. Suddenly the letters from the honeymoon couple cease, and news comes through at last that their ship has been wrecked and both of them have been drowned. The question of the fortune then arises. If Mr. Forrester died before his wife, then the whole of the money passes on to Dagmar; if Mrs. Forrester (Miss Fallowfield) expired first, it passes to her husband and thence to his son Claude.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE COMMENTS OF DINGLEWOOD.

THE Dorcas-meeting which was held in the week following the announcement of the wreck of the *Euroclydon*, was thrilled to its very foundations by the sad news. It was of no use for Mrs. Sprott to take the *History of the Prayer Book* out of her reticule and wave it aloft in an inviting manner—the meeting had so much to talk about that it meant to talk, and would not put up with reading aloud. At the present moment Dinglewood was far more interested in the end of her vicar than in the beginning of her Church, and she intended to discuss that end without let or hindrance. So Mrs. Sprott—who, in spite of her many limitations, was not altogether devoid of wisdom—decided to make a virtue of necessity, and to lead a movement which she was powerless to stem. As long as she was the general in command of an army, she never much minded what that army was fighting for. She could march in any direction, provided that she led the forces.

"We are all so greatly upset by this terrible

news," she remarked, "that it is useless to attempt reading aloud this afternoon. Our minds are too full of sorrow and regret to be able to assimilate any extraneous information."

"We are indeed," added Mrs. Higginson, ably seconding her friend; "I do not know when I have been so much distressed—certainly not since the death of the late Lord Oversight, one of dear papa's most valued patients." (The deceased nobleman's stud-groom had purchased from the departed chemist all the drugs used in the stable department.) "But, as the doctor used so often to say, 'Accidents will happen to all.'"

"Not such bad accidents as this, though," objected Mrs. Peppercorn; "or else nobody would be alive outside of Noah's Ark."

Mrs. Mawer sighed her customary sigh. She was always so depressed, even when nothing was the matter, that she found it difficult to augment that depression when anything was. "It is the lot of all," she remarked, "and we must all come to it sooner or later; and the happier we seem at the time, the more likely the blow is to fall." If that were true, the speaker appeared likely to enjoy immunity

from blows for some time to come. "See what all that rejoicin' and givin' in marriage has ended in! Death and destruction and the grave. When I see folks happy and smilin', like as poor Miss Fallowfield was, I says to myself, 'Smiles is made to be washed away with tears.' And it is so, and so it ever will be, this world being what it is and a wilderness of care."

"Well, anyway, there are a good many marriages that don't end in destruction and the grave," replied the lady of the house, who was in an argumentative mood; "at least, not for some forty or fifty years."

But Mrs. Mawer refused to be cheered up at any price. "And better if they had, Mrs. Peppercorn, better if they had! There are plenty of marriages to which destruction and the grave would be a pleasant change; such as my own, for instance."

"Then I hope Mr. Mawer found it so," replied Mrs. Peppercorn, "as he was the one that tried it." Whereat Mrs. Mawer subsided for a moment.

"Ah! the ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable and past finding out," remarked Mrs. Sprott, in a tone which implied that she herself could soon explain these mysteries if she tried; and would proceed to do so on the slightest provocation. "But from the moment I heard that poor Mr. Forrester had been appointed vicar of Dinglewood, I felt that trouble was impending. I did indeed."

"I can quite believe that," retorted Mrs. Peppercorn. And there was the sound of battle in the air.

"For three afternoons running I saw a shipwreck in my tea-cup," remarked Miss Tovey; "at least I wasn't quite sure at the time whether it was a shipwreck or a letter from foreign parts; but this proves it to have been a shipwreck."

"I always think a shipwreck must be a most distressing and appalling experience," said Mrs. Higginson. "People are rarely the same after it."

"Very rarely; particularly if they happen to be drowned." It was Mrs. Peppercorn who spoke.

"And even if they survive, the shock seems to tell upon the system," Mrs. Higginson continued. "As dear papa used to say, 'If you fall out of a railway-train or a carriage, you fall upon dry ground; but if you fall out of a ship, you fall into the sea.' And one feels how true that is upon occasions such as this. It seems to increase the danger tenfold."

Here the revolutionary Miss Skinner put in her oar. "In a shipwreck there is no respecter of persons. Miss Fallowfield, with all her money—or I should say Mrs. Forrester—was

drowned the same as everybody else. Money is no use when the end comes."

"Still it often helps to postpone the end a good bit," suggested the hostess, "and it's no use pretending that it doesn't."

"Not in cases of shipwreck, Mrs. Peppercorn. The sea is a true democrat, and takes no account of wealth."

"Then it is different from a good many folks, Emma Skinner, that's all I can say. But I wasn't referring to shipwrecks when I spoke."

At this point in the conversation the sentimental side of little Miss Tovey rose to the surface and found vent in words. "Just think! By this time Miss Fallowfield will have met her old lover again, the one who left her all that money. I do wonder which she will love best in heaven—him or Mr. Forrester."

"That's just the sort of thing you would wonder, Amelia Tovey," remonstrated Mrs. Peppercorn, with marked disapproval; "and what I wonder is that at your age you haven't got more sense. Your mind's always running upon love and things of that kind, and I consider it downright irreverent to mention them at such a time as this. As if folks hadn't something better to do in heaven than love one another!"

"But Saint John is always telling us to love one another, Mrs. Peppercorn, dear," pleaded the little dressmaker.

"I'm not dealing with Saint John, Amelia, I'm dealing with you," replied Mrs. Peppercorn, as if at some future time the Beloved Apostle had still to be dealt with by her; "and I repeat that it's a great pity you haven't something better to occupy your mind than folks loving one another. But that is the worst of old maids—they're so sentimental. You don't find married women bothering their minds over love and fal-lals of that kind; they've something more important to think about."

"But I don't think there is anything in the world more important than love, Mrs. Peppercorn, dear."

"Then it's a great pity you don't; that's all I can say!" And the hostess looked extremely severe.

"I hope it isn't wicked of me," continued Amelia humbly, "but I can't help thinking about Mrs. Forrester and her old lover, and wondering what she is doing now, and whether she likes best to be with him or with the vicar."

"She may like to be with both," admitted Mrs. Mawer; "she wasn't married to either of them long."

The literal Amelia corrected her. "She wasn't married to the one at all."

"Then she may be pleased to meet him again. But it wouldn't be any comfort to me

to believe that I should meet Mawer again in heaven—not any comfort at all.”

Her hostess hastened to console her. “There’s no fear of that, Mrs. Mawer—not from any point of view; so I wouldn’t make myself uneasy on that score, if I was you.”

Here Mrs. Paicey, who had hitherto been content with listening, joined in the conversation. “I always think that one of the greatest comforts in a trouble of this kind is the beautiful things that are said about the deceased in the local papers. To read about Mr. and Mrs. Forrester in the papers, now that they are gone, makes you feel as if they were perfect saints and always had been, and that it was a privilege for us all to have known them.”

The hostess agreed with her. “Quite right, Mrs. Paicey; you never spoke a truer word. And to my thinking, if folks didn’t wait till their friends were dead before they said all the pleasant things about them, the world would be a sight better than it is. Give me a kind word while I’m here to listen to it, rather than a whole page of palaver in the local paper when I’m dead and buried.”

But Mrs. Paicey did not altogether approve of Mrs. Peppercorn’s lack of sentiment. “Still, all the same, it’s a comfort to be praised up in the papers, so to speak—and especially for them as is left behind. I’m sure when my sister Jane died—Mrs. Tilley as was—there were the most beautiful notices of her both in the local paper where she was living at the time and in the one at our old home. And lest there should be any mistake as to who she was, it put ‘Tilley *via* Turpin,’ Turpin, as you know, being our maiden name.”

“Very gratifying, Mrs. Paicey, very gratifying indeed!” exclaimed Mrs. Sprott with her most patronising air.

“Not so gratifying to Jane herself as if they’d put ‘Tilley *via* Turpin’ in the papers when she could read it and enjoy it with her own eyes,” persisted Mrs. Peppercorn.

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” cried Miss Tovey; “I’ve gone and mislaid the reel of number eight’s cotton, and can’t find it anywhere. Do you happen to have it, Mrs. Paicey?”

“No, Miss Tovey; I’m working with number seven’s, it being rather stronger, as you might say.”

“Then where can it be? I’m sure I put it back again on the table when I took my last needleful. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I’m always such a one for mislaying things.”

“Folks as let their minds run upon love and nonsense of that kind generally mislay things,” was Mrs. Peppercorn’s severe comment.

“Look under the table, Amelia.”

“I have, and it isn’t there.”

“Then feel in your pocket.”

“It couldn’t possibly be there, Mrs. Peppercorn, dear. I never put cotton in my pocket.”

“Never mind—feel,” replied the inexorable one.

Miss Tovey obeyed the stern mandate. “Well, I never! Here it is in my pocket the whole time. Whoever would have thought of finding it there?”

“I did,” replied Mrs. Peppercorn.

“I must have slipped it in with my handkerchief by mistake.”

“I’ll give you a piece of advice, Amelia Tovey, which will come in useful when you mislay things,” said Mrs. Peppercorn. “If there happens to be a place where that thing couldn’t possibly be, that’s the place where you’ll find it.”

“There seems nothing but loss and sorrow in the air,” sighed Mrs. Mawer. “First the vicar’s shipwreck, and then Amelia’s cotton, and goodness only knows whose turn it will be next!”

Mrs. Sprott could not miss this opportunity of improving the occasion. “Still a great deal of the loss and sorrow in the world is our own fault and therefore avoidable. If Miss Tovey had put the cotton back in its proper place on the table instead of in her pocket, it would never have been lost at all; and if my dear son had been made vicar of Dinglewood, as he ought to have been, Mr. Forrester would never have met Miss Fallowfield, and so they would not have been drowned upon their honeymoon.”

Mrs. Peppercorn hastened to agree with her enemy; and whenever she did this there was always danger abroad. “Quite so, quite so, Mrs. Sprott; you never spoke a truer word in your life. Mr. Theophilus isn’t the one to be drowned on his honeymoon, and it’s no use pretending that he is.”

The good lady’s tone was so full of hidden meaning that lurid thoughts darted through Mrs. Sprott’s mind as to the proverbial immunity from death from drowning enjoyed by such as are reserved for another and a more notorious fate. So she inquired with some asperity: “And pray what do you mean by that, Mrs. Peppercorn?”

“No offence, ma’am; no offence, I’m sure. All I mean is that Mr. Theophilus isn’t likely ever to have a honeymoon, and so he isn’t likely to be drowned on it.”

“And why isn’t my son ever likely to have a honeymoon, I should like to know?” The maternal spirit was up in arms on behalf of Theophilus; hence its owner fell into the error of giving an opening to her opponent.

“Because he isn’t the one to take a fancy to a girl who hasn’t got a penny of her own, and a girl who has got a penny of her own isn’t the one to take a fancy to him.” And she smiled the smile of the conqueror.



"'For three afternoons running I saw a shipwreck in my tea-cup,' remarked Miss Tovey"—*p.* 554.

"It is very strange," remarked Miss Skinner, "to think that all that enormous fortune of Mrs. Forrester's had to be left behind, and that she couldn't take a single penny with her."

"It would have been still stranger if she could, Emma Skinner," retorted the lady of the house.

"As I said before, money makes precious little difference at the end," continued Miss Skinner unabashed.

"But it makes a good deal at the beginning and in the middle."

"That is so, Mrs. Peppercorn; which makes me wonder what unworthy and undeserving person will now get the benefit of Miss Fallowfield's fortune."

"Not you, I'll be bound, Emma Skinner."

"I should not presume to suggest such a thing, Mrs. Peppercorn," replied the post-mistress haughtily.

"Then why trouble your head about things that don't concern you and are never likely to? You are as bad as Amelia Tovey in your own way."

"Still, it would be very interesting to know who will get all that money," said Mrs. Paicey. "Paicey passed the remark only yesterday that it would be a rare fine haul for somebody."

"And so it will," added Miss Skinner; "a far finer haul than any one person deserves. I don't hold with the way money is divided in this world. Everybody seems either to have too much or too little."

"And it's generally oneself that has too little and other folks that have too much," said Mrs. Peppercorn.

But here Mrs. Sprott carried the conversation along broader and less personal lines. "It is very surprising and very sad how often it happens that these very large fortunes have no direct heir to inherit them. I have noticed how frequently very wealthy people have no family to whom to bequeath their large fortunes and estates; while, on the other hand, more impecunious persons are blessed with numerous and thriving children. Which teaches us the lesson that there is compensation in all things, and that happiness is more equally distributed than we are apt to think it is."

Mrs. Peppercorn was up in arms at once. She always was when Mrs. Sprott delivered an opinion *ex cathedra*. "For my part I don't see anything very surprising in folks who are drowned on their honeymoon not leaving a family behind them—nor very sad either!"

Mrs. Sprott distinctly sniffed. "You misunderstand me, Mrs. Peppercorn; you misunderstand me entirely."

"Well, Mrs. Sprott, I'm sure I hope I do."

Mrs. Higginson once more came to the sup-

port of her friend. "You are quite right, dear Mrs. Sprott. My lot has been cast so much among the titled and wealthy classes that I, too, have not failed to observe how often noble titles die out and large estates are broken up for want of a direct heir. As my dear papa, the doctor, would often say, 'After all, your son is your son, while your nephew is only your nephew'; and one realises that more and more when one sees how difficult it is for people to select an heir to their possessions out of their circle of relatives, if there doesn't happen to be one in the direct line."

"Well, anyway, talking of nephews, there is Miss Silverthorne," suggested Mrs. Paicey; "and I always think that your sister's children are almost the same as your own."

"Are they indeed, Mrs. Paicey?" cried Miss Tovey, as ever athirst for more knowledge concerning the region of the affections. "Now I never should have thought of that myself, for anyhow your brother's children aren't."

"They are not, Miss Tovey; they are quite different, as you might say."

"And why is that, Mrs. Paicey, dear?"

"Because they are the children of another woman, so to speak, and brought up according to the notions of their mother's family, while your sister's children are brought up with your ideas and notions."

"How very very interesting! How I should have loved to have had a sister whose children were brought up with all my ideas and notions."

"Then they'd have been very funnily brought up, Amelia Tovey, that's all I can say." Mrs. Peppercorn was always severe on poor Amelia.

"Somehow, however much you may try to love them, your brother's children seem to belong to quite a different family; they are not a bit like children of your own."

Miss Tovey sighed rather wistfully. She had a married brother living in Merchester, with a large and struggling family, who alternately tried to get money out of her and ignored her altogether. Her sister-in-law was an abiding thorn in the flesh to poor Amelia, who was endowed with the very doubtful blessing of a refinement far above her class and her surroundings. Like Mrs. Peppercorn, Mrs. Thomas Tovey had no patience with Amelia's sentimentality; but while the former lady snubbed with the dignity of an elder and a life-long friend, Mrs. Thomas merely snapped with the impertinence of an unsympathetic contemporary.

The hostess pronounced judgment. "If there's one woman in the world more than another who doesn't know how to bring up a family, that woman is your brother's wife; and you'll find this is true all the world over, who-



ever you are and whoever your brother has married."

"Your son's wife isn't much better, according to what I've heard say."

"That is as may be, Mrs. Paicey. Sons' wives sometimes know how to bring up a family and sometimes they don't; but brothers' wives never know, and never will know, as long as the world stands."

"There are very few women at all who know properly how to bring up a family," said Mrs. Sprott, in the tone of one who recognised herself as one of these rare exceptions; "very few indeed. It is so difficult to understand what are the excellent gifts that we should most earnestly covet for our children. For my part, all I prayed for for my son was neither rank nor riches, but that he might be blessed with an understanding heart."

"And I'll be bound," replied Mrs. Peppercorn, "that you were far too sincere a Christian, Mrs. Sprott, to have your faith shaken in any way by the fact that your prayer wasn't answered, as the faith of some folks is if their prayers aren't all 'reply paid.'"

Mrs. Sprott was not altogether pleased at this tribute to her piety, and did not appear so; but all she said was, "And I can say truly, with a heart full of thanksgiving, that my son has never been to me anything but a source of joy."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," replied her enemy with a sigh of satisfaction. "Some folks are easily pleased; and very thankful they ought to be that they are, or there wouldn't be much pleasure for them in this life."

"I think it is a great gift to be easily pleased," cried little Miss Tovey, "and people who are easily pleased are always so much the most pleasant to live with. I've noticed that men who are easily pleased make much nicer husbands than men who aren't. If ever I'd have married, that's the sort of man I should have liked."

"And that's the sort you would have got, Amelia Tovey," retorted her hostess with grim humour.

Here Mrs. Paicey lifted up her voice once more. "Well, all I can say is that I do hope Mrs. Forrester has acted fair by Miss Silverthorne, for a prettier young lady I never did set eyes on. And her own sister's child and all, as you might say, and so nobody has a better right to it, having no children of her own, as it were."

"But after all a husband has more claim than even a niece," cried Miss Tovey, who was always strong on the conjugal duties.

"And what good will that do him when he is at the bottom of the sea?" argued Mrs. Peppercorn.

Mrs. Mawer sighed as usual. "And the best place for him to be in nine cases out of ten!"

"I agree with Mrs. Paicey," said Mrs. Sprott, "in hoping that dear Miss Silverthorne will inherit the greater part of her aunt's vast fortune." The maternal imagination works quickly, and already Mrs. Sprott had apportioned Mrs. Forrester's fortune to Miss Silverthorne, and Miss Silverthorne in turn to Theophilus. She saw him in her mind's eye reigning at Dinglewood Hall and dispensing Miss Fallowfield's million, with a bishopric and several other ecclesiastical adornments thrown in.

"And supposing she does get it," asked Mrs. Mawer, "what will it bring her but sorra' and misery, all of us being born to trouble as the sparks fly upward? I remember there was such rejoicings as never was when my cousin, William Stubbins, came into a legacy of seventy-five pounds on the death of an uncle on his mother's side; and that very week he caught bronchitis on the chest and never was the same man afterwards to my thinking."

"Well, for my part I think a little legacy does one a lot of good," said Mrs. Peppercorn; "seems to cheer one up a bit. At least, I know I felt all the better for my Aunt Lavinia's three hundred pounds."

But Mrs. Mawer shook her head. "And what are feelings, Mrs. Peppercorn, in the case of stout figures such as yours? Nothing but vanity and lies. Why, only two days before Mawer was took with his last illness, he felt better than I've ever known him, and took such a hearty meal of roast pork with kidney beans. And a week after that he was gone. But that's the way with them stout figures—here to-day and gone to-morrow—which I'm always thankful I was a thin one, with all respect to yourself, Mrs. Peppercorn, the world being what it is and life so uncertain to them as are stout."

"Well, anyhow, I managed to outlive my Aunt Lavinia's legacy, and I trust I shall outlive a good many more, if it's all the same to you, Mrs. Mawer," replied Mrs. Peppercorn cheerfully, "and I trust as Miss Dagmar will be able to do the same."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE DISPOSITION OF THE PROPERTY.

GREAT was the interest felt on every side when the conditions of Mrs. Forrester's will became known. The general opinion of the neighbourhood was in favour of the lady's niece inheriting the lady's fortune; but, as Mr.

Duncan was for ever pointing out, the question was not as to what ought to be, but as to what actually was; not whether the money should or should not belong to Miss Silverthorne, but whether it did or did not belong to Claude Forrester.

Of course, there was the obvious solution that if only the young people would fall in love with and marry each other—and what is easier to the young than to fall in love and marry, if only they get the chance?—the matter settled itself; and this solution found favour in the eyes of the more romantic and sentimental members of the community. But though the law may be an ass, the law is not a sentimental one; and the law insisted that the worldly goods should be properly apportioned before they could be duly disposed of at the hymeneal altar.

Although Mr. Duncan could see clearly that from an outside point of view the equitable decision seemed to be that Dagmar should come into all that her aunt had left, and should inherit as next of kin, he knew that the matter must be decided according to what the will said and not according to what the neighbourhood thought; and he also knew that to leave her niece in possession of this vast fortune was the last thing which his old friend had intended. Many and many a time he blamed himself for having suggested the temporary will as a way of tiding over the difficulty until the matter could be finally settled; and many and many a time did he regret the fatal and feminine habit of procrastination which had prevented Miss Fallowfield from disposing of her own property before ever Mr. Forrester came on the scene.

There was no question as to either side being left penniless, or else Mr. Duncan would have felt very differently. Had the loss of her aunt's fortune consigned Dagmar to poverty, or even to limited means, the question would have assumed other and different proportions; in that case it would have been a burning injustice—whatever the will might have said—to deprive the girl of a fair share of Miss Fallowfield's million, and Mr. Duncan would have fought tooth and nail to save his fair young client from an injustice so gross. But it did nothing of the kind. As it was, the girl was amply provided for—as amply as her aunt had ever intended her to be—and, if the truth must be told, as amply as Mr. Duncan thought desirable for any unmarried woman. The bitterness occasioned by Miss Fallowfield's wealth, both in her own mind and in the mind of her would-be suitor, had left its indelible trace on the character of Mr. Duncan; he could not forget that, had Charlotte been poorer, he would have been a happy man and

she a happy woman; and therefore he was in no particular hurry to inflict upon the niece the burden which had marred the life of the aunt.

On the other hand, Claude's pecuniary position in no way appealed to him for sympathy. The fifty thousand settled upon Mr. Forrester and his heirs was an ample provision for the young man, and a provision, moreover, to which he was in no way entitled save through his stepmother's generosity. So that Mr. Duncan could not make up his mind as to the course which he wished events to take. All he saw was that the only thing to be done was to refer the matter to the Probate Court, and to abide by its rendering of the terms of the will. And this course he accordingly took.

"I shall be glad when this matter of the Fallowfield estates is settled," he remarked to his head clerk; "very glad indeed."

"Just so, sir, just so," responded Timothy, rubbing his hands together in his usual obsequious manner when addressed by the head of the firm.

"But, whichever way it is, it will be in direct opposition to the wishes and intentions of the testatrix; as she would have highly disapproved of either of those young persons having sole possession of so large a property."

"Just so, sir, just so," repeated Mr. Sprott.

"I blame myself principally, as it was I who suggested to Mrs. Forrester to make a temporary will leaving everything to her husband, and then to give him full instructions as to what to do with it if she happened to die before disposing of it herself."

"And most excellent advice, Mr. Reginald, if you will excuse my saying so. Who is more competent to advise a woman than her own husband, I should like to know?" demanded Timothy, who had never enjoyed this marital privilege. "And who more suitable than a clergyman to give advice as to charitable objects? For Miss Fallowfield—or I should say Mrs. Forrester—never made any secret of the fact that she intended to leave the bulk of her fortune to charity."

"Certainly, Sprott; as you say, the late Miss Fallowfield never made any secret of her intentions. And I admit that the impression which Mr. Forrester had made upon me was so favourable—I considered him a man of such sound judgment and high principles—that I could think of no one more fit and proper to offer advice upon this matter than he, quite apart from his authority as being the lady's husband."

"Quite so, sir, quite so. Just what I should have felt myself if I had been in your place."

"And I should have been right in the ordinary course of events," continued Mr. Dun-

can, "but who could have foreseen that both Mr. and Mrs. Forrester would be drowned upon their honeymoon?"

"No one, sir, no one at all. It is a most unusual conclusion to a wedding trip—most unusual, and, I think I may add, most unfortunate."

"But after all, Sprott, we have to deal with things as they are and not with them as they would have been had we seen the end from the beginning and acted accordingly. There is no manner of doubt that nothing would have induced Miss Fallowfield consciously to leave her entire fortune to either Dagmar Silverthorne or Claude Forrester; and there is also no manner of doubt that one or other of those young persons will inherit that fortune. The question is which of them it will be."

"Exactly so, sir; you have put the matter into a nutshell."

"If you will recall the case of Sugden v. Mills, you will see that the Probate Court has a precedent to guide them," Mr. Duncan went on. "It was a very similar case. A husband and wife were drowned in the same ship, both having left their property to the survivor; and the Court argued that as a man is stronger physically than a woman, so he would struggle longer in the water before he was drowned; and it therefore ruled that in all human probability the husband survived the wife by a few minutes, and disposed of the property accordingly."

"Yes, sir, yes, sir; now that you mention it, I recall the case quite well. But it seemed to me an unsatisfactory decision, if you will pardon my saying so. It would depend so much upon the respective sizes of husband and wife." Timothy could not conceive of any circumstances in which his Susanna would not struggle longer than he.

Mr. Duncan's eye twinkled. He, too, felt that the multitudinous seas would have their work cut out for them if they attempted to silence Mrs. Sprott; and that a whole ship's crew—let alone her gentle little husband—would submit to the inevitable before that excellent lady succumbed. "Yes, of course their respective sizes would have something to do with it," he admitted.

"And also," added Mr. Sprott sadly, "the fact that women seem to cling to life so much more than men do."

"Tut, tut, Sprott, I don't know about that! That again, I think, varies according to individual cases. Now the late vicar was as tall for a man as his wife was for a woman, though she was stouter than he. But that, of course, would still bear out my point—the stouter one would sink the sooner."

Mr. Sprott, however, sighed and shook his

head. "There is plenty of struggling power in some of the stout ones," he murmured, visions of his Susanna's indomitable thirteen stone floating before his mind's eye.

"And there was no reason why Forrester should not cling to life," continued Mr. Duncan: "a man just married, and doubtless happy in his marriage."

"Very possibly so, sir; some are," was the married man's ominous reply.

The single man laughed outright. "Come, come, Sprott, you are getting too much of a cynic altogether."

Timothy smiled a faint smile of gratification. There is not a man living who does not feel flattered at being called a cynic.

"But, of course," Mr. Duncan went on, growing serious again, "the case that we are ourselves interested in does not march on all fours with the case of Sugden v. Mills. In the latter the parties had been married to each other for a considerable number of years, and so their interests were supposed to have become more or less identical. Moreover, the husband had a fortune of his own as well as the wife, which seems somehow to make a difference. But I cannot help feeling that the shorter the married life of a couple has been the less claim they have morally upon each other's property; and in the case with which we are now dealing, the couple were actually upon their honeymoon."

"Certainly, sir, certainly; on their honeymoon, as you say. And although you cannot expect the law to take such personal matters into consideration, I agree with you that the longer a man has lived with his wife, the more compensation he is entitled to expect when her property comes to be divided."

"Well, Sprott, I did not exactly put it in that way; but practically that is what it amounts to, I suppose." And Mr. Duncan laughed again.

"And, of course, sir," continued Mr. Sprott, "Miss Dagmar has a far greater moral claim than young Mr. Forrester upon the late Mrs. Forrester's fortune. He was absolutely nothing to the deceased lady, while she was an adopted daughter."

"Precisely, my dear Sprott; but the law has not a keen eye for moral claims; it deals with things as they are, and not with things as they ought to be; and I should not be surprised—even after taking into consideration the fact that had Mrs. Forrester died intestate Miss Silverthorne would have been her heir-at-law—if the court decided in favour of young Forrester. It would be highly unjust, I admit, but none the less absolutely legal."

By that time the claims of the 5-23 had become so imperative that Mr. Sprott was



"But what does Mr. Duncan think, Timothy?"—p. 562.

compelled either to flee incontinently from his employer or to miss it; and he chose, as usual, the former course, leaving Mr. Duncan much edified by the bird's eye glimpses he had obtained of the domestic life of his head clerk.

But, had he heard that head clerk's own account of the interview, he would hardly have recognised it.

On Timothy's return to the bosom of his family, he found Mr. and Mrs. Higginson were being cheered but not inebriated at his Susanna's hospitable board; and he was only too glad to have so large an audience to listen to the recital of his trivial round.

"I suppose nothing has yet been settled as to who is to have Miss Fallowfield's fortune?" inquired Mrs. Sprott, when the meal was well under weigh.

"No, my love, no. The Court has not yet given its decision upon that important matter."

"Well, I can only say that if the Law Courts give that fortune to young Forrester, I shall wash my hands of them for the rest of my life," remarked Mrs. Sprott, as if the Law Courts were the playground wherein she took her daily pastime. "It will be the most iniquitous thing I ever heard of!"

"Hush, my love, hush! We must not speak disrespectfully of our great national institutions," argued Timothy in a soothing voice.

"I shall speak disrespectfully of who and what I like, Timothy, and I shall not tender respect where respect is not due. And if you think that there is anything respectable about Law Courts that take away the legitimate bread of an orphan girl and give it to an impertinent young man who has no claim upon it, I can only say that I do not agree with you."

Timothy quailed. He always quailed when his wife said she did not agree with him. It was one of Mrs. Sprott's favourite battle-cries.

"As I was remarking to dear Mrs. Sprott the other day," said Mrs. Higginson, "my connection with the aristocracy has shown me how rarely these large estates and fortunes go in the direct line. So often in the case of Church property it means a family curse, or something equally interesting; and I recall once reading a most beautiful poem—by Sir Walter Scott, if I remember rightly—about property which was doomed never to descend from father to son, because somebody threw a baby behind the fire."

Here Mr. Higginson burst into a loud guffaw. "Lord, Matilda, how you do run on, to be sure! Your mind's full of nonsense and poetry and play-acting and the like. But I'll be bound that neither Mr. Forrester nor Miss Fallowfield ever threw any babies behind the fire; they weren't that sort; you may make your mind easy on that score."

"Still, Miss Fallowfield's fortune may originally have been Church property," persisted Mrs. Higginson, "which would account for its not going in the direct line. As dear papa used to say, 'What belongs to the Church belongs to the Church,' and I feel now how true that is."

At the words "Church property" Mrs. Sprott had pricked up her ears. She felt that matters were being carried into her own domain. "I never heard of Miss Fallowfield's fortune being Church property; and I think I should have been informed of it if it had been. Besides, it came originally from America, where they have no dear Established Church as we have here."

"Well, I recall the case of dear papa's friend, Lord Undergrowth," said Mrs. Higginson; "his estates were originally confiscated from the Church at the time of the Reformation, and in consequence never passed direct from father to son; in addition to which the family were troubled with the ghost of a monk or a nun—I forget which, and it really does not much matter, their ghosts being very similar in dress and appearance—who always frequented the larder and stole a good deal of the game. At least, if you can call it stealing, when the game originally belonged to it in bygone ages."

"Stuff and nonsense, Matilda! I don't deny that the game was stolen, but it was no ghost that stole it." Mr. Higginson had but little belief in the supernatural.

"Nevertheless, I do consider that Miss Fallowfield's fortune is in a way Church property," said Mrs. Sprott thoughtfully, "because the living of Dinglewood was not given, as it ought to have been, to Theophilus. In fact, according to my ideas, Miss Fallowfield sinned as much against the Church when she deprived my son of the living of Dinglewood as Henry VIII. did when he dissolved the monasteries. Therefore we cannot be surprised if her property does not descend in the direct line."

That Dagmar was not in the direct line never seemed to occur to either Mrs. Sprott or Mrs. Higginson. They apparently regarded the line of inheritance as of the same nature as the knight's move in chess.

"But I shall consider it a burning shame," continued Mrs. Sprott, "if the Law Courts decide the matter in favour of that young Forrester; and I shall make no secret of my opinions. If the law desires my respect it must deserve it. But what does Mr. Duncan think, Timothy?"

"Well, my love, as it happens I spoke to him about the subject this very day. In fact, I went into his room for the purpose of doing



so. 'Sprott,' says he, in his usual affable manner—he was always affability itself, was Mr. Reginald—'is there anything you want to say to me before catching the 5.23?' 'Sir,' says I, 'I want to know your opinion on the subject nearest our hearts at the present moment: the disposition of the late Miss Fallowfield's fortune.' I should have said Mrs. Forrester's, but I always think of the departed lady as Miss Fallowfield, and always shall."

"I wonder she did not retain her maiden name," remarked Mrs. Higginson; "I always think it a most *distingué* thing to do when the lady has property of her own. It is ever a source of regret to me that Mr. H. did not adopt the patronymic of Fitzwilkins on our marriage."

"Well, I shouldn't have done that if your fortune had been ten times what it was, and that's flat," retorted Mr. Higginson, with much decision. "And besides, Matilda, it was plain Wilkins in those days, if you remember; the Fitzwilkins business hadn't come to the surface."

Mrs. Higginson did not pursue the subject. Like all true snobs, there was nothing she so much dreaded as research into the past.

"Go on, Timothy," commanded Mrs. Sprott. She felt no interest in the reminiscences of the Higginson family.

"I have been thinking, Mr. Duncan," I said, 'about the case of *Sugden v. Mills*, a similar case to the one under consideration; and I have begun to fear that the Court will take the decision then given as a precedent, and act accordingly.' 'And what was the decision in that case?' said he; 'I shall be thankful, my dear Sprott, if you will recall it to my memory.' Which I accordingly proceeded to do."

"And what was the decision?" asked Mrs. Sprott, anxious to come to the point.

"The Court decided, my love, that in the case of a shipwreck a husband would naturally survive his wife, because, having the stronger physique, he would struggle longer in the water before he finally succumbed."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Sprott. "What a pack of nonsense!" (Considering that the worthy woman weighed thirteen stone and stood five feet six in her stockings, while her husband weighed nine stone six and stood five feet three, it must be admitted that the

argument seemed scarcely convincing.) "That is just the sort of thing a lot of silly men would think when left to themselves," she added, with unmeasured scorn.

"You see, my love," explained Timothy, "the whole thing depends upon whether Mr. or Mrs. Forrester was the survivor."

"And a most ridiculous thing for it to depend upon, considering that it is a thing that nobody knows and will never be able to find out!" Mrs. Sprott's scorn increased in intensity.

"Why can't they use their own common sense," asked Mr. Higginson, "and give Mrs. Forrester's fortune to Mrs. Forrester's next of kin?"

"For a very good reason, Mr. Higginson; because they haven't got any to use," replied the hostess. "If they had, there wouldn't be any of that silly talk about men being bigger and stronger than their wives."

"As I pointed out to Mr. Duncan," said Timothy, "so large a fortune would be a terrible responsibility for a young girl like Miss Silverthorne."

"Not at all," retorted his wife; "that was a very foolish thing to say, Timothy! She would have no difficulty in finding a suitable husband to manage her fortune for her." Again visions of Theophilus dispensing Miss Fallowfield's million floated before his mother's eyes. And, to do the good woman justice, it must be admitted that in her wildest dreams she did not desire that her son should use this money for himself or for his own personal pleasures. She conscientiously believed that Theophilus was the right man to carry out Miss Fallowfield's well-known intentions that the greater part of her fortune should be laid out upon charitable objects; and all she desired for her son was the glory and honour which would naturally accrue to one who laid out so large a sum of money as efficiently as Theophilus would lay it out if only he had the chance.

"And doubtless, my love," added Timothy, chuckling at his own joke, "if, on the other hand, young Mr. Forrester inherited the money, he would likewise have no difficulty in finding a suitable wife to manage it properly for him."

But, as usual, Mr. Sprott's humour was lost upon his better half.

[END OF CHAPTER ELEVEN.]



## New Conceptions of Christ:

Three Pictures by American Artists.



*(Copyright, 1886. By arrangement with "Putnam's Monthly.")*

CHRIST THE TEACHER

*(From the Painting by George Hitchcock.)*



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**CHRIST THE PREACHER.**

*(From the Painting by Joseph Lauber.)*



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# IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

(From the Painting by Carl Marr.)

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## America's Gospel Hymn-Writers.

THE MEN, THEIR WORK AND THEIR METHODS.

By J. KENNEDY MACLEAN.

SINCE the day on which Miriam sang her song of triumph over the destruction of the host of the Egyptians, and thus gave expression to the first hymn of which we have any record, myriads of sacred songs have been penned by devout men and women—songs that are sung wherever people meet to worship and praise the King of Glory.

But while hymns and psalms of praise stretch far back across the centuries, one department of it is of comparatively recent origin. Gospel song is a modern institution, and America is its birthplace and its home. Long before the stately church music had been supplemented by this later form of song, which has since become so popular and has been so greatly blessed, the negroes of the South were chanting their own simple melodies, and, in their own crude way, were expressing the feelings and the aspirations of the heart towards God. There, among the Southern hills and plantations, the coloured slaves conceived the idea of a music that was natural and easy, and, weaving to it words of a sacred character, produced a new school of praise. The negro is naturally a singer, and when he came to express his emotion, words and music flowed with wonderful smoothness, each simple and spontaneous.

### Hymns and Plantation Melodies.

In studying the development of Gospel songs, it is interesting to notice the influence on them of the Southern music, and it is a noteworthy fact that the best Gospel hymns are those which have most closely approximated to the plantation melodies. These old hymns had a warmth and a flow of melody that were peculiarly their own, and from them musicians have drawn an inspiration that has been of much value to them in the work of composition. Many of them make no secret of the fact that when all their own ideas have been used up, they spend some time among the black people in the South, and from what they hear in the homes and the chapels they carry away much that they can put to use. There is something in the perfect rhythmic movement of the South that seems the exclusive possession of the negro, and his white brother is not ashamed to sit at his feet that he may learn the secret and benefit by the study.

No one, I suppose, would venture to assert that American hymnology contains anything to be compared with the masterpieces of English collections, and yet, when we come to the field of Gospel songs, the American writers have it all practically to themselves. The explanation of this may lie in the fact that while we in this country have been fed and nurtured on stately and majestic hymns, our cousins across the sea have been trained in the use of Gospel songs and have thus become more accustomed to them. Whatever the cause, however, the fact remains that Americans have taught us most of the Gospel songs with which we are familiar, and have written them for us as well.

### The Coming of "The Singing Pilgrim."

It was Philip Phillips, "The Singing Pilgrim," as he was called, who, in the early 'seventies, first brought to this country from America the new class of sacred music that was to grow so largely in public favour. There are many who remember him and his "Hallowed Songs." He was a speaker as well as a singer, and his little collection contained not a few of his own compositions.

After him came Ira D. Sankey, and to him, more than to any other man, is due the honour of making Gospel songs really popular. His wonderful voice sang them into great popularity, and they made, in a few short years, a more astonishing success than anyone had ever believed possible. I sometimes wonder what must have been the feelings of the publishers who declined to have anything to do with the new hymns, when they subsequently saw edition after edition coming from the printing-press of a rival house.

### Tennyson's Great Poem.

Sankey was little else than a singer, but he composed one or two pieces that were deservedly popular, and will always be indissolubly associated with his name. Among his earliest efforts at composition was his air to "Yet there is room," the words of which were written by the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar. They were written, too, at Sankey's request. He had been singing Tennyson's great poem, "Late, late, so late, and dark the night and chill," at the mission meetings in this country; but the owners of the



copyright would not permit him to use it in his collection of hymns. Thereupon he asked Dr. Bonar to write words that would cover the same ground, and "Yet there is room" was the result. Other melodies have been put to the same words by other composers, but Sankey's air holds its own place in the affections of the majority.



MR. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

"The Harbour Bell" is another of Sankey's favourite airs. Nothing that he has ever accomplished, however, in the way of composition has had the same success, or will have the same "life," as "There were ninety and nine." The story of its discovery by Sankey, and how he composed the music as he sang the words on the platform of an Edinburgh meeting, is so well known that it need not be repeated here. It certainly was a marvellous piece of composition, and if ever man was inspired it was Sankey on that occasion. This hymn was Moody's favourite, and he kept his colleague singing it as long as they were permitted to work together.

#### Sankey Singing in his Blindness.

Another of this great singer's hymns, from which thousands have derived comfort and consolation, is "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes to gather His loved ones home." There is a sweetness in the air and a soothing calm. Writing, a few months ago, to a friend in London, Mr. Sankey said that this will be his song in death. There is something pathetic in the ancient figure sitting in darkness and waiting for the end; but for him, as for many others, the dark valley will be lighted up "when Jesus comes," and the homeward journey will be the happiest passage ever experienced.

One of the most popular composers was James McGranahan, the successor of that sweet singer, P. P. Bliss—who, with his wife, was killed in a railway disaster in America—as the colleague of Major Whittle. Many

people in this country have still happy recollections of these two servants of God and of their successful missions in the early 'eighties. McGranahan was a prolific writer, and his work is of a very high standard. "Are you coming home to-night?" the words of which were written by a young lady in Scotland, possesses a strength of appeal which sinners find hard to resist, and has been used with striking blessing in every part of the world. Among his other successful compositions may be mentioned "Christ receiveth sinful men," "There shall be showers of blessing," "Thy God reigneth," "Come!" "Banner of the Cross," and "I'll stand by till the morning." The words of this last hymn were written by Bliss. The "Banner of the Cross" was composed for the Soldiers' Home at Woolwich. Major Whittle gave a new banner to the Home at the conclusion of his mission, and this hymn—an immediate success—was the joint production of himself and his colleague.

#### The Weakness of Gospel Songs.

But while these writers have been mentioned, the purpose of this article is more with the men who are hard at work to-day, and who have the ear of the whole English-speaking world. Among these I mention, first of all, George C. Stebbins, who has been a steady and a consistent writer for many years. When the output of some others is considered, Mr. Stebbins cannot be regarded as prolific, but all his work is of high merit, and his standard is perhaps higher than that of any of his contemporaries. Ever in his mind is the aim to direct the thoughts of the people more to the message of the music than to the music itself.

It is a recognised weakness of Gospel tunes that, while the melody receives careful attention, the other parts are rather loosely put together. This complaint, however, cannot be made against the work of Mr. Stebbins. A thorough and careful musician, he produces finished harmonies, making each



THE LATE JAMES MCGRAHAN.

part attractive in itself and consistent with the others. The rich harmonies and the progression of chords in his music are an outstanding characteristic of his work, and are such as are rarely met with in Gospel music. There is soul in his productions, and some of them will probably last as long as Gospel music itself.



PROF. E. O. EXCELL

Mr. Stebbins takes time to his work. When new verses are given to him, he makes the music a matter of earnest prayer, and the result of this communion is seen in the refinement of his writing and in his touching melodies and perfect harmonies. It is

not possible even to mention all that Mr. Stebbins has accomplished, but the following are favourites, and are to be found in various collections: "Christ for the world we sing," "Just for to-day," "Beyond the smiling and the weeping," "Ride on in majesty," "Take time to be holy," "Come unto Me," "Must I go, and empty-handed?" "What must it be to be there!" and the best and greatest of them all, "Saved by Grace," beginning with the line, "Some day the silver cord will break."

#### Blind Poetess's Recitation.

Competent authorities regard this last-mentioned hymn as one of the finest in the English language. It is certainly one of the best hymns of the present generation. The words contain beautiful pictures, and the music is in perfect harmony with them. Though intended to be sung as a solo or a duet, the hymn is well adapted for congregational use, and I have seen it produce a wonderful effect on a large gathering. The words were written by the blind poetess, Fanny J. Crosby, the author of many beautiful verses. After she had written it—according to Mr. Stebbins, who gave these particulars to a friend of mine—she kept it to herself for a long time, wishing to have something beside her that had not been given to the world. At the Northfield Conference she

was one day asked to recite, and one can conceive something of the deep impression created as the blind lady spoke these words and the remaining verses:

"Some day the silver cord will break,  
And I no more as now shall sing;  
But oh, the joy when I shall wake  
Within the palace of the King!  
And I shall see Him face to face,  
And tell the story—Saved by grace."

There were instant demands for the publication of the poem, and Mr. Stebbins asked for the privilege of setting it to music. How well he succeeded the world knows. I am told that on one occasion, when it was being sung in Chicago, the audience was informed that it had been written by a blind woman, and the request was made that all should sing it with closed eyes and pray for the author as they did so. The effect was wonderfully impressive. A striking note of triumph is introduced into the chorus—the assurance of one who, though now sightless, knows that the morning will dawn, bringing with it the longed-for vision and revealing the brightness and the glory of the Saviour's face.

This hymn is a great favourite with Mr. Sankey, and he often sings it to himself as he sits in his blindness and weakness waiting for the call to heaven's choir. He and Mr. Stebbins are fast friends, and they frequently meet to pray and to talk about the coming glory "when the mists have rolled away."

#### Scientific Hymns.

Mr. Stebbins is a singer and conductor as well as a composer. For many years



DR. D. B. TOWNNER.

past he has conducted the singing at the yearly Bible conference at Northfield, and he was also associated in America with Moody and Sankey. He has been in this country, too. A man of much humility, he rarely speaks about his own work, but is always willing to help and encourage others.

Unique among the hymn-writers of the present day is Dr. D. B. Towner, the head of the musical department of the far-famed Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. He is unique in this respect, that he is doing a work to which there is no parallel either in America or in this country. He is a singer, a teacher, and a composer. Every day of the year men pass through his hands as they prepare for their lifework—the singing of the Gospel with the fixed aim of winning souls. He trains them to take their place in church and mission work as accomplished leaders of praise, and, besides that, he gives instruction in composing, showing how to write hymns on a scientific basis. Some of his former pupils are to-day among the best writers of Gospel music. Dr. Towner is undoubtedly the greatest teacher of Gospel music in the world, and as a teacher of teachers he is accomplishing a work the vastness of which cannot be overestimated.

For a great many years Dr. Towner has been in the front rank of composers, and his work has always commanded a wide field. Sitting with him one day in his office at the Moody Institute, I asked him to tell me something about his method of writing.

#### Harmonies on an Envelope.

"My method," he said, "differs a little, of course, as any man's will, but generally it is this: First of all, I get the words. If these are not quite up to the standard I desire, my first duty is to improve them. There are different literary men to whom I send verses that I want improved. When the words are ready, I study them until the tune really evolves from them. Oftentimes I have had hymns to which I could put no tune that would please me, and perhaps on my way home, or on my way to the Institute, when I had not the words with me, the music would come to me, and I would write it down on an envelope, so that it would not be lost. I hear the harmonies, and then I write them out, just as you would write a letter. After that, I go to the piano and prove them. Sometimes, when I commence to write, I cannot get the music down on paper fast enough. It is very fascinating. It is just like a man who writes on some sub-

ject over which he is enthusiastic. He can't make his hand fly as fast as his thoughts. It is often the same way in composing music. My experience is this—that these are the hymns that do the best service; the hymns that I have to grind out never amount to much."

This method is, perhaps, not a usual one. I suggested that to Dr. Towner, and he agreed with me.

"Some of my best things," he added, "have been composed on the train. Of course, there are composers who do as I do. It is, without doubt, the true way to compose. When a man composes on an instrument, there will be a sameness in his music, if he is not careful. When I get to composing, I forget about time. I don't even go to eat. I don't realise about things; the work engrosses me entirely."

Some of Dr. Towner's pieces are remarkable for their great beauty, and, like those of Mr. Stebbins, possess rich and tuneful harmony. Notable examples are "Saving Grace" and "Anywhere with Jesus," both of which have a perfect rhythm and a sweetness that goes direct to the heart. One of his most popular hymns is "Trust and Obey," while, among his latest productions, "Only a Sinner" has won a foremost place in Gospel gatherings.

#### The Author of "The Glory Song."

The author of the world-famed "Glory Song," Mr. Charles H. Gabriel, is one of America's most prolific writers. He has not to look around for words; he is a poet as well as a musician, and thus between the words and their musical setting there is a sympathy that adds materially to their charm. Mr. Gabriel has a wonderful faculty for picture-drawing. His rich imagination enables him to make every line vivid and real. He grasps a phrase that gets the attention of the people, and this he works out into a chorus. His melodies are easy to carry in the head. I have heard many a musician speak in disparaging terms of the "Glory Song," but yet there is something in that wonderful hymn that defies analysis. There is a pathos in it from the first verse to the last, while the strong, sweet melody always grips an audience.

When he wrote this hymn, Mr. Gabriel had little conception of the fame that was in store for it. If he had been gifted with prophetic vision, he would not have parted with the copyright for the paltry sum of ten dollars (£2), which, as he himself confessed

to me when speaking about it, was all he got for the Song that has been sung in every corner of the globe.

It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Gabriel's fame rests on "The Glory Song" alone. Though not known in the United Kingdom, except through his sacred songs, he is very popular in his own country of America. During the past twenty-five years this busy worker has issued a vast amount of music, a great deal of which has been for use in the Sunday School. He has published about twenty Sunday School and revival books, over a dozen books of anthems, and about thirty cantatas for children.

During the past two years he has written quite a number of hymns of an exceedingly high standard, from a musical standpoint, and were he to be judged by these alone, apart from his other compositions, he would still be entitled to a leading place among the hymn-writers of the age. "His eye is on the sparrow," one of his latest pieces, is a grand hymn. I have heard it sung by large audiences, and the effect is truly marvellous. "I stand all amazed," "The homeless Stranger," "He lifted me," and "My Saviour's Love" all belong to the output of the past two years, and they are all destined to live.

#### A Perfect Four-Verse Gospel Hymn.

Not long ago I was speaking with that master of Gospel song, Mr. Charles M. Alexander, about Mr. Gabriel's work, and he described "My Saviour's Love" as one of the most perfectly written four-verse Gospel hymns he had ever seen. "To read the words carefully and thoughtfully," he added, "will melt the heart of anybody. I well remember the first time Mr. Gabriel quietly recited the words to me. They thrilled me, and melted me almost to tears." Look at the picture presented in the second verse:

"For me it was in the garden He prayed—  
 'Not My will, but Thine';  
 He had no tears for His own griefs, but  
 Sweat drops of blood for mine."

And then the chorus:

"How marvellous! how wonderful!  
 And my song shall ever be:  
 How marvellous! how wonderful  
 Is my Saviour's love for me!"

Another writer whose methods closely resemble those of Mr. Gabriel—the two men, in fact, are like brothers—is Prof. E. O. Excell. He, too, is a singer, and he can write both words and music. He has written and

edited many Sunday School books, and has published many anthems for church choirs. No man knows better than Mr. Excell what to give to the public. He studies their wants, and provides them with what they like to have. Equally alert is he in getting ideas for his hymns. A phrase in a sermon or a remark in a conversation sometimes forms a peg on which to hang a sacred song.

#### Grandfather's "Sunbeam Song."

I remember his telling me that on one occasion the text from which he heard a preacher speak had given him the idea for a hymn which he was going to sing for the first time that afternoon. He and Mr. Gabriel sang it as a duet, and the congregation listened to it with evident appreciation. Mr. Excell is the composer of the music of "Count your Blessings," and it is by that he is best known in this country. His "Sunbeam Song" has been immensely popular with children. He had the words of that hymn in his possession for a long time, and again and again he sat down to write the music. But every attempt was in vain. Nothing satisfactory would come to him. At last a little grandson was born to him, and the music of the "Sunbeam Song" soon followed.

There are numerous other writers in America who are producing excellent work, but of these mention cannot here be made. Peter B. Bilhorn, however, deserves to be noticed. He is the composer of "Blessed Jesus, keep me white," "I will sing the wondrous story," "Holy Spirit, come in," and "The best friend to have is Jesus," all of which have met with kindly appreciation from British audiences. Allan Sankey, too, a son of the famous singer, is a composer of much merit, though his work is much better known in his own country than it is here.

Gospel music is not lacking in the highest qualities, though it is supposed to be the correct thing in certain musical circles to belittle it. It is filling a useful place, and it has been the means of leading thousands of souls to the Saviour. And that, after all, must be its best recommendation. Anything that will achieve such results is worthy of every encouragement and support. It has made a place for itself wherever the Gospel is preached, and that place is sure to extend as time goes on. Music is the helpmeet of the preached word, and the Gospel song, as an instrument for pointing men and women to the higher life, is a power that we cannot fail to recognise.

## Nancy's Love Story.

A Complete Story.

By NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

**D**URING all the long years she had never thought of him save in a soft, tender, wholly forgiving way that, in the eyes of some sturdier and more exacting members of her sex, would unhesitatingly have been set down as mean-spirited, and lacking in dignity and a proper sense of pride. Jack L'Estrange and she had been playmates in infancy, "chums" in later days, sweethearts as they grew up; and though no actual engagement had taken place between them, most of their friends and relatives, not unnaturally, looked forward to a time when the long years of friendship and affection between two young people so evidently intended for each other would merge into a happier and closer relationship still.

Nance well remembered that time when the cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, had come between them, gradually growing in density and volume till at last it seemed like to blot out every glimmer of sunshine from the girl's bright young life. It had not mattered that Nance's people were poor; was she not well-bred, good and sweet, a pure, perfect woman to her very finger-tips? Her father and Jack's had been college chums and life-long friends; and that one should be a poor doctor broken in health as well as fortune, and with an embarrassingly long and youthful family, and the other the head of the wealthy firm of L'Estrange and Son, bankers, did not in those old days seem to threaten in the least the prospective happiness of the two young people.

Then had come a time when Nance noticed a certain subtle change in Jack's attitude towards her. It was not that he seemed less tender or devoted, though indeed his visits grew gradually and undeniably less frequent. He was still the same loving Jack—with a difference—and behind the adoration which Nance still read in his eyes there was a look of perplexity and trouble about him, an air of restraint, as though he must needs keep himself in check.

At the same time there came to the girl's ears a whispered rumour of threatened danger to the fortunes of the banking concern of which Jack's father was the head, and on the stability of which it would have been hitherto rank blasphemy to throw the faintest shadow of doubt. Nance had little knowledge of such

things—the cause of the threatened losses, she understood, had something to do with recent British reverses abroad—and, after all, it was only a whisper. Still, that might be why Jack had grown so suddenly old and sedate, sad and careworn, she might have said, if she would but acknowledge the truth even to herself. And just about the same time there had come on a visit to the L'Estranges a certain Miss Maude Weston, a wealthy and very beautiful ward of the old banker, and a near relative of an influential peer.

Nance Graydon had taken a sudden and unaccountable dislike to this lady from the moment of their first introduction. Though she would have been angry and ashamed of herself had she felt conscious of the slightest twinge of jealousy, perhaps (she confessed) she did feel a wee bit envious of Miss Weston's beautiful dresses and wonderful jewels, even though she might not have cared to make such a display of the latter at unsuitable times, or have dared to appear in such *décolleté* confections as did Miss Weston on every available occasion.

But it was none of these things, Nance believed, that so effectually aroused the old Adam in her usually calm and generous nature each time she happened to come in contact with the L'Estrange's visitor. Miss Weston was a beauty of a very vivid type, with a cloud of soft, elaborately-dressed, and suspiciously golden hair encircling a proud, unemotional face of classical beauty and faultless colouring, and grey eyes that regarded Nance, as most members of her own sex, with a superior, self-possessed, calmly-scrutinising gaze which our heroine, for one, found intensely irritating.

"I don't think I shall care to spend many evenings at the Towers while Miss Weston remains," she said ruefully, in the sanctity of her own little room, on the night following their first introduction. "That girl would make me feel horribly bad-tempered. But then—it's manners to wait to be asked," she went on, remembering with a sudden flush of annoyance that Jack's mother, while absurdly attentive, even deferential, to her husband's wealthy ward, had hardly spoken a word to herself; had, in fact, been downright neglectful of her, the girl who all these years had been treated by the kindly and hospitable old couple almost as though she were their own





"I want you to hear it first from my own lips"—p. 574.

child. A little frown gathered on Nance's white forehead as she stood before the mirror, shaking out her abundant dark tresses and brushing them quickly and impatiently with the silver-backed hair-brushes which had been Jack's gift to her on her last birthday.

"What a horribly self-satisfied person she is!" she said to herself with a vicious grimace as she regarded her own contour—colourless and almost uninteresting save for the scarlet lips, and deep-brown eyes which shone like twin stars under a great mass of dark hair, rendering her face extraordinarily fascinating and even beautiful at times—and compared it very unfavourably with that of the rather spoilt beauty whom she had just met. "She is certainly very beautiful, but I'm sure she has neither brains nor heart," she went on, brushing with such totally unneeded vigour as to set her poor scalp tingling. And as Nance herself undoubtedly possessed both brains and heart, there may have been some quantum of truth in her hastily-spoken judgment.

During the following weeks she resolutely abstained from visiting the L'Estranges save when specially invited, and not always even then; while Jack's visits to her home, where hitherto he had been as one of the family, grew strangely and increasingly rare. So that one morning when he came at a somewhat unusual hour and asked particularly to see her—she was in the kitchen, busy over preserve-making, at the time—Nance came to him with a certain feeling of perturbation which she could not altogether hide.

He was standing in the middle of the room as she entered, and seemed to her watchful and tender regard to be a little pale and decidedly nervous. He took both her hands in his and looked at her questioningly, a wistful and sorrowful expression lingering in his deep blue eyes and about his clean-shaven mouth. He had not even a smile for her.

"I have come to tell you something, Nance," he said hurriedly, and with an evident effort. "I want you to hear it first from my own lips, rather than from another's. Nance dear, I am going to be married—perhaps you have guessed it—it is to Miss Weston."

Nance's pale face went a shade whiter, but she steadied herself bravely.

"No, I didn't know," she said, "but it does not come altogether as a surprise." She tried to keep her red lips from taking a scornful turn, for she could not but feel wounded, almost betrayed. "I hope you will be very happy," she said quietly.

"Happy! I'm sure I don't know," he said.

His eyes held a look of piteous appeal. "It isn't what I had hoped for—it is not my desire. Oh, Nancy, I know I'm cruel, even brutal, but I must tell you now, once and for all, that it is you, only you, dear, I want!"

Even while his words sent a quick little thrill to her heart, the girl's eyes flashed at him a scornful, half-unbelieving glance.

"The beautiful Miss Weston would be pleased to hear you——" she began.

"Hush, dear! Don't think so hardly of me. If you knew, you would understand and have pity. It is for my father's sake, for my mother's, for a hundred others whose fortunes are dependent on the prosperity of our house. Things have been going badly of late—you must have heard a whisper of it. And unless a great deficit can be made up within the next few weeks, the doors of L'Estrange's bank must be closed: ruin and desolation would be brought to innumerable homes, shame and dishonour to our own. As the husband of Miss Weston it would be in my power to tide over this terrible crisis in my father's affairs." His voice broke. "Could I refuse him, or my poor mother, even though it were to cost me my life's happiness? Miss Weston is a beautiful woman, a good woman—far beyond my deserts, heaven knows—and she really cares for me, but——" he let his hands fall with a pathetic gesture of helplessness and despair.

"She is indeed a beautiful woman, as you say. I sincerely hope she will make you happy." Nance said it hardly, coldly, with the faintest suggestion of bitterness. A passionate unreasoning feeling of anger rose up in her heart, if not against Jack, against this interloping woman, against his parents, against the fate which had played her such a cruel trick. She would not let him see how much she cared; she even laughed, it may be a little harshly and unconvincingly, when he begged for forgiveness—"as though there were anything to forgive"—she would not see the message that his eyes sought to tell her, though his lips dared not frame it in words. But when he was gone, irrevocably and for ever gone from her, and the door shut fast behind him, she fell on her knees in a passion of tears, holding out her white arms blindly, hungrily, for the lover who had been hers and never would be hers any more.

Many years had passed. Nance's father had died, leaving her more than ever now the head of the struggling household, a position she had already occupied for all practical

purposes since the day of her mother's death. The family resources were now limited to a small annuity which had been left to them by her mother. Luckily the two elder boys were taken charge of by their father's sister, a lady of comfortable means, who, having no children of her own, was willing to bring up the two lads and give them a profession.

Nancy, with the remaining boy and three little girls, had migrated from her native town and gone to live in a small cottage in the heart of the country, where rents were cheap and "appearances" a matter of small consideration—a lovely rose-embowered little nest of a place where the girl, after a time, began to find the peace and contentment of heart which she thought could never again be hers.

The children, like weakly young shoots transplanted from a town to a country garden, thrived and flourished amazingly in their new surroundings. It seemed a very short time, indeed, till Alec was quite a big boy, head of his class at school, and ready to help his sister with the garden and do many a man's task about their pretty little home; while the girls, Elsie and Mabel and little Alice, soon began to take on, between school and lessons-time, their share of the housekeeping, lessening daily for their beloved Nancy the heavy burthen she had so willingly shouldered. And as the two elder boys had begun to help her now with regular remittances, it seemed as though brighter and more prosperous times were in store for them all.

The long years had not gone over Nance without bringing some little share of romance for the girl. She had received one or two offers of marriage, but though either of them would have been advantageous enough from a worldly point of view, and one had touched her heart a little—more through pity, perhaps, than love—she had refused each of them unhesitatingly in the end. Indeed she seemed so indifferent in such things lately that she sometimes wondered had she any heart left.

The old life and her love for Jack L'Estrange seemed to her now very dreamlike and remote. She had not heard of him for years. The last time she had seen him, just before leaving home, he had, she thought, grown very quiet and changed; rumours were afloat that his beautiful wife and he got on none too well. Occasionally in some of the papers she saw mention of Mrs. John L'Estrange's name as a leader at some ultra-fashionable gathering—a rôle which that lady, having no babies to engage her thoughts, seemed largely to affect.

Nance thought very seldom now of her old lover; her whole mind and heart were absorbed

by her work and the daily struggle to provide for the little flock which had been solemnly entrusted to her by her father at the time of his death. But even now, at more than thirty years of age, these solemn responsibilities did not seem to have aged her in the least. Her face was a little thinner, perhaps, less rounded and youthful; but her brown eyes were just as bright and winsome—her dark hair as guiltless of a silver thread as it had been ten long years ago. The daily and unceasing communion with the children whom she loved had kept her face and heart fresh and young almost as their own.

One lovely April afternoon, Nance was seated busily at work in her own small sanctum. Her eyes wandered now and again with a sense of pleasant restfulness to the broad green plot outside her window, where the hyacinths and tulips were aflame in the little beds, and the daffodils on the mossy sward danced a stately measure to the music of the southern breeze that blew softly in through the newly-clothed woods. The girl felt a great pride in her flowers which were all of her own and Alice's culture. When she was not busy with her housekeeping, Nance Graydon was pretty certain to be found bending over her flower-beds. Doubtless that, too, had helped to keep her young and happy of heart.

A knock came at the door of her little room, and Nance called "Come in!" in somewhat abstracted tones. The little white-capped maid, whom she had trained to help her in the rougher household work, entered softly and put down a visiting-card on the table from between a smutty finger and thumb.

"A gentleman to see you, miss," she said. "I have put him in the drawing-room." Nance lifted the card, and ejaculated an involuntary "Oh!" so pregnant with surprise, consternation, and other mingled feelings as to send the little maid downstairs to tell the gentleman, in an awestruck and impressive whisper, that "Miss Nancy would be down to him in half-a-minute."

For a moment "Miss Nancy" sat staring before her, dazed and trembling, her heart thumping against her side in such a way as she had never felt before. At last she arose, standing for a moment before her mirror to smooth back a vagrant tress of hair, and striving vainly to still that unaccountable trembling and beating of her heart; then she went quickly downstairs as though by the very swiftness of her movements to get rid of that disconcerting feeling of shyness, not to say fear, which so suddenly possessed her.

Jack L'Estrange stood in the centre of the

room—how it reminded her of another morning, long ago, when he had thus stood awaiting her!—looking about him and noting, with a tenderly observant gaze, the whole sweetness and daintiness of the apartment, with its freshly-gathered flowers and pretty pictures and quaint old china, arranged with such feminine neatness and a true sense of artistic fitness. Nance was as fond of flowers as ever.

The door suddenly opened, and the girl herself came in. She was dressed in the plain black morning dress with its neat white collar-band and cuffs which made up her usual work-a-day attire. In another moment he was holding her two hands in his, looking down into her brown eyes with something of the old glad love.

"Nance," he said, softly, and could say no more; and she, her eyes falling before the tenderness in his, could only answer, "Jack!"

"Are you glad to see me, dear?" he asked at length, though—or perhaps because—the answer lay for him there in her eyes, naked and unashamed.

"Indeed I am; I could hardly have guessed how glad. It's just like a little bit of the old happy life come back from the grave," she answered him simply, and with a smiling face. Where was the use of pretence, of remembering old sorrows, paying off old scores? It was nice of him to come after all the years, and it was so good to see him. Why should she not be glad, and enjoy the pleasure of the moment? It would not hurt her, or him, or anyone.

"God bless you, dear, for telling me that," he said. "And how have you been all this time? I wanted to come before, but could not find out where you had hidden yourself. Only the other day," with a smile, "I got your address."

"I have been very well," she answered, blushing with pleasure over his last words, "and the Fates have not been too unkind to me. And you? I hope you have been very happy?" She said it with genuine feeling; there was no room now for any bitterness in her heart.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so; happier than I deserved, perhaps," with a note of sadness in his voice. "But it wasn't just the same, Nance."

"No." She nodded. "I suppose nothing else is ever just the same," she said softly, thinking of those other two men who had wanted her. "And your wife? She is well?"

"Yes, Nance, she is well," he repeated, in

a solemn way. "Better than I could ever have done for her. Did you not hear about it? She died more than a year ago. She was a good woman, Nance, though she seemed so cold. And perhaps I was to blame. I might have made things happier for her."

The girl did not speak; she was, indeed, all but overwhelmed at her blunder, at the magnitude of his news.

"Forgive me, Jack, I'm so sorry," she said at last. "I never heard. We seem to be so buried away from all sound of the world in this sleepy retreat. Indeed, Jack, I'm sorry for all this trouble."

"I know," he said. "And yet, I think there may be brighter days in store for me. I thought perhaps, dear, you might have forgiven, not altogether forgotten me. My little girl, I am very lonely. Father, mother, wife, child, all are gone. Will you not take pity on me, even now, and forgive the past?"

So there *had* been a baby after all, Nance thought, with a queer little stab at her heart.

"There is nothing to forgive, dear, and I have not forgotten," she said. "I thought I had, but everything, all the old, dear, happy days have come back with the first sight of you. Why, I feel as though I were only eighteen again." She laughed with a shy, half-timorous happiness.

"And you look it too, little girl! Why, you are not changed in the least degree! And here am I, an old fellow already at thirty-five, with a haggard face and grizzly locks—"

Nance shook her head reprovingly. It was a trick he remembered in the old days.

"You are my own Jack, just the same to me as always," she whispered—for already he had her in his arms, with her head on his heart, while she tried to tell him how happy she felt: how very, very good it was to see him once again.

After all the long years, these two, Jack and Nancy, make the happiest and merriest pair of wedded lovers in the whole wide world. Nancy's responsibilities are immensely lightened since her marriage; for her husband, generous as of old, would take the whole burthen of her cares on his own broad shoulders. And since there came to them, in the first days of the April after their marriage, a little baby son with the blue eyes and golden curls of his father, there is certainly nothing wanting to Nancy's happiness; whilst Jack will often say, with a contented sigh as he looks at his little boy on his wife's breast, that these good days were worth waiting for after all, and that his cup of happiness is now full and flowing over.

## Texts from Towns.

By the Rev. A. HAMPDEN LEE.

### LONDON.

MOTTO:—*Domine dirige nos* ("O Lord, direct us").

THE Arms and motto of the City of London are worthy of the Christian metropolis of the world. The shield is dominated by the Red Cross of St. George, the patron saint of Christian chivalry. The fierce, fiery-mouthed dragons of evil are crippled by the power of the Cross, for embedded in their wings and in the outstretched pinion-crest is the same all-conquering symbol.

In the first quarter of the Coat of Arms appears an unsheathed sword, which has been the subject of much discussion and popular misunderstanding.\* It is generally spoken of as being the "dagger" with which Lord Mayor Walworth slew Wat Tyler in Smithfield during a parley with Richard II. in 1381. Others have detected in the sword a Jesuitical attempt to obtain a place for popery in the City Arms. They say it is not a sword at all, but an inverted cross—the Cross of St. Peter, who, tradition states, was crucified head downwards. It was put there, in the chief place on the shield, to counteract the influence of the City's great patron, St. Paul.

But it is neither a dagger nor an upturned cross. It is, as the true Arms clearly show, a full-bladed sword, and stands for the Sword of Truth, which was so powerfully wielded by the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

That sword is Britain's stoutest weapon of defence, without which the coronation of kings would be incomplete. It is said that when the swords of England, France, and Ireland were presented to Edward VI. at his accession to the throne, he remarked, "There is yet another sword to be delivered to me," at which his nobles wondered. "I mean," said the youthful monarch, "the Bible, which is the Sword of the Spirit,

and without which we are nothing, neither can we do anything."

True and noble words, and it is a cause for thankfulness that our own sovereign, King Edward VII., has become linked and associated with his pious namesake of revered memory. May Britain's monarchs ever esteem above all swords the Word of God, whose symbol occupies so prominent a place on London's civic Arms.

The motto, too, reflects a beautiful light upon the noble-hearted citizens who made it their guiding star—*Domine dirige nos* ("O Lord, direct us"). No motto could be more descriptive of the men who chose it, for not only does it contain a recognition of a Divine helper, but also of the solemn fact, which experience continually witnesseth, that it is "not in man to direct his steps."

But the history of London shows, as does human life generally, a proneness to get into trouble, and then to ask the Lord to help us out of it. The old Romans never brought any matter of importance before the senate without the wizards having first made observations of the sky. What they did superstitiously we should do religiously. Before entering upon any undertaking we should go in the first place to God. *Domine dirige nos.*

Then, when the answer comes, as it does to all who look up for guidance, there must be prompt and implicit obedience. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." How often in warfare do the orders of the commander-in-chief appear foolish to the soldiers; they down in the plain do not understand why the marching column should divide, or why they should take some unexpected course. But the general who directs from his vantage ground on the hilltop has fuller knowledge, and sees more clearly what should be done than could possibly be known to the soldiers in the valley.

And it is the same in life. Listen to



ARMS AND INSIGNIA OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

\* See Fox-Davies's "Book of Public Arms."



Francis Quarles, London's City chronologer, as he quaintly sings :—

"I say this way; God says that  
His way is best, for He knows what  
Of lions may beset my road.  
I'll follow Thee! Lead on, my God!"

The panoply of the City of London is prayer. When troubles threaten—yea, and at all times—pray. On one occasion of great difficulty Luther and Melancthon met together to consult about the best means to be adopted. They were in deep distress of mind when Melancthon was called out on business. On his return all anguish had disappeared, and his countenance wore a cheerful aspect. Luther could not understand it.

"What now?" he said. "What has happened to you, Philip, that you are become so cheerful?"

Then Melancthon told his friend that he had seen their noble protectors who would prove invincible against every foe.

"And pray," exclaimed Luther, "who and where are these powerful heroes?"

"They are," replied Melancthon, "the wives of our parishioners and their little children, whose prayers I have just witnessed—prayers which, I am sure, our God will hear for our deliverance."

And it would seem that no prayer more influences God than the supplicating cry of little children. For out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has ordained strength because of our enemies, that He might still the enemy and the avenger.

What effect should this spirit of dependence upon God have upon us? Let David reply as he marched forth against the stalking Philistine. Let Cromwell and his Ironsides testify as they enter battle, chanting the forty-sixth Psalm. This is the spirit that makes us brave, inflexible, invincible. If God be with us for a Captain, and we implicitly obey Him, all will be well. "I will direct my prayer unto Thee, O God, and will look up." *Domine dirige nos.*

#### GLASGOW.

MOTTO :—"Let Glasgow Flourish."

Glasgow, which is the second city in importance in Great Britain, has a long and deeply interesting motto, which in its complete form reads, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word."

The origin of Glasgow dates back to the early centuries of our era, possibly to the time of the Romans; but it is generally

believed that the city was founded by St. Kentigern, an amiable monk of the sixth century, who won for himself the title of Mungo, or the B. loved. Near to the Clyde he established a bishopric, the cathedral of which was a lath and wattled church.

For several centuries Glasgow was simply a religious establishment, the abode of priests and the shrine of pilgrims. But in the twelfth century, William the Lion associated the church—as was customary in those times—with a mart or fair for the sale of goods to the inhabitants of the Highlands and neighbourhood. Then Glasgow became a borough, and was for many generations the scene of religious struggle. The founding of the University in the fifteenth century greatly increased the population and importance of the place. Like London, however, it suffered and gained by a terrible fire which desolated nearly the whole town. The old wooden houses and narrow streets were replaced by stone buildings and wide thoroughfares. But it was not until the union of Scotland with England that Glasgow became one of the first cities of the Empire.

Also, as with London, the Coat of Arms and motto are entirely associated with religious legends. In the crest we have a three-quarter figure of St. Kentigern, one of the three famous Northern Saints, the other two being St. Ninian and St. Serf.

The story of St. Kentigern has evidently been suggested by Bible narrative and Apocryphal gospels, and it is from his life we must find an explanation of the curious emblems in Glasgow's Coat of Arms.

The bird in the shield is suggested by the legend that, like the child Christ Jesus, Kentigern restored to life a pet robin that had been killed; while the tree points to the story that when, out of envy, his companions extinguished all the lamps in St. Serf's monastery at Culross, the lad Kentigern prayed that a hazel bough might be lighted from heaven, so that he could rekindle the lamps in the sacred shrine. The bell is one the saint is said to have brought with him from Rome, and which he hung on a tree to summon the rough people of the district to worship.

The quaint emblem of the fishes with a ring in the mouth reminds us of the miracle of the tribute money. The queen of those parts, Cadzow by name, had faithlessly given away a ring which the king had entrusted to her keeping. On a certain occasion she was asked to produce the ring, but was unable to do so. In her confusion and sorrow she

sought the help of St. Kentigern, who despatched a monk to cast a line into the river and to bring back the first fish he caught. The monk soon returned with a salmon, and from out of its mouth the saint took the ring and gave it to the delighted queen, who was then able to appease the anger of her royal consort.

Enshrined in these curious legends and emblems there are, no doubt, important truths as to the power of prayer, and that all the elements of nature are subject to the control of God. We are also reminded of the deathless energy of a good man, for from the work of a simple pious saint sprang a city whose people come into touch with the uttermost parts of the earth.

Glasgow had its origin in association with religion, and the prayer of its pious citizens was "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word." And it is the Word of God which has been the secret of this great city's prosperity. Francis Bacon testifies that there has never been found in any age of the world a philosophy or religion which could so rightly exalt the public good as the Christian faith.

Some Continental cities are enriched by gambling and by fraudulent transactions, but Glasgow's motto says, let her flourish by the preaching of the Word.

There are many ways by which the Word can be preached. Elizabeth Fry preached it as she ministered unto poor prisoners in dull, damp cells, and so did Florence Nightingale as she soothed dying soldiers in the Crimea. William Wilberforce preached the Word when pleading on the floor of the House of Commons for the oppressed and cruelly-treated slave, and the late Dr. Barnardo was eloquent for Christ when rescuing children from wretchedness, crime, and death. So in a hundred ways can the citizens of Glasgow act up to the high teaching of their motto.

In a recent visit the Prince of Wales feelingly acknowledged the splendid service which the people of Glasgow had rendered to the poor. Alongside her great prosperity, and as if the cause of it, there had been improved sanitation, erection of healthy dwellings for the working-classes, the alleviation of suffering by the building of hospitals, and a remarkable diminution in the

death-rate. These things flourish in the genial atmosphere of religion, purified and sweetened by the preaching of the Word.

We read that when Philip preached the Word in Samaria "there was joy in the city," and it is only when Christians adopt the motto of Glasgow, and carry out the marching orders of their King, that cities can truly flourish and the world be won for Christ.

#### BIRMINGHAM.

MOTTO :—"Forward."

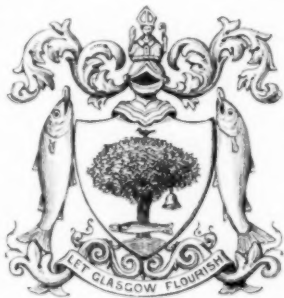
Nothing could be more appropriate than the motto "Forward" which Birmingham citizens have chosen, for no city has made more substantial strides than the great metropolis of the Midlands.

While it is essentially a modern town, Birmingham can nevertheless boast of considerable antiquity. As its name implies, it was probably the *ham* or homestead of a Saxon family named Berm or Brim. It was no doubt a station on the Icknield Street, the old Roman road that runs near by. Traces of the place appear in records before the Norman Conquest, and "Bermingham" figures, with its arable land and woods, in the Domesday Book. Later we read of Lord Bermingham and the strange vicissitudes that attended his family, one branch

of which went over to Ireland. It was from the Birmingham Tower in Dublin Castle the St. Patrick State jewels disappeared.

In the Coat of Arms, the shield is that of Lord Bermingham; all the rest—the "supporters" and crest—is modern and quite recent. The sturdy smith with hammer and anvil represents Birmingham's toiling sons, the metal workers of 400 years; the laurel-crowned lady, like one of the graces, indicates the introduction of art; while the stalwart arm, as crest, displays that energy which has always characterised the men of the city.

The motto "Forward" implies purpose or aim. A runner who hastens on has some goal set out before him, and a ship's crew work together to bring their vessel to its desired haven. And in the same way the workers and leaders of this great city have striven to bring it into the van of progress foremost among the chief cities of earth. Splendid have been their efforts and muni-



ARMS OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW.

ficient their gifts, as witness her libraries, art galleries, institutions, and parks.

In the lives of many of her illustrious citizens we find an embodiment of her motto. "Forward" was their watchword. William Hutton, the chatty historian, began business in a shop in Bull Street at a rental of six shillings a week, but by perseverance he made such progress that the capital value of his business was estimated at £14,000.

Then we have the story of Matthew Boulton, the partner of James Watt, of steam engine fame. Boulton's aim was "to be a prince of manufacturers, and to spread his name throughout the trading world," and he achieved his purpose.

Associated with Boulton was William Murdock, who came to Birmingham a penniless worker, seeking employment. His ingenuity at once commended him to Boulton, and from being a workman at fifteen shillings a week, he rose to be a partner in the great manufacturing firm of Boulton and Watt. He was the first to apply gas to illuminating purposes, his works at Soho being one of the wonders of the city.

Among other famous men, whose achievements shed a halo about the name of Birmingham, are Cary, the translator of Dante, Dr. Priestley, the eminent scientist and preacher, and David Cox, the famous painter and "high priest of rustic nature."

But the man whose life and work were most in accord with the object of this paper was John Rogers, who came to have been born in Deritend, Birmingham, about 1500. He studied at Cambridge University, and became a clergyman of the Church of England. He was an ardent Protestant, and assisted both Tyndale and Coverdale in translating the Bible. In the reign of Edward VI. he was vicar of St. Sepulchre's Church, London, and Prebend of St. Paul's. But on the accession of Queen Mary, Rogers could not change or accommodate his views, neither could he be silent.

On August 3rd, 1553, Queen Mary made

her public entrance into London, and three days after Rogers preached a stirring sermon at the famous St. Paul's Cross, in which he denounced the Queen's popery, and earnestly pleaded for an open Bible and the Protestant doctrines of the Church of England.

Two years later, Queen Mary issued a proclamation for the lighting of bonfires throughout the country to commemorate the abolition of Protestantism, and for the quiet restitution of the Roman Catholic faith.

Happy would it have been for Mary were those the only fires lighted. Rogers had been committed to Newgate, and many

attempts were made to get him to turn Roman Catholic. But all of no avail. He was prepared to go "forward" to death rather than renounce his Lord. He was burnt at Smithfield on February 4th, 1555. Thus a Birmingham man had the honour of being the proto-martyr of Protestantism, the first in the long line of the Marian persecution. Five days later Bishop Hooper was burnt at Gloucester, and for two years the fires of persecu-

tion consumed some of the fairest and noblest of the land.

The motto of Birmingham University indicates the path along which we may have to go "forward." *Per ardua ad alta* ("Through difficulties to Heaven"). It was so with John Rogers, but he turned not back. His example of fidelity to Christ and truth nerved many to follow in his train.

To all of us comes the marching order "Forward!" Let not difficulties deter. "Strive"—that is, *agonise*—"to enter in at the strait gate." Just as Columbus, Raleigh, and a host of others went forth and planted the standard of their sovereigns upon new continents and islands, so we must go forward into battle for our Lord. Having broken up fresh ground in Central Africa, Livingstone wrote to the London Missionary Society for further instructions. "I am willing," said he, "to go anywhere for you—provided it be FORWARD."



ARMS OF THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

## Stories Illustrating Popular Hymns.

V.—COALS OF FIRE—"GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY" (COWPER).

By A. B. COOPER.

"YOU must see that it is out of the question, Jordan. Of course, I have the highest regard for you, and there is little I would not do for you if you were in a hole, for instance; but—well, Marjory must look higher. I'm a plain man and I look at things from a plain, matter-of-fact standpoint, and I ask, 'What's the use of a man making a pile, getting into Parliament, obtaining a baronetcy, and all the rest, if he is to marry his only daughter to an East End curate who would give his stipend and the coat off his back to the first loafer who came to him with a tale of woe!'"

"No; I don't agree with indiscriminate charity. When I see real need, I can't pass by on the other side," said Jordan quietly.

"Of course you can't. You're a Good Samaritan, Jordan. No one denies that. But that sort of thing is all very well and very picturesque in a parable or a fairy tale, but when it comes to the grips of life it's every one for himself. That's been my experience."

"Yes, it has been mine, too; but it does not make it right," said Jordan, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"Right? I don't see anything wrong with it. It's the law of nature—the survival of the fittest."

"Yes; but the law of Christ is the revival of the unfittest. Nature is not a safe guide for men, whatever it may be for beasts."

"You have a way of saying things, Jordan, that might make a bishop of you some day. But I don't know. You're too unselfish for a bishop. Besides, I suppose the youngest bishop is fifty years odd, and you are—what?"

"Thirty-two."

"Well, think of it, Jordan! You'd want Marjory to slum for you down there in—what is it?—Mile End, and—well, it's out of the question."

"She would face it."

"Don't I know she would. She's like her mother," and Sir John Henderson, Bart., looked up suddenly at the lovely painting by Milcot which adorned the panel over the fireplace. "She married me against her father's wishes; but then I was in business, and I knew I could make money—but you are a parson, and you don't even want to make it, even if you could. Besides, I've plenty of cash. What I want for Marjory is social status. Of course,

she's full of romantic notions now of love in a cottage or even in a slum, but those ideas don't stand the wear and tear of life."

"There is no doubt that Marjory, with her beauty and sweetness and the fortune her father can give her, is a prize in the matrimonial market," said Jordan, with a slight touch of hauteur.

"There you are! You've hit the nail on the head, my boy. She is a prize, and I intend her to be. Most people fail to make a complete success of life because they just stop at the crucial moment, or turn aside for a moment's sentiment, and everything is ruined. No; my motto has always been 'Onward and upward,' Jordan, and, with all respect to you, my boy, marriage with a curate who has not enough worldly wisdom to come indoors when it rains would be backward and downward. Ha! ha!"

"Yes, as you interpret your motto it certainly would," said Jordan a little absently.

"What other way is there of interpreting it? You know there's an awful lot of nonsense preached, Jordan, even from the pulpit. Make the best of this life, I say. Don't look upon it merely as a sort of vestibule to another and better life. It may be, and I believe it is; but I don't see the sense of making that an argument for being doleful and unambitious, and——"

"I'm not doleful," interrupted Jordan for the first time. "I'm one of the happiest men alive."

"Well, then, I hope my refusal of Marjory won't unduly upset you, Jordan. I've talked as man to man with you—frankly, fairly, squarely."

"I thank you, Sir John. I shall not be unduly cast down. It was her mother's wish that we should marry, and I hoped that the fact would weigh with you, but——"

"Sentiment again, Jordan," said Sir John, wincing nevertheless. "She was fond of you, I know, and so am I—but——"

"I shall never forget her putting her hand on my shoulder," said Jordan musingly. "when I was down in the mouth about something, and saying:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face."

"Ah! she was a good woman, Jordan—one

of the best," said Sir John. "And she was quite right, of course, although poetry is usually a very poor guide in the affairs of the world. But we are not to jump into a ditch just for the sake of seeing if the Lord will pull us out. And with a letter like this"—he produced a crested envelope from his pocket—"I consider that my providential way is clear. It is from Lord Norbridge, proposing for the hand of my daughter in marriage. Perhaps, if it had not been for the timely—I may say, providential—arrival of this letter, I might have yielded to you, for I've nothing against you, as you know, Jordan, except your position."

"Then there is nothing more to be said," replied the young parson coldly.

"I don't think so, Jordan. I shall put you on your honour, as I shall Marjory, not to communicate with one another. Marjory's engagement with his lordship will be announced in the course of the next few days."

## II.

"IF Leonard Jordan will call upon Messrs. Tullis and Garland, Solicitors, 15, Chancery Buildings, Lincoln's Inn Fields, he will hear of something to his advantage."

THE young vicar of St. Andrew's-in-the-East stared at this advertisement in the Agony Column of his morning paper, as though he expected it suddenly to vanish and some ordinary, every-day, impersonal paragraph to appear in its place. He had not, indeed, been reading the advertisements at all. The announcement had caught his eye accidentally, as we say.

"Well, I have often wondered," he said to himself, as he leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece and stared out of the window at the landscape of begrimed roofs and sooty chimneys—"I have often wondered what sort of people these announcements stood for, and how they felt when they first set eyes upon them; but I never dreamt that I should come across one for myself. And yet it may not refer to me at all."

He walked over to the window and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking down into the street.

"There are probably other Leonard Jordans in the world. 'Something to his advantage'—that is the usual formula. It generally means a legacy, or so I have always understood. But a legacy presupposes a legator, and I do not know anybody in the whole wide world who was likely to leave money to me. But if it should be money, it would be welcome."

He looked down again at the surging crowd

in the main thoroughfare, of which he could see a section, framed by the end of the road in which his rooms were situated.

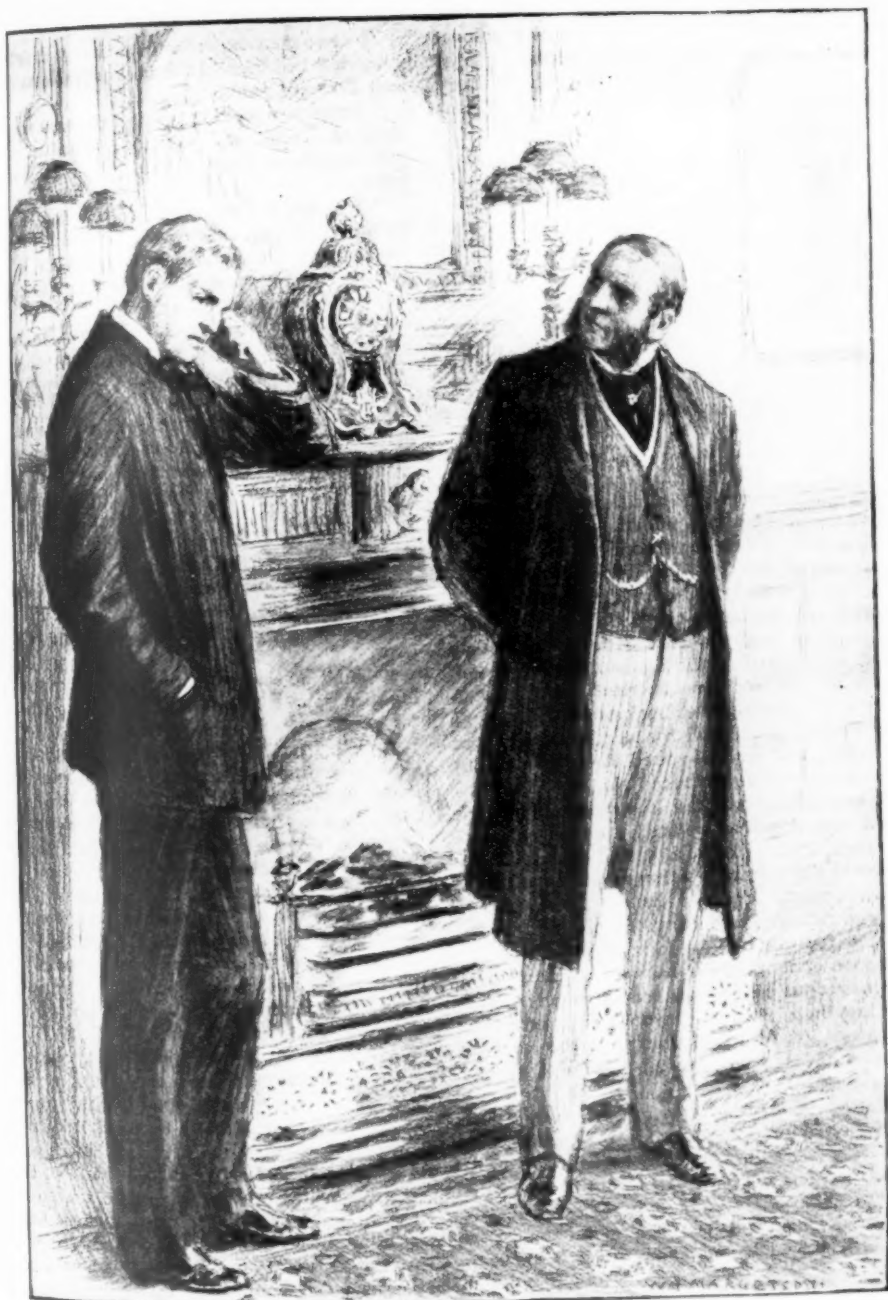
"Something's got to be done," he went on, following the current of his thoughts. "Things can't go on like this all the time. The West doesn't realise the awful conditions of the East. Well, I shall have the opportunity of telling them something about it when I preach in the Abbey, and if I don't make them feel uncomfortable, it won't be my fault. 'Tullis and Garland, Lincoln's Inn Fields'! I might spare time to go there to-day. If it should happen to be a little legacy from someone unknown, it would help my scheme wonderfully. Oh, for a millionaire, with his heart on fire with love, who would give me *carte blanche* to draw on his banking account. What could I not do?"

Dreams, dreams, Leonard Jordan! St. Andrew's-in-the-East was a new cause in a neighbourhood which would have daunted the heart of any man who had not the missionary spirit within him, the spirit which simply looks on apparently insuperable difficulties as opportunities of proving the omnipotence of love. Leonard Jordan was one of these men. He had no belief in prayers droned and psalms chanted to the echoing hollowness of an empty church. He believed that prayer was efficacious in direct proportion to the effort one made to answer one's own prayers.

So he had set himself heart and soul to do something definite, tangible, practical, to make life in the East End a better, happier, more human thing. He had preached a series of sermons on the subject, and, without consciously intending it, he had trounced Society, and had tried to rouse it from its heart anaesthesia, to bring it to a sense of its responsibility, to stay its mad dance at the funeral of hope and joy and virtue and all that makes life worth living. People began to come from long distances to hear Leonard Jordan, and if he did not always get the class of people he wanted, he at least filled his church, and he felt that things were moving in the right direction.

A ubiquitous reporter had found him out quite early in his ministry, and the papers picked out what they considered the plums from his sermons, and the West End smiled and went on doing the things it had done aforetime. But Leonard Jordan felt that the Church, to be effective, must be a week-day as well as a Sunday Church; it must touch the people's lives at every point; it must be all things to all men, if by any means it may save some, and so he had a great scheme for planting a delightful oasis with its palm trees of hope and love,





"'Then there is nothing more to be said,' replied the young parson coldly."

its sweet wells of joy, and grateful shade of protection and helpfulness in this dull, dreary, monotonous wilderness of poverty and unloveliness. He had fondly hoped, almost against hope, knowing her father so well, that Marjory Henderson might have joined him, and that they might—

" . . . Live together as one life,  
And reigning with one will in everything,  
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,  
And power on this dead world to make it live."

But now he knew that she was wholly lost to him. The announcement of her engagement to Lord Norbridge had been made months ago, and he had read of her comings and goings in the Society gossip of the newspaper. The appearance of her name always gave him a thrill, in spite of the fact that he blamed her in his heart for giving up love for title and position at her father's behest. Yet he knew, if it were necessary, he could willingly go to death for her sake, for his was one of those deep natures which love once and never again.

Jordan spent a busy morning in his big, sad parish, taking help and comfort wherever he went, and after his mid-day dinner he climbed to the top of a westward-bound 'bus and took a holiday ride as far as the Law Courts. There he alighted and walked through the lovely courtyard, through the transformed region of Clare Market, and came suddenly on the singularly quiet, grass-grown backwater of Lincoln's Inn Fields. He found the numbers very hard to follow, and walked round three sides of the square before he discovered No. 15.

It was a huge building, and on the side of the porch was inscribed a long list of the names of its occupants. Leonard halted to see if the name of the firm of solicitors mentioned in the advertisement appeared among them, and as he was glancing through the names and failing to find the one he was in search of, he heard someone coming down the wooden stairs. As the newcomer turned the corner to come down the last flight, he came into the light of a long staircase window and Leonard was amazed beyond measure to see the face of Sir John Henderson.

Not knowing that he was under observation, his face was unmasked, and bare, blank anxiety and care were unmistakably written upon it. Then, as Sir John came down the stairs, he caught sight of Jordan, and immediately the soul of the man hid itself behind the easy self-confidence which he knew so well how to assume.

"Well, Jordan!" he said. "Who would have thought of running across you? What have you to do with law and lawyers?"

Take my advice, my boy, and give them a wide berth."

The two men shook hands as though their last interview had been of the most amicable nature, and Leonard said:

"I was just looking through these names for that of Tullis and Garland, Solicitors. Do you happen to know if they are in this building?"

"You are looking on the wrong side of the porch, Jordan. There is another list behind you," and Sir John laughingly pointed to another board, upon which the name Leonard was seeking was particularly prominent. "They happen to be my solicitors, and I have just been up to see them this afternoon. You will find Garland there. Anything I can help you with?"

"No, I think not, thank you," said Leonard, smiling. "I suppose I am coming on a sort of wild-geese chase, for there must be other Leonard Jordans in the world, besides me. But I happened on this advertisement this morning, and I thought I might inquire if I am the man referred to in it."

Sir John took the scrap of paper which Leonard held out towards him, put on his pince-nez, and held it up to the light of the door.

"Ah!" he said; "so you are fortune-hunting, are you? I hope it may turn up trumps for you."

"Well, I don't know anyone who is likely to leave me money," said Leonard, smiling; "but if anybody should have had the good sense to leave me a thousand pounds, I could use it very well, Sir John. It would be like a drop in the bucket in the East End, though."

"You and your East End," said Sir John. "Upon my word, Don Quixote was a business man compared with you, Jordan. But be thankful, nevertheless, that you are out of the hurly-burly, and if it should be a fortune of forty thousand pounds, do not go and give it all away next week. Spend a shilling or two on yourself. Good-bye, good luck to you."

The baronet went out into the square, and Leonard toiled up the stairs to the fourth floor, where he found the name of Tullis and Garland on one door and the word "Inquiries" on another. So he turned the handle of the second one and walked in. A clerk took his card into his chief's private sanctum and, immediately returning, conducted Leonard through a pair of double doors into a comfortable, carpeted room, lined with huge volumes, and hung with innumerable files. At a desk in the centre, behind a rampart of documents tied with red tape, sat a thin-lipped, clean-

shaven, gold-spectacled little man, who rose immediately to greet him.

"You are the tenth Jordan who has appeared up to the present," said the little man, smiling. "But though we have had Johns and Williams, and Thomases, you are the first Leonard to appear. We have been advertising for a week, but I suppose you have not happened across the advertisement."

"I only saw it this morning," said Leonard, "and then quite by accident. But I suppose there must really be a good many other Leonard Jordans in the world, and I only came on the off-chance of my being the right man, and I have not the smallest idea of what this 'something to Leonard Jordan's advantage' may mean."

"No, no," said the lawyer; "but you shall soon know if you can stand my little cross-examination. At the suggestion of my partner, I may say that I have tried to emulate the immortal Sherlock Holmes, and I have left myself a method of identification which, from your card, I have good hopes you will be able to answer to."

The lawyer picked up the card, which he had laid upon the desk, and said: "Your card reads, 'Leonard C. Jordan.' Might I ask what that 'C.' stands for?"

"It stands for 'Churton,'" said Leonard simply. "It was my mother's maiden name."

"Ah!" said the lawyer, "that's interesting. Your mother and father—both dead, I presume?"

"That is so," said Leonard. "They both died in India, while I was at school in England. I was cared for by an old friend of my father's, with whom I lived until his death just after I had completed my course at the university, which I entered by means of a scholarship. As far as I know, I have no relatives living."

"Perhaps not," said the lawyer; "but you had one who died a couple of months ago. He was your mother's half-brother. In his youth a ne'er-do-well, who left home during the gold fever in Victoria in the 'fifties. He died intestate two months ago, having never married, and unless something very unexpected turns up, you are undoubtedly his next-of-kin."

"Now that you mention it," said Leonard, "I have a dim recollection of hearing my mother mention him in my boyhood days. But I fear she was not very proud of him."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," said the lawyer. "He does not seem to have communicated with any of his friends for many years, and but for the fact that he died worth sixty thousand pounds, I suppose no one would have heard of

him, even now. But sixty thousand pounds is a good sum of money to go a-begging, is it not?"

"And—and—whom did you say this money was left to?" said Leonard, failing to catch the purport of the lawyer's words.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Garland, "it was left to nobody; but if you are in very truth Leonard Churton Jordan, that sixty thousand pounds is yours, and nobody else in the whole wide world has any claim upon it. Those are my instructions, and those instructions I am ready to carry out. I congratulate you, sir," and the lawyer smilingly held out his hand and shook Leonard's heartily.

Leonard went back to his rooms in the East End like a man in a dream. Sixty thousand pounds! What could he not do with such a sum as that? If it had dropped straight from the sky it could not have seemed to Leonard more completely an answer to the long prayer of his life, ever since he found the Peace of God and determined to devote himself, body and soul, to the uplifting of his fellow men.

### III.

"HAW! I see that fellow Jordan is preaching at the Abbey to-morrow morning, Marjory. He's quite the coming man, don't you know, with his diatribes against the sins of Society, so-called. Hullo! little girl, what's the matter? Let's take a turn on the terrace. I'll fetch you a wrap."

Lord Norbridge left Marjory's side for a few moments, and she made an effort to master herself during his absence.

"How silly of me after six months!" she said to herself. "I thought I was growing quite accustomed to a starved soul." But Leonard's name had stirred her strangely, and the magnificent salon, with all its dazzling electroliers, its groups of beautifully-gowned women and bowing and smiling men, had suddenly begun to reel, and their voices to sound like far distant babblings.

The next moment Lord Norbridge was back at her side, and, giving her his arm, escorted her through the conservatory, whose exotic scents added to her sense of faintness. But the cool evening air, as they stepped out on to the terrace under the stars, quickly brought her round.

"Feeling better—eh—what?" said his lordship, looking into her face with as much sympathy as he was capable of.

"Yes, thank you," she murmured, longing with an inexpressible longing that the clock

would strike twelve and all this gay scene would vanish and leave her—Cinderella-like—poor enough for her own fairy prince. But the days of fairy tales were over, and in their place, as her father never failed to remind her, reigned the days of common-sense. "You should never let your heart rule your head," was one of her father's favourite maxims, and she was striving to live up to it.

"Awf'ly close in there—what? The mater always has such a crowd. When we are married, my dear, we'll go for a whole year far from the madding crowd—eh, what?"

He took her hand as he said this. She did not resist, but allowed it to remain in his as though it did not belong to her.

"Time we were going home, Marjory," said a voice from the steps on the left, and Sir John came sauntering up, smoking a big cigar. "I'm tired, been working double shifts lately. The motor's ready. Go and say good-night to her ladyship, and come along."

"Haw! I—ah—would like to call round with the brougham to-morrow morning and take Marjory to the Abbey service. That fellow Jordan, who has been lecturing us all so cleverly of late, is preaching. A lot of our set are going," said Lord Norbridge.

"I'll go with you, hanged if I won't!" said the bluff baronet.

This was not greatly to his lordship's taste, but he submitted with a good grace, and the next morning the three drove to the Abbey to hear Leonard Jordan preach. It was just an ordinary appointment, and no significance attached to it; but Society turned up in a pretty solid phalanx. They thought to see a hollow-cheeked ascetic, of the hair-shirt type; but they saw instead a rosy-cheeked, boyish-looking man, with fair hair and darker eyebrows, which gave him a very striking appearance. In fact, his face was full of contradictions. He had the eyes of a poet and a dreamer and the jaw of a prize-fighter. It showed love and strength in conjunction, and the heart at war with the head.

The wonderful choir sang, "What are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The hymn before the sermon was:

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

"His purposes will ripen fast,  
Untolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower."

The hymn brought tears to Marjory's eyes. It had been her dead mother's favourite hymn, and one, too, which Leonard had been fond of quoting. Her mind went harking back to their boy-and-girl friendship, for her father had had a house for several summers close to the home of Leonard's guardian. In the Long Vacation, when she was but a girl of fifteen or so, he had come down from the 'Varsity, and she had installed him as her girlhood's hero—her prince among men, so wise, so kind, so chivalrous. And when her heart was wholly gone, her father had seen the trend of things, and had given up the house and had introduced her to the whirl of London society. His money had enabled him to do this, for he was reputed a millionaire.

Then he had brought his strong, almost brutal will to bear on her, and had hinted at things she did not understand, but vaguely feared. Some girls, perhaps, would have openly rebelled and would have asserted themselves against "all the King's horses and all the King's men." But Marjory was not of this kind, and besides, her father's will had always been a tremendous factor in her life. Her mother had been in some sense crushed by it, and it seemed as though she was doomed to the same extinction of a beautiful and sympathetic personality.

Her first view of the preacher was when he came into that pulpit in which the saintly Stanley—*sans peur et sans reproche*—had so often stood, and a thrill of pride, and regret too deep for tears, went through her heart as she saw him bow for a moment or two in silent prayer. He seemed no more perturbed than if he had been standing before his East End congregation.

"He is despised and rejected of men." That was his text. He had a manuscript, for Marjory saw him spread it out on the open Bible in front of him, and for the first few minutes his eyes were occasionally cast down as though he were reading. But presently, as he warmed to his subject, his manuscript failed to hold him, and, instead, he held his congregation in the grip of a fervid eloquence which came red hot from the heart of the man, where the enthusiasm of humanity burnt with the intensity of a blast furnace, and consumed the dross of conventionality. He had a message to deliver, and it mattered not to him whether prince or pauper heard his voice. He was speaking to immortal souls, forgetful of their responsibilities, careless of their destiny, and indifferent to their fellow men.

With rapid, graphic utterance, he pictured the life of the Man of Sorrows. He described with

bitter emphasis the "aristocratic set" of the Jewish capital. He pilloried the priesthood who truckled to them. He showed them the despised Nazarene, clad in purity as in a garment, speaking deathless words to a poor paralytic by the pool of Bethesda; to a sin-stained woman at the well of Sychar; to a ruler of Israel, who sought Him by night that he might not be seen by those of his own class; to a Cyro-Phœnician woman, alien and outcast.

He recited, with a natural dramatic vigour that thrilled his congregation, this meek and lowly Peasant's denunciation of those who put on the poor burdens too heavy to be borne. He told how He cleansed the temple and drove out those who came not to worship, but to buy and sell, to see and to be seen. He showed how the high and mighty hounded Him down, how they were filled with rage against Him because He went counter to the pleasures of these, to the prejudices of those.

"Yet He might have been anything he wished to be," cried the preacher. "The poor people heard Him gladly, and would have taken Him by force and made him a King. The kingdoms of the world were the devil's proffered gift to Him, as they are the devil's proffered gift to you. It all depended on His choice of worship, but He chose the way of the Cross—the way of Calvary rather than the way of Parnassus, the way of Gethsemane rather than the way of the Garden of the Hesperides, the path of poverty, where He had not where to lay His head, rather than the soiled glories of a throne. So He was despised and rejected.

"Hence His lament over the city which knew not the day of its salvation. He looked on the restless, quivering life of the city, its futile graspings at shadows, its race for the mirages of life. He saw the lotus eaters, living in a brief paradise of ease and self-indulgence. He looked on those who thought more of the hem of their garments than the broided jewels of purity, saintliness, and Divine pity. He saw the priest and the Levite passing by on the other side, avoiding the poor wayfarer lying wounded by the robbers of avarice and lust. And with a prophetic sweep of vision, He saw the end of it all—the end, when not one stone should be left on another, and when the pride and glory of the city should be as a tale that is told.

"And nineteen hundred years have gone, and He is still despised and rejected. In what were the men and women of Jerusalem different from the men and women of London? You come to this glorious fane, which enshrines the dust of a Livingstone and a Wilberforce :

this glorious pile, where the One who wept over Jerusalem and Who was put to a shameful death outside its walls, has been worshipped for nine hundred years. You think you do Him honour by so doing. You array yourselves in magnificent garments to come to worship Him who was a friend of the poor and the outcast. You take His name on your lips, and, I tell you, you take it in vain.

"The Pharisees of His day were the temple-goers, but His bitterest denunciations were reserved for them, nevertheless. He wants deeds, not mere words. He wants hearts and lives, not phrases. He does not want stately equipages to the church door"—even his lordship stirred uneasily at this—"sweeping trains, the latest in costly fabric, the decorous handling of a prayer-book, the bended knee, and the eye that roves over its neighbours' millinery. He does not require the ten-pound note of the man who devours the widow's house. Not for Him are the empty results of pride, ambition, and self-aggrandisement.

"I tell you He wants hands and feet, and brains and hearts. He is despised still. He is rejected still. The Christ you want is an aristocratic Christ, one who looks leniently on folly and indulgence. You will have none of the real Christ, you will make one of your own. A man of pleasure, and not of sorrows. But He will not avail. Your ambitions when realised will not satisfy you. Your money when gathered will curse you."

Then his voice fell soft and pleading. He had delivered his message of denunciation, but he had still to deliver his message of undying love.

"Yet He wept," he said. "'How would I have gathered you,' were His words, and He would gather you still. If there are tears in Heaven, He is weeping now over this city. He is looking into the swarming dens of the East End, where poverty and vice huddle together in crowded horror. Why is the West a city of palaces and the East a city of hovels? Is it according to the eternal fitness of things? You would fain say so, but it is not. Shall He still be despised and rejected? Will you still crucify Him afresh on the cross of your selfishness and pride? If so, then, after Christ's weeping will come Christ's retribution—the wrath of the Lamb. And then cometh the End."

The voice of Lord Norbridge woke Marjory from a dream as they stepped from the gloom of the Abbey into the outer sunshine, and the words he said seemed to emphasise the gulf which separated the status of the two men.

"By Jove! Marjory, he lays it on thick.





"When we are married, my dear, we'll go for a whole year far from the madding crowd"—p. 586.

Makes a fellow feel deucedly uncomfortable. I shouldn't like to listen to him every Sunday—eh—what? Would you?"

"Yes, every day," said Marjory, as he handed her into the brougham. "What did you think of it, father?"

"Splendid, splendid! But we shall all forget it to-morrow—eh, Norbridge?"

They were all pretty silent during the drive home. Marjory was stricken to the heart. Her eyes had been re-opened, as it were, and though she felt that this great and good man was irretrievably lost to her, yet she felt just as certainly that she could never, never marry the man who sat at her side. But how was she to escape it? A verse sung itself in her brain:

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head."

"But I'm not a saint, not a saint," she thought, "and those beautiful words are not for me."

"Ask Johnson to stop at the club a minute, Norbridge," said Sir John.

Three minutes later a gold-laced attendant ran down the steps of the club and told the occupants of the carriage that Sir John had been taken suddenly ill. Marjory was the first to reach the great vestibule, and there she found her father, evidently unconscious, stretched out on one of the great upholstered settees, while a young doctor whom she knew slightly was using means for his restoration.

#### IV.

IT was currently reported in City circles that Sir John Henderson was a ruined man. He had weathered many a financial storm, but this one had been too much for him. The tragic occurrence at the club had gone the round of the West End, too, and there was no secret as to the cause of the sudden collapse. When a man reads a dozen pregnant words which spell ruin it constitutes a shock of a first-class order.

But Sir John was a man of iron constitution, and truly terrific will-power. He was about again in a day or two, and pulling every string

he could think of in order to gain time until the bad season was over. If he could only hold on for a week or a fortnight at the outside, all might be well, but at present it seemed impossible.

"Little girl," he said, on the Wednesday of that terrible week, putting his hands on Marjory's shoulders with more real tenderness than he had ever shown before; "little Marjory, can you bear something—I have to tell you?"

"If it's—money matters—father," faltered Marjory, looking up into his face wistfully, "I don't mind—for myself—but you——"

"It's not money matters. It's that scoundrel Norbridge—the skunk!"

A sudden anger had taken the place of the tenderness with which the interview had started. He clenched his fists and his teeth.

If Norbridge had been there at that moment it would have fared ill with him. But Norbridge knew better. A letter was much safer.

"Read that," said Sir John, allowing his anger with Norbridge to affect his tone, even with his daughter.

Marjory had already made a guess as to the contents of the letter, but she took it from her father's hand, and as she read it it seemed as though a great stone was lifted from her heart. She could have danced, she could have sang. She felt an insane desire to run out into the fresh air and let the cool wind blow through her hair. But she did none of these things. Instead, she turned to the fire in the grate, stooped down, and carefully burnt the letter. Then she stood up and, putting her arm round her father's neck, said:

"Dad, dear, I'm just as glad as glad can be. I feel I can bear anything now. If the worst comes to the worst, I'm your little girl, dad, and there's nothing to be ashamed of in being poor. Leonard Jordan's poor—but what a man—oh, what a man! He's nothing to me now, and never will be, so I can say it. He's worth a thousand million Norbridges. He is—dad—ten thousand million."

"I believe I prayed for this—after the sermon on Sunday," she went on, "and—it's right. Oh, yes, it's right. I'll just be your little girl all the time." She was growing a little hysterical, and her father, whose own eyes had tears in them, sat down on a big armchair, drew her down to his knees, and nursed her against his shoulder as he used to do when she was a tiny tot.

The slump in the markets continued, and nothing but a miracle could save Sir John from ruin. Yet that miracle happened. He was sitting in his library, staring blankly at papers and documents and deeds, and bonds

and bundles of scrip—much of it little better than waste paper, unless he could hold it—when Marjory came softly in. She was very anxious about her father since his fainting fit, and often took an opportunity of intruding on his privacy. A letter which had just arrived she made her excuse this time. It was from Tullis and Garland, and it might contain bad news—most letters did nowadays. She watched her father anxiously as he opened the envelope. Then she saw his eyes dilate and fly from side to side of the paper in rapid scansion.

"Marjory, Marjory," he said, rising shakily from his seat; then he collapsed again and covered his face with his hands. "I have not deserved it," he murmured, "not deserved it. I've been a hard man and—and—the Lord has been good. God forgive me!"

Marjory, in great wonderment, put her arm about his neck and laid her cheek against his hair.

He looked up suddenly.

"It's glorious news," he said, "and, Marjory, if it pulls things round, as I believe it will, I won't forget my duty to God and my fellow-men—God helping me, I won't. Read it, Marjory, aloud. It's wonderful. Who can it be?" and Marjory read:

"DEAR SIR JOHN,—

"We are instructed by one of our clients, who prefers to remain anonymous, to place sixty thousand pounds to your credit with your bankers, unreservedly. We have every expectation that this sum, in your skilful hands, will help you to tide over the season of financial panic, and quite re-establish yourself. The money is at your disposal immediately."

Sir John spent the rest of the evening, until a late hour, at his private telephone, and with the quick, sure instinct of a great business man, he set his affairs on right lines. The city was humming next day with rumours of better things, and if the turn should prove permanent the crisis was over.

The mystery of the unknown benefactor was still unsolved a week later, and the solicitors were still adamant. Their instructions were to keep the secret until they were told to reveal it, and that was all about it.

Sir John was busy almost day and night now, making a tremendous effort to save his own affairs, and with them the money so magnificently placed into his hands. He had little fear now but that he would succeed. It was not often he asked Marjory to do business for him, but this morning he requested her to take an important message to Tullis and Garland.

She took the Tube to Holborn, and on the short journey picked up a halfpenny paper left by a passenger, and glanced carelessly down its columns. A sensational headline caught her eye:—

"WINDFALL FOR A PARSON."

"It is said that the Rev. Leonard Jordan, the young Vicar of St. Andrew's-in-the-East, whose sermon in the Abbey a few Sundays ago fluttered the doves of May-fair, will now have an opportunity of giving an object-lesson in the right use of wealth, for, if rumour does not lie, he has lately come into an unexpected fortune of sixty thousand pounds."

"He'll use it well, I know," thought Marjory. "Oh, how glad I am for his sake. Why, it's splendid. How I would like to congratulate him, but I daren't. He would think I took a sudden interest in him because he had become rich. Yet he always was rich—rich in splendid manhood and goodness. Oh, why—why—" she sighed, and, still thinking about Leonard, presently found herself at the door of Tullis and Garland, hesitating whether she ought to knock or walk in.

Suddenly the door opened and closed again, and she was face to face with the man of her thoughts. He held out his hand to her with a glad smile.

"You!" he said. "How nice it is to see you again. How is your father?"

"Oh! much better, thanks—since—" Then, like a lightning flash, the mystery was solved. The combination of sixty thousand pounds and the presence here of this man out of all the world made it credible.

"Now," she said, "I see it. I know it's true, Leonard. You put that money at father's disposal. Oh, my friend, how—how can I ever thank you?"

He blushed like a schoolboy, but he was too truthful to conceal the truth. "It was nothing," he said. "I—I was no worse off than I was before, and—the thought of you—and—your engagement—" he stammered.

"That's a thing of the past," she flashed. "And I'm glad—glad."

"Of—the—past," said Leonard in a low, intense voice. "Marjory, do you mean it?"

"Yes—he set me free, and I felt as though a great stone had been rolled from my heart."

"May I see you home, Marjory?" said Leonard in an oddly quiet tone. "Have you much business?"

"Only a letter to deliver for dad. Come home with me and tell him. Do you know, we both heard your sermon in the Abbey. Oh, it was glorious. He said so. This trouble has been a blessing to him. But I believe your splendid generosity saved the situation."

"Be quick, Marjory. I want to talk to you."

Ten minutes later they were walking under the trees of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Let us sit down a few minutes, Marjory," he said, leading the way to a retired seat. "It's so peaceful here; it's a pity to hurry."

She followed him meekly, and they sat down together like two lovers in the luncheon hour between the toil of morning and evening.

"Marjory," he said, "I've no more to offer you than I had before, for even if the wealth of a Rockefeller were to come to me unbidden I should just go on doing the work I am doing, and, if I thought it best for that work, living in the place in which I am living. I only value money for what it would enable me to do—but love is different, and my heart has been very empty without you."

"Oh, Leonard," said Marjory, the tears starting to her eyes, "do you say so? It has not been as empty as mine. You have had your great work, your noble thoughts. I have had just one long, aching regret."

She put out her hands with a pathetic gesture, and Leonard took them in his. The tide of the greatest city in the world flowed round them; but here, in this quiet retreat, they were alone. He drew her face towards him, and kissed her forehead.

"Leonard, Leonard," she said, blushing violently. "Will you believe me if I tell you something?"

"I—I think I could promise," he said mischievously, in just his old bantering manner.

Then she leaned towards him, and, putting her hand on his arm, she said: "He never did—that—once—not once. I always put him off. It seemed a desecration. I seemed to be waiting for you all the time."

Then Leonard kissed her again.



## A New Competition for "Quiver" Readers.

By THE EDITOR.

**First Prize: A "Monarch" Gramophone.**

**Ten Prizes of Half-a-Guinea each.**

THE great success which attended our Bazaar Competition last year has suggested to me that another Competition, of a different character though on similar lines, might be welcomed by the thousands of readers of THE QUIVER who are glad to use their hands and brains for the benefit of others.

Most homes nowadays have a quantity of Christmas cards and picture-postcards which have become an incumbrance rather than a pleasure to their possessors. Yet these cards, if placed in albums, would give the greatest delight to sick people in hospitals. The hours are very weary for an invalid, and it has, therefore, occurred to me that readers of THE QUIVER could do a Christian service to the thousands of inmates of our hospitals all over the country by providing them with pretty albums of picture-postcards and Christmas cards, or, indeed, any pictures and texts which may be suitable for the purpose.

### A Splendid Gramophone offered.

With a view to prompting the best possible results of this new Competition I have resolved to offer as the First Prize a magnificent "Monarch" Gramophone. Most people are aware of the remarkable advance which has been made in the manufacture of Gramophones. The latest Gramophone, which would be the one offered as our First Prize, is so wonderful that it is impossible to exaggerate the success with which it renders the most beautiful music of the human voice and of an orchestra. In many parish rooms and village halls it is becoming quite usual for the Gramophone to be employed as an entertainment. To listen to the loveliest music of sacred oratorios, interpreted by the most famous singers of the day, is now possible in the most distant village or the most out-of-the-way part of the world. Missionaries have found the Gramophone of the greatest service in gaining the goodwill of natives, while in many a town an evening with the Gramophone has proved a most popular and effective means of treating people who would otherwise not

be attracted by wholesome and popular entertainments. I am positive, therefore, that my offer of a magnificent instrument will prove an inspiration to our readers. My offer has been made possible by the generous interest of the Gramophone Company, and to them I tender my heartiest thanks.

If the winner of the first prize should already possess a Gramophone, a set of twenty-five separate records will be given instead.

### Ten Money Prizes.

The first prize will be awarded to the most charming and novel album. I lay stress on the word "novel," for I want to evoke all the artistic originality of competitors, and the judges of the Competition will take this into consideration in making their awards. I need hardly add that the purpose of these albums is to cheer the hearts of invalids, and, therefore, the choice of cards should be made with great care so that the albums may awake happy thoughts of home and childhood, and at the same time suggest to the sick and weary the true source of peace.

I shall give ten prizes of 10s. 6d. each to the next ten best albums after the First Prize has been awarded.

### Disposal of Albums.

The albums will be divided among the chief hospitals of London, Glasgow, Dublin, Edinburgh, Cardiff, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Birmingham, and other cities in the United Kingdom, so that competitors may feel assured of their work attaining a widespread usefulness.

### Points to Remember.

As the albums are for use in hospitals they should be of small and handy size. They must not exceed sixteen inches in length and fourteen inches in width. Intending competitors should bear this carefully in mind, as otherwise their work will be disqualified for prizes. I should prefer them to be smaller than the size mentioned above.

The weight of the album should be as light as possible, and probably it will be

advisable for the pages not to exceed one hundred. Invalids soon get tired of holding heavy books in their hands, and nowadays many of the picture-postcard albums are made of quite light material. The pages of the album may be decorated in colours or with writing to add to the interest of the contents.

#### Conditions of the Competition.

Only members of the League of Loving Hearts may take part in this Competition, but anyone joining the League at once is eligible. A coupon will be found among our advertisement pages, which should be filled in and sent with one shilling to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. More than one album may be sent by a competitor. The last date for receiving the albums will be September 30th, 1908. No limit as to age or locality will be made in this Competition, but, as stated before, special attention will be paid to the prettiness and usefulness of the album.

#### Some Suggestions.

I hope that all competitors will exercise as much originality in preparing the albums as possible, for it will add very much to the interest and acceptability of the gifts. The extraordinary variety of cards may suggest to competitors ingenious ways of making the album a panorama of interest. One competitor, for instance, may devote a section of the album to Scottish cards, another section to Irish cards, another to English, and a fourth to Welsh. Perhaps some competitor who has been fortunate enough to secure cards from different parts of the world may make an International Album. I throw out these ideas in order to suggest to competitors the lines on which

they can add very much to the value of the albums. The patients in our hospitals come from every part of the world, and it is certain that they will be touched by views which recall the scenes of their early life. No one can tell what a delight these albums will be to tired and sick people in the hospitals to which they will be sent.

#### No Restrictions as to Cost.

In this Competition I am making no restrictions as to the cost of the albums, as some of the competitors in our Bazaar Competition felt that to restrict the cost of materials to one shilling prevented their achieving the success which otherwise would have been gained. Of course, in that competition my aim was to prove what charming and valuable things could be made at very small cost, and the competition fulfilled its purpose in this and in other ways.

With regard to the present Competition, however, I may add that the judges will pay attention to the cleverness of the competitors in using to the best possible advantage

the material at their disposal. That is to say, if the judges see an album which is obviously a cheap one, and yet which has a charm of its own, owing to the artistic display of the cards therein, they will probably reward such an album, rather than one which has cost more money. I shall have an opportunity of dealing with other sides of the Competition on another occasion, but these few hints may be of advantage to intending competitors. Meanwhile I hope that thousands of our readers will decide to enter for this Competition, and thus be the means of giving great happiness to those who are lying in the Homes of Pain all over our country.



THE FIRST PRIZE: A "MONARCH" GRAMOPHONE.



## Seed Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

### The Annual Miracle.

*THE spirit of the living God doth breathe  
Upon the face of nature lying cold  
And still, its pallid shroud of snow beneath ;  
Yet in her gentle bosom she doth hold,  
In sacred trust, lives rare and manifold,  
That rise again beneath the airs of spring.  
And wild birds, music mad, in forests old,  
Perch on the budding limbs and sweetly sing  
Of summer days to be and all the joys they bring.*  
W. A. CREELMAN.

\* \*

A GOOD night makes a good morning, says Dr. Henry Van Dyke. When the eyes have closed with pure and peaceful thoughts, they are refreshed with the sleep which God giveth to His beloved, and they open with cheerful confidence and grateful pleasure.

\* \*

THERE are two good rules which ought to be written upon every heart. Never believe anything bad about anybody, unless you positively know that it is true. Never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell.

\* \*

IF we can only come back to nature together every year, and consider the flowers and the birds, and confess our faults and mistakes and our unbelief under these silent stars, and hear the river murmuring our absolution, we shall die young, even though we live long : we shall have a treasure of memories which will be like the twin-flower, always a double blossom on a single stem, and carry with us into the unseen world something which will make it worth while to be immortal.

\* \*

IF you are looking for that which is best in the men and women with whom you come in contact ; if you are seeking also to give them that which is best in yourself ; if you are looking for a friendship which shall help you to know yourself as you are and to fulfil yourself as you ought to be ; if you are looking for a love which shall not be a flattering dream and madness of desire, but a true comradeship and a mutual inspiration to all nobility of living, then you are surely on the ascending path.

KINDNESS is contagious. The spirit of harmony trickles down by a thousand secret channels into the inmost recesses of the household life. One truly affectionate soul in a family will exert a sweetening and harmonising influence upon all its members. It is hard to be angry in the presence of imperturbable good-nature. It is well-nigh impossible to be morose in face 'of a cheerful and generous helpfulness. Beginning with the highest, the ointment drops even upon those who are unconscious or careless of it, and the whole house is presently filled with its fragrance.

\* \*

LOOK around you in the world and see what way it is that has brought your fellow men to peace and quietness of heart, to security and honour of life, says Dr. Henry Van Dyke. Is it the way of unbridled self-indulgence, of unscrupulous greed, of aimless indolence ? Or is it the way of self-denial, of cheerful industry, of fair dealing, of faithful service ? If true honour lies in the respect and grateful love of one's fellow men, if true success lies in the contented heart and a peaceful conscience, then the men who have reached the highest goal of life are those who have followed most closely the way to which Jesus Christ points us and in which He goes before us.

\* \*

*A LITTLE thing, a hasty word,  
A cruel frown at morn,  
And aching hearts went on their way,  
And toiled throughout a dreary day,  
Disheartened, sad, and lorn.*

\* \*

SIR WALTER SCOTT, on his death-bed, addressed his son-in-law, J. G. Lockhart, in the following touching words : " My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else can give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

\* \*

ON General Gordon's tomb there are these striking words regarding the great hero. The tablet records that he " at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God." What a noble epitaph !

**W**HEN you go out in the morning,  
To begin the work of the day,  
Don't neglect the little chances  
You will find along the way ;  
For in lifting another's burden,  
And speaking a word of cheer,  
You will find your own cares lighter,  
And easier far to bear.

MRS. F. S. LOVEJOY.

\* \*

**A**CERTAIN man used to pray now and then in prayer-meeting, but in so low a voice that no one could tell what he said. The pastor thought it was because he had a feeble voice, until one day he stepped into his shop and heard his orders to his clerk ring out all through the place : " John, bring up that fifty pounds of flour." " Alas ! " said the pastor, " he can only whisper for God, but in business he has a mighty voice."

\* \*

**L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone ;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone :  
Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindly thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

\* \*

**A** SHORT time ago, says Prof. C. R. Erdman, I was taking supper with one who has laboured for twenty years in the land where our Saviour lived. He turned to me and said, " Do you know what it means in the Bible when it says, ' Suffer me first to go and bury my father ' ? " " No, what does it mean ? " " I will tell you what it means. It means that the man who said this had no good excuse, and was trying to find one ; for that is a proverbial expression in that land, even to this day. I was going to Europe about two years ago, and I tried to urge a rich young man, a native, to go to Europe with me. The young man turned to me (he was in perfect health, with his father near him, in perfect health) and said, ' Let me first bury my father.' The young man meant, ' I do not care to go now. I have no very good excuse, but something might happen to my father. Wait until I am perfectly free from all obligations, and when I have a better opportunity I will go.' So Jesus gave to that man a definite invitation to follow Him, but he replied, ' Suffer me first to go and bury my father.' "

**A**LITTLE while for patient vigil keeping,  
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong ;  
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,  
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim,  
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps  
hailing,  
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

\* \*

**T**O Dr. Thring, as to all teachers of youth, there came rapture when he learnt loyalty and enthusiasm, and embraced the true faith. When a boy came, after giving way to temptation, and bravely confessed, the pastor's heart in the schoolmaster was filled with joy. On one occasion, when a lecturer was speaking at Uppingham, he told of a lad who, " travelling in France, full of life and spirits, was asked to start early on Sunday to have a long day, and refused. On being pressed he said, ' No, he would not do it ; the headmaster would not like it.' They laughed, and told him his headmaster was quite 500 miles away, but he was all the more firm at this." Then the lecturer turned round to Thring, and said, " That boy was from Uppingham, and the headmaster was you, sir." The school cheered vehemently at this. Dr. Thring says : " I could have burst into tears, I was so touched. I thanked the school for having given one such ; I trusted there were many more among them. Oh, God ! I thank Thee ; this may well nerve me for many a weary, anxious, money-careful day."

\* \*

### God Answers Prayer.

**I** KNOW not by what methods rare,  
But this I know—God answers prayer.

I know not when He sends the word  
That tells us fervent prayer is heard.

I know it cometh soon or late,  
Therefore we need to pray and wait.

I know not if the blessing sought  
Will come in just the guise I thought.

I leave my prayers with Him alone  
Whose Will is wiser than my own.



## Black Eagle's New Theology.

A Complete Story.

By **EGBERT GREGORY.**

**B**LACK EAGLE, with eight of his warriors, sat around the camp fire, and smoking the pipe of peace discussed the now burning subject of the settlement of the Whites on the Indian hunting ground. The Chief spoke in his native Sioux, and in subdued tones, lest some wily half-breed lurking amongst the bushes would give to the Whites the secret talk of the Red Man.

"The Whites are many—the Indians few. For many moons Indian has owned the land and lived and enjoyed, but in many moons to come White Man will steal," said the Chief in rather a depressed tone of voice.

Red Beard, the Chief's right-hand man, replied—

"Chief not discourage warriors—the Great Spirit in the land—Great Spirit fight for Indian. Indian live for ever on the prairie."

Black Eagle was rebuked by the faith of his brave.

"Yes, Black Eagle fought for Great Spirit, and good to medicine man, and give good present to Great Spirit. Chief he not faint-hearted—Chief rely on Great Spirit. Indian shall live in the land."

"That is good," replied Red Beard. "Chief put courage into braves, but if Chief lose heart, then heart of braves is soft. But Chief not heard of brave White Man at Flounders Lake."

At the word "brave White Man" the eyes of the Chief flashed fire, and with a wave of the hand Red Beard, who had traded with half-breeds at the Settlement, told in a fine dramatic way of the victory of Jackson over the rioters at the Lake.

No chief in the Saskatchewan forests was equal to Black Eagle. For years he was chief of the Timber Band who roamed the woods and listened not to Government entreaty to live on the Reserve. A big man, square shouldered, tall and stout, like a strong oak tree, and feared by the niches of other tribes. So good was he to medicine man, and spoke much of Great Spirit, that the niches felt he was in league with this Great Power. And when they saw those black eyes flash they had no doubt as to his Great Spirit friendship. Many were the tales of this great man's younger days told at camp fire and enjoyed at many a pow-wow.

But the older years were upon the Chief,

and with his dark hair now grey, and his black eye losing a little of its fierceness, he was looked up to as one to receive respect but not to be feared. His special feathered cap was in harmony with his skin coat, decorated with beads of many colours. Round his neck hung the necklace of dried scalps, every one of which he had taken from a white man's head, while the ringlet on his left arm was composed of human finger-ends dried in the sun. Dressed in his warrior clothes, and with rifle in hand, one could at once agree with the niches as to the fierceness of the great Chief.

This was the old man listening to the story as related by Red Beard.

The tale was finished. In solemn silence the Chief arose, while the niches gazed on their leader. Walking quickly, yet firmly, he paraded round the camp fire, and with upturned face and determined look said—

"Great Spirit—the Friend of Indian—the Power in the woods—forget not Black Eagle in his old days. Give him courage, make him, like the White Man, brave. Help Indian to protect squaw and papoose. Help Red Man to keep his land."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Half-breeds were away on the trail, and the Red Men from the Reserves were on the hunt. Jackson took the opportunity to explore the north forests. With a couple of Indian ponies and a small jumper in which to ride, wrapped in his arctic furs and provided with food and gun, he joined the North Trail, and for forty miles went forward. Through no Settlement did he pass, and no wandering band crossed his track. Here and there were the smouldering embers of a camp fire, and now and again a pack of kyotes trotted across the trail. The day was far spent and the shadows of evening gathered. Jackson looked around to find a sheltered spot in the wood where he might camp for the night. Glancing to the right, his eye caught a well-trodden track just wide enough for his jumper. "Some camp lies in there," he thought. The ponies trotted forward for about two miles, when suddenly the trail entered a natural park, in the centre of which was a camp sheltered on all sides by the pine woods. Wigwams and tepees numbered quite

fifty, while Indian waggons and ponies were scattered about. All seemed perfectly still as though the place were deserted—but as the ponies saw their natural friends they neighed, and the noise was heard. Before Jackson could calm the animals he was surrounded by ten red warriors—some at the ponies' heads and others at his side.

The bravest man could not but quake at such a sudden capture, and for a moment

outside of which a large camp-fire blazed, lighting up the surrounding wood, Jackson, stepping from his jumper, was met by the tall Indian Chief, who, on the advice of Red Beard, welcomed the missionary to his camp.

"Indian Chief heard tales of brave White Man at the Lake. White Man camp with Chief and tell tales of White Man's Book."

At this warm reception by Black Eagle, Jackson, only too eager to remain, replied,



"Great Spirit, help Red Man to keep his land!"—p. 595.

Jackson turned pale with amazement. Suddenly recovering himself he remembered the Indian despised a coward. Speaking in broken language he exclaimed:

"Sons of the brave, can you welcome to your camp a benighted missionary?"

As he spoke a niche pricked up his ears and stared at the White Man.

"Come to our camp," he replied. "Come tell stories of White Man's Book."

Turning towards the speaker Jackson saw the Indian trader Red Beard.

Into the midst of the camp Jackson was led by the Red Man, followed by the other niches. At a tepee larger than the others,

"White Man camp with Red Man, and tell stories of Great Spirit out of White Man's Book, and make brave the great Black Eagle."

\* \* \* \* \*

That night was unique in the life of Black Eagle. No White Man had dared to enter his camp, much less rest for a night with his braves. And if uncommon to the Chief it was just as wonderful to Jackson. Without let or hindrance he had been precipitated into the midst of a people who had never heard the Gospel Story.

The big blazing fire was kept renewed by the logs from the forest, and round it the

niches squatted as Jackson told tales of the Israelitish days when Jehovah fought for His people, and then on and on to the great Gospel Day when, in human flesh, God appeared to mankind.

Black Eagle's eyes flashed and reflashd as he listened to stories of the brave patriarchs of old, and his warriors endorsed his request as he said, "Tell more, tell more." But the climax came when Jackson in reverent and quiet tones told of Christ, who not only died for His friends, but gave His life for His enemies. Leaping to his feet the great warrior danced around, and his braves, catching the infection, danced and shouted, "The Great Brave Man! The Great Brave Man!"

\* \* \* \*

Overcome with fatigue, Jackson requested that he might sleep by the big warm fire, and on the morrow he would tell more tales of the Great Spirit talking to men. Feeling perfectly safe surrounded by the braves of the tribe, he soon lost himself in refreshing slumbers.

But while he slept the Indian Chief kept wide awake. He knew of the Great Spirit roaming the forests, who blessed those who did well, and cursed those who did ill, but such stories as these told by the White Man had stirred his blood. Here was the Great Spirit not only blessing those who did well, but dying for those who did ill. To the warrior "Revenge is sweet," and in the folklore of his people were tales of moons ago when Black Eagle's forefathers had burnt to death, by a slow fire, the band of whites who had raided the Indian forests. And he himself could tell of even darker deeds of revenge. What were the stories of the White Man? Here the White Man told of One Who, long ago, was possessed of the Great Spirit, Who had more the colour of the Indian than of the white, with power to heal sickness and to raise the dead, and yet quietly listening to the mobcrying out, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" and allowing cruel hands to hang His innocent body on the Cross.

\* \* \* \*

The early morning found the Chief fallen asleep. The great excitement that had roused his energies had now made him drop into a deep slumber, and while the camp was early astir the braves left the old man to rest till the morning sunlight woke him.

Jackson had gone with Red Beard to the Sand Hills which overlooked the Saskatchewan, whence he could see in the dim distance the smoke of the camp of Deer Skin's tribe, another

people to whom he was eager to take the Gospel.

Walking to and fro, Red Beard heard still more of the God-Man, and clasping Jackson's hand in hearty shake he exclaimed, "Me Red Man like know God-Man." Kneeling behind the bush, Jackson prayed that God, the Great Spirit, would reveal Jesus to the niche.

Returning to the camp the missionary found Black Eagle still ready to listen, and right on to full day did the pioneer tell the Gospel Story.

"White Man come again," was the Chief's eager entreaty, and the old man seemed more than satisfied when Jackson promised to return in another week.

Many were the visits the pioneer paid to that once wild tribe.

Standing on the sandy shore of the rapidly flowing Saskatchewan River on a bright day in the following August, Jackson performed a Baptismal Service. First came Black Eagle, then Red Beard, and following him six others of the braves, who, kneeling before the missionary, were baptised in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

\* \* \* \*

Jackson was on a visit to the Deer Skin Tribe when Red Beard and the braves of Black Eagle camp suddenly appeared in the camp. Curious to know what was in the air—for these tribes had ever been on the war-path and were the bitterest enemies—Jackson hid himself behind a tepee as Red Beard appeared. No gun or bow had he, and his men also were unarmed. Smoking the pipe of peace they bravely stood before the chief. Then in their own native Sioux they spoke.

"O Great Chief of the Deer Skin Tribe, loved of the Great Spirit and feared by many niches, our Chief, noble Black Eagle, in his old age has spoken with the Great Spirit, and the Great Spirit has spoken with Black Eagle, and here we bring you tokens of his respect and of his affection as your fellow brother living in the same Land. To the Red Man, Revenge is sweet, but the Great Spirit has told us, Forgiveness is sweeter."

Then from the ponies that followed the braves were taken skins, fish, deer food, beads, blankets and roots, a peace offering from Christian Black Eagle to his old enemy Deer Skin.

The iron-faced Deer Skin was amazed at this strange treatment, but accepting the gifts he promised to send his braves to smoke the pipe of peace with Black Eagle. And in this way the Indian chiefs who were once the bitterest enemies became the best of friends.



## Hints on the Care of Home Invalids.

By DR. A. T. SCHOFIELD.

**I**T is not of "Home" invalids, but of home invalids that I wish to speak. The number of these sufferers is greatly decreased since the establishment of "Homes" everywhere, and their very general use for every sort of illness and surgical operation; but in chronic cases, and in very mild attacks of fevers, home is best; while in many instances, owing to expense and other considerations, no choice is possible.

If the case be infectious, or of short duration and requiring quiet, the sick-room should be at the top of the house, and as much out of the way as possible. It should be barely furnished, and the floor preferably not covered all over with carpet. It should be bright and sunny. The bed should stand between the door and fireplace, of which there must always be one in the room. There should be a couch or sofa, an easy chair, and a small table by the bed. A few good pictures and flowers make the room bright. The patient should always have the means of calling the nurse with a small electric bell with the push on the table or under the pillow. The room keeps fresh if a small fire is burning (except in the dog-days), and the window should be widely open top and bottom day and night, as all fears of night air now belong to the dark ages of the nineteenth century.

The patient should always have sufficient light, warm clothes on the bed, but never too much so as to produce perspiration, which may, of course, be rightly produced by other causes.

### How to make the Bed.

The bed should stand out into the room with its head against the wall and its side, not its foot, to the window. A good spring bed with a hair mattress is generally the best; but in cases of rheumatism and painful diseases great ease is obtained by a light and modern specimen of the old-fashioned feather bed that is more yielding and comfortable than a hard mattress. Of course, in acute fevers the patient often lies in blankets; in all other cases twill cotton sheets are most comfortable, though some can only lie in linen. A pillow in the bed to pack under the back or under the knees often gives great rest. The head pillows should be soft and not laid one on the other, but one partly behind the other, so as

to support the shoulders as well as the head.

There should be a bed-table and a bed-rest, combined with a foot-rest against which the feet can be braced.

The temperature should be kept as even as possible, and about 65°. If the patient sits up in bed, care should be taken that the shoulders are covered. The door should be kept shut, and a screen is useful in a sick-room for many purposes.

The room should not be dusted (flapped), but everything and every ledge wiped over with a damp cloth once a day, and the floor, when needed, with a damp cloth over the head of the broom, and a solution of Sanitas used. All used or soiled articles should at once be put outside the room.

### The Over-Anxious Nurse.

And now a word about the amateur nurse. Her chief sin is over-anxiety and fussiness, two qualities that ever go with ignorance. You may not be able to help the latter, but you can help displaying the former; so pray do so. The poor, helpless patient hates being fussed and questioned. Few are equal in patience to the Tommy of the field hospital on the Modder, who, when the young lady asked if he would like his face washed, replied: "Well, only once more, miss; there's six done it already."

Learn to anticipate wants quietly, and avoid asking frequently how the patient feels. At the same time do not be a stiff automaton and silent as the grave. Remember the famous note that is the key to harmony at all times, "B natural." Also be sympathetic, but never sentimental. Never show any anxiety, whatever sudden cause there may be for it.

Listen to the following points of a good amateur nurse. She should be always bright, not giddy nor given to noisy laughter, but cheerful and hopeful. She should be quiet in her manner, but decided and firm in all she says, and quick and neat in all she does. She should be gentle, too, in voice and touch, and speak quietly but distinctly. She should not whisper. She should not rush or rustle about the room. On the other hand, she should not glide about like a snake, and suddenly appear, to the patient's terror, in unexpected parts of the room.

She should walk firmly and naturally. She must not, on any account, wear creaking boots or rustling dresses. She should be scrupulously clean in her hair, face, hands and nails, and dress. Her dress should be of washing material, but not starched too much. An apron, coming up over the chest, is advisable. The nurse must be prepared to do all sorts of disagreeable things without showing the least disgust or reluctance. Meals and medicine and, indeed, all else should be given to the minute.

When not wanted, the nurse should sit quietly down and work or read, and not keep fussing about the room and tidying up. She must be firm about admitting friends to the sick-room. In the first place, no one should see sick people but those they wish to see; and then the interview should be short, and not at meal-times.

#### The Meaning of the Red Ribbon.

Care for personal appearance is no small sign of improvement. When the patient is bad she lies anyhow, and the hair uncared-for save by the nurse. As she recovers she regains interest in herself. Sir Andrew Clark, when once visiting a distinguished young lady, stopped as he opened the door of her room, and said to the anxious friends waiting outside: "She is better to-day." They were naturally anxious to learn how he knew, and asked him afterwards. "She had a red ribbon in her hair," was the reply.

The nurse must be able to wash the patient in bed once a day; or, half one day, the other half the next, if very weak. She must learn to do it thoroughly—a limb or part at a time, without chilling the patient or wetting the bed.

The patient's feet must be kept warm, and the head cool, and a hot bottle should be used when needed. Remember the temperature of the body is not  $98\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  everywhere, but under the closed armpit or beneath the tongue in the closed mouth. See that the thermometer is clean, and shake down to  $97^{\circ}$ . Keep it in the mouth three minutes, or in the armpit for five. In young children it is best placed in the fold of the thigh. She must not trust to beef-tea as a food unless made with milk. A minimum diet in fever is a quart of milk and a pint of beef-tea.

In all infectious cases get exact directions from the doctor as to all the needed precautions, and carry them out most rigidly.

And now for a few words about our chronic invalids. Here the *régime* and the hints in

connection with it are entirely different. The room is in a convenient and accessible part of the house. It is sunny and airy, with open windows as before, but it is fully and comfortably furnished, and books, flowers, pictures, and pretty things abound. The bed, if possible, commands a pleasant outlook, and there is always a comfortable chair near for the prolonged and frequent visits of kind friends, which there is not in the other case. No nurse, perhaps, is needed—not even an amateur. Some sister or friend can probably do all that is required, with the assistance of an ordinary maid.

#### Reading and Games.

The details depend much on the disease. So many chronic diseases are now declared to be more or less infectious, that the sick-bed is a much more solitary place than it was, and paid service largely replaces the care of friends. All this is, no doubt, for the public good, and it is only the invalid that suffers. Still, there are yet some non-infectious diseases—particularly those of a spinal or paralytic nature—where the sick-room can be made the pleasantest room in the house, and a favourite resort: thus taking away all feeling of loneliness or isolation.

In all cases, reading to the patient is a great resource, providing one has a musical voice, and can read intelligently, with emphasis and punctuation well marked. Sometimes it is a greater change to play games, or to assist in some fancy work, particularly if designed for some festive occasion.

There are two sorts of sufferers: those who cheer you and those you cheer. I have gone at times to comfort the sick, and have found such a stream of light and love pouring from them that I felt I could add nothing, that they wanted nothing, and that it was I who was being cheered. But these are not the common cases. So be ready to lift and encourage the sufferer on all occasions. Never go to the sick-room in a depressed or agitated condition. Don't be so selfish as to carry the house worries or your troubles there. Go to give and not to get; and see that you have always something with you—something brightening, elevating, some little story, some little extract from a letter, some interesting bit of news, or some new thought that will lift the sufferer from earth to heaven, and take her thoughts far away from her sufferings and her limitations. To do this you must have your own spirit in tune with the Infinite, and you must have enough love and joy in your heart to have some to spare.

## The Modern Window.

By WILLIAM BEAUMONT.

WHAT shall the window be? Shall it be indicative of the self-contained aloofness of the severely respectable, or shall it expand—a little wildly, perhaps, but still expand—with the trend of modern thought? For, curiously, the windows of our suburban dwellings, from the most modest to the most expensive, do in various degrees express the outlook, so to speak, of the people within.

As an example of the utterly conventional let us take this ordinary semi-detached villa, with its neat grass-plot in front, its row of alternated dark-green and golden privet-bushes, its geranium, lobelia and calceolaria-studded border, and let us observe its windows.

There are two bay-windows, one above the other, one flat window above the street door, and one dormer-window at the top of the house.

First, on the lower panes of the bays are arranged short frilled curtains, each one tied back into an angle by cords and tassels. Next there are the blinds, appliquéd, and frilled with wide lace. Next, long curtains, a pair to the centre and a single one each side. In the flat window on first-floor and in the one above, the same paraphernalia is gone through, the only difference being that the curtains upstairs are not quite so handsome as those on the ground-floor.

Now, in all, this means sixteen short curtains, sixteen cords and tassels, eight blinds with cords, tassels and rollers, twelve long curtains with their attendant poles, hooks and rings; the effect from the outside being a swathed, petticoated, much-tied-up series of wicked gaps which must by hook or crook be covered up, while the effect from the inside is that of a gathering twilight. If there is only half this number of curtains and ties used for the windows at the back of the house, they will still total sixty-nine separate articles for the poor housekeeper to keep clean and in repair for the windows alone.

There is, however, another kind of window-dressing which is coming rapidly to the fore, and though this is, at present, confined largely to the modern, rough-cast, gabled, picturesque style of residence known as "Arty," there is no reason why the same simple arrangement cannot be applied to the more old-fashioned villa before mentioned.

It will be well, though, before going on with

a description of curtains, to assume that from our windows, if they are to be truly useful, we expect, first of all, to get light and air; secondly, we hope they will be beautiful to look at; and thirdly, that they will secure to us a certain amount of privacy.

Since light and air can easily be admitted by not covering the window up too much, we will pass on to the consideration of beauty.

Now, the most beautiful thing one looks out upon from the ordinary suburban villa is surely not the opposite houses, or the roadway, or the railings in front, but the sky—the sky with its ever-varying cloud-shapes, blue with daylight radiance, mellow with evening sun, even grey, but never twice alike. Yet it is the sky which we invariably shut out day after day with that hideously monotonous piece of calico or collection of laths which we aptly call a "blind." There may be trees, too—happy are we if there be—and it should be our care, as it will be our pleasure, to arrange our curtains so as to form a charming frame for our picture of trees and sky.

The question will be asked, perhaps—Why have curtains at all? Why not have the whole window space free? But this we cannot do, for we must have something over the lower part of the window to screen us from the public by day, and over the upper part to shield us from curious eyes at night. Curtains also help towards beauty by hiding the hard brick or plaster edges of the window, and in point of colour by a general harmony with the surroundings.

The real thing to decide, then, is—What kind of curtains shall we have? How shall we make them? and how shall we put them up?

First as to the colour of the curtains. A glance round will show us that nearly all the curtains used are white or cream-colour. But white curtains, though very charming for a sunny day, are cheerless under a grey sky. Cream-colour is a shade better, but still not to be compared to the cheerful sunny influence of a pale golden-green. This will make the darkest day seem promising; it will also have the advantage of looking cool in the hottest weather, as well as being harmonious with almost any colour already in the room—except red. If the prevailing note is red, white or cream-colour curtains are best.

Say, then, that green curtains are used from spring till autumn, when a welcome change can be made through the cold weather by a hint of warmth in curtains of an old-rose pink. We can safely venture on the double set, as both together will not cost nearly so much as the usual style of furnishing. There are now quantities of casement cloths to be had in prices varying from sixpence to two shillings per yard. It is wise, however, to choose plain cloths, as patterned ones are almost sure to become tiring to the eye.

Now I will describe the least expensive and most easy way to furnish a window that is known as the "square-bay."

To begin, we must screw small curved brass dresser-hooks at about half-way (or more if desired) up and into the frames of the lower windows. Now have lengths of thin brass-rod ( $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch) cut to fit across and project a little on each side of the hooks, thus: One wide piece for the large centre window, and two shorter pieces, one each for the smaller side windows. For each short curtain the width must be as wide again as the rod, and the depth two inches less than from rod to sill, allowing for hem. Now for each curtain take the exact width of rod between hooks in coarse lace which is in itself two inches wide, and sew the curtain material in a regular fulness to the edge of the same. Next sew a row of loops of fine cord to the top edge of the lace, and the curtain is ready to be hung by its loops to the rod.

The upper curtains should reach to just over the edge of the lace of the lower ones. They will require to be of the same approximate width, but the centre one will in this case be divided into two, so that they may be opened and drawn back, one on each outer side, during the day. These will not require lace, but must be pleated at the top to the width of the window, and must be suspended by brass rings instead of cord, so that they can easily be drawn to and fro.

The rods for the upper curtains should be rather thicker, say  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch, and, so as to allow room for free running, they should be fastened to the outside frame and not to the window sash.

The curtains can be enriched by sewing bands of lace insertion about an inch from the edge on the inside. The upper rods look better finished, too, if small brass knobs are screwed into their ends.

Reckoning the curtain material at ninepence per yard, the rods at threepence per foot, and the lace threepence per yard, the whole equipment for one bay window should cost

something between fifteen shillings and a pound.

It would be a fitting as well as a useful finish to this artistic window to have a window-seat placed in it, instead of the eternal spindle-legged table with its accompanying plant in pot which is usually put there. To accomplish this end I will betray the secret of the "Tate-cupboards."

You procure as many empty Tate sugar boxes as will fit conveniently straight along the window-recess when placed with their backs to the wall and their openings outwards—three, or sometimes four, are usually required. To keep them firmly in place, and to prevent the valance, which we shall presently put on, from being pushed into the openings by the feet, a piece of wood the entire length, and about four inches wide, must be nailed along the bottom edge of the boxes. This wood should be stained a dark brown in case the valance is kicked on one side at any time.

The valance can be made of art-serge in some colour to harmonise with the curtains. Sage-green would look well either with the golden-green or the old-rose. In depth it should reach from an inch over the top of the seat to the floor, and it should be more than twice its length so as to allow for plenty of fullness and for enough to cover the sides at each end. To make it look smart, it can have a broad band of some rich-looking harmonious-coloured damask sewn along the bottom just above the broad hem; and it is astonishing how much this addition will lift it out and away from the ordinary home-made article.

Now comes the most difficult task—the making of a firm, flat, serviceable cushion, that shall neither be so soft that it will get out of shape with being sat upon, or so hard that it will not be comfortable. The easiest way is to cut a straw mattress in halves, and recover the opened sides, but as a straw mattress is not always available we must try to find a substitute.

Commence by cutting widths of stout unbleached calico or ticking to fit exactly all over the top of the seat, allowing for half-inch trimmings all round. Next cut a strip of calico four inches wide, and long enough to go right round the outside of one of the pieces already fitted. Now, taking one of the pieces of calico as the bottom of the cushion, stitch the long strip strongly all round the edge of it so that it stands up and forms what will ultimately be its thickness. Then sew the lid or top of the cushion on to the other edge of the strip, leaving one end open for the stuffing to be put in.

The filling had better be of hay or straw—straw preferably, as it is firmer. It will probably cost about sixpence.

To fill it, fold the case back over itself until it is possible to reach right into the corners, then take a handful of straw at a time, and punch it neatly into its place so that it fills out the three inches in thickness. Take care meanwhile that every crevice is tightly packed and pressed nicely even from the top as the work proceeds. When the whole length of the case is filled, it must be sewn up and covered with the same kind of art-serge that was used for the valance.

And now the "Tate-cupboards" are complete! We lift up the valance, and behold! there is a whole row of neat receptacles. No. 1 seems to suggest a handy place for boots;

No. 2 will serve to hold magazines and papers; No. 3 will do for the work-basket and any stray needlework; and No. 4 will solve the vexed question as to where to keep the draughts and games which generally come about with a family that is growing up.

Now stand back and take a look at our handiwork. How cheery the soft rose-colour of the curtains looks against the hurrying autumn clouds; how harmonious against the few lingering brown leaves of our little acacia! And the long cosy seat with its rich border below and its cushions here and there above to put behind one's back; what an inviting nook for an hour's reading—with the light coming over one's shoulder on to the book, instead of into one's eyes! And all this comfort at so little cost either in time, money, or labour.



## Thirty Years to the Making of a Sermon.

A Complete Story.

By MACK ALL.

"**T**OO old at forty," my companion quoted, as the preacher stood up to give out his text. The remark was justified by the appearance of the man. He gave one the impression of having put too much living into life. His hair was grey, his face was thin and drawn, and when he spoke his voice was thin too, and had the peculiar indistinct quality noticed in the voices of men who have long had to express themselves in a language alien to their mother tongue.

It was not an inspiring audience that was scattered about the dimly-lit church. Many of the congregation were people belonging to other places of worship, or non-church-goers who had been driven into the building by the sudden summer shower, or drawn by the singing, which on this occasion was rather poor, for it was August in London, and most of the choir were out of town—some, like their young and popular pastor, spending a holiday at the seaside.

The minister read out his text, "His compassions fail not." Then he read the context and the verses that followed—verses with the echo of a sob in them, a sob that has lost its bitterness. He began his address haltingly, then his words came with a run, and sounded

almost foreign. His manner was nervous, and the hand that turned over his notes shook. But in a few minutes he had got through the introduction in an orthodox way, and we could see his subject grip him.

"His compassions fail not." The preacher looked straight ahead, and we knew he spoke to the boys and girls in the galleries. Some of them were still children in appearance, but as he spoke they grew serious, and their eyes earnest. A light dawned on some countenances, and others stiffened their jaws and looked at the preacher with understanding and resolution written on their faces.

The minister was speaking from his own experience, and I, who had known and loved him when he was a lad like some of his audience, saw him again, an awkward, uncouth boy working on a farm during the day, studying at night. Alone, unappreciated, even then fighting a solitary battle, asking nothing but to be allowed to fight. A boy with dreams big enough to burst his brain, and ideas high enough to make him giddy. Then one had a glimpse of the fight that was not with men and books, or for education and money; a fight for his faith. A boy in physique, a man in mind, questioning everything, question-



ing God, questioning His goodness, doubting His existence. A time of nightmare with no past experience to help; a child in a topsyturvy world with no God.

As he spoke to the lads in the audience I could see how that early fight had made his character deep and wide and sweet, and given him an understanding heart. For he had found that in spite of all his doubts and unbelief God had never failed, but gradually, steadily, lovingly brought him into the light.

Many years of his early life went to the making of the first point of his sermon, and there were those in the audience who can never forget the look in the preacher's eyes as he lifted them to meet the gaze of the girls and boys in the gallery, and quoted softly, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." But the Father's compassions never fail, great is His faithfulness.

Then he bent over and spoke to those in the body of the church. He told us that God was enough for men in the prime of life, in its stress and in its monotony. As I listened I remembered the days when he was in the prime of life; some of them were dark days. He was living alone on a mission station, south of the Zambesi, and there the devil laid siege to his soul. It was at a time when his work was disappointing, his body weak from recurring attacks of fever, and his brain on fire. There seemed to be an enemy in the camp that cried out day and night, "Curse God and die; forget the ideals of youth, the morality of civilisation, let yourself go." He will never guess how much I knew of the struggle he had against the Prince of Darkness, for he gave no confidences. His friends at home had grown accustomed to his absence; they neglected to write as often and as helpfully as formerly. The strangeness of the life that was in itself a means of grace to him had worn away, and there was nothing but monotony, and low ideals, and spiritual deadness all around. We had even forgotten to pray for him in those days, and when he most needed support he once more stood alone. But now he could say boldly, looking into the heart of the Eternal, "Thy compassions never fail, Thou art good."

My companion bent his head, forgetting my presence, and I knew that one man who stood on a slippery path was regaining his hold, and finding that the Arm that saves is not shortened. One saw the fruit borne by those weary struggles on the Zambesi, and thanked God that all those temptations, sorrows, and struggles had not been in vain.

There was still another message for that congregation, and it went straight to the heart

of every disappointed and despairing one in that building. I was glad that no one but God knew how much agony, and brain sweat, and heart's blood had been expended before that message could be sent thrilling through our being, bringing health and comfort and rest with it.

The preacher's face was blotted out for me as he delivered his message, and in its place was the picture of a hut near the Zambesi. Its walls were of mud, but they were brightened by a picture—there was only one. It was the face and sometimes the figure of a girl—a young girl with big dreamy eyes. There were photographs, snapshots, and a highly finished life-size portrait from a London firm. There was an oil painting, and several drawings in black and white. The natives thought it was the face of the mother of Jesus. It hung over the desk where the sermons were prepared and the delusive native language puzzled out. It stood on the home-made mantelpiece where the missionary often cooked his own meals. It was above his couch, and in his periodical attacks of fever he called it the angel in the house, and prayed that it might lay healing hands on his head.

The photograph was pasted into his Bible, lay between the leaves of his hymn book, and looked at him from the lid of his watch. There was not a corner in that little hut where the face did not meet him.

The minister had not fallen in love as a boy; he had not thought of a wife and a home, like men of mature age. But gradually he had grown to love the daughter of the medical missionary at the next station. His love had grown so deep and absorbing that it almost frightened him by its intensity. It was the passion of a man of nearly two score years, a man whose heart had never before been stirred by any woman.

The girl would have joined him in his work, but she was young, a white girl among the natives, living a simple, guarded life. It was at his suggestion that she was sent to England to be educated, and to see the world, before becoming his wife.

A year after he had parted from his *fiancée* a worse attack of fever than usual left the missionary prostrate, and he was obliged to abandon his work for a time. The brother for whose education he had paid, and for whose comforts he was providing, first heard this when his remittances were stopped. Then the Mission Board and the natives, for whom he had given the best of his life, showed their appreciation of his work. They suggested that, if he went to England for his wife, they

would build him a more scientific house in a healthier neighbourhood.

His journey home was cheered by the thought of meeting the girl he loved and the clever brother that he had taken from the plough and put in the pulpit. Perhaps that voyage was the happiest time of his life, for he had no presentiment of evil, but it was the experience that followed that put the thrill in his voice as he spoke of the goodness of God.

It was my lot to deal the blow that smashed for ever the dream of his life. I did not know how to soften the blow, so I blurted out the plain, terrible truth as we stood on the ocean liner looking into the unclean waters of the dock at Southampton.

I told him that the reason his brother could not meet him was that he was spending his honeymoon in the Mediterranean, and his bride was the woman whose name was written on my friend's heart.

He turned away like a man stricken by death, but he spoke no word.

That night was his Gethsemane, but he must have met the Man of Sorrows in the garden, for he appeared next morning not

only with resignation written on his face, but with a look that made one say, "And Moses wist not that his face did shine."

That was twelve months ago, and now we were listening to his farewell sermon in his brother's pulpit, while his brother was spending a quiet Sunday with his wife and new-born son.

During the coming week the preacher would set sail again for his mission station, going out alone to his new home, from which even the pictured face of a girl had been removed. To-night we were receiving a message from God, but it came through a bleeding, bruised, broken, faithful heart, and it went straight as an arrow to our hearts.

Thirty years had that sermon taken to prepare, but its effect would last for ages. The preacher's voice rose strong, glad, and victorious in our parting hymn, and when we had sung the verse—

"For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind;  
And the Heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind,"

he raised his hand and pronounced the Benediction.



## HOME FROM SCHOOL.

**F**ROM the windings of the woodlands,  
From the valleys deep and cool,  
From the rough and stony hillsides,  
Come the children home from school.  
O, the tasks were hard and dreary;  
O, the hours of toil were long;  
Little heads and hands grew weary,  
Waiting for the evensong.

Mother lingers at the wicket,  
Resting in the shadows cool,  
Keeping all her best caresses  
For the children home from school.

From the windings of Earth's woodlands,  
From its valleys deep and cool,  
From its rough and stony hillsides,  
Come the children Home from School.  
O, the tasks were hard and dreary;  
O, the hours of toil were long;  
Heart and head and hands grew weary,  
Yearning for the Evensong.

To Thine heart, O loving Father,  
Take us back from Sorrow's rule;  
While the angels whisper softly,  
" 'Tis the children Home from School."

CHETWYND HAMILTON.

## Home Difficulties.

By the Right Rev. J. W. DIGGLE, D.D., Bishop of Carlisle.

HOME difficulties are mainly of two kinds : those beyond our control and those of our own making. Those beyond our control are chiefly, though not exclusively, material difficulties, such as lack of proper accommodation and sufficient means of livelihood. Miserable accommodation and blighting penury are terrible hindrances in the way of the cultivation of domestic virtues and domestic happiness. They make very hard the acquisition of habits of comeliness and decency. They interfere with health. In the struggle for existence insufficient means tend to foster sordid and suspicious views of life. They also bitterly contract opportunities for amusement and recreation. They rob labour of its dignity, perverting it into a detested drudgery. They are apt also to engender a spirit of unbelief in God, of hostility to existing social and political institutions, and of jealousy towards those more highly favoured.

These results of squalid penury make home life exceedingly difficult. In extreme cases, which are appallingly numerous, they make it impossible. For how can the moral beauty and sweetness of home, as a rule, subsist or thrive amid material surroundings so destructive and poisonous ?

### Living in Flats.

Instances there are of great domestic virtue, and even of domestic happiness, amid vicious and miserable surroundings—as flowers of surpassing loveliness are sometimes found in deserts and clefts of rock. But the difficulties in the way of home duties and home delights are enormously intensified and aggravated by bad material conditions ; and no effort should be spared on the part of individuals, by the practice of industry, sobriety, and thrift, to improve their material condition for the sake of their personal and domestic happiness, nor on the part of the nation to remove all the barriers in the way of assuring effectiveness and fruitfulness to individual effort.

It is then the duty of the nation to remove, or at any rate to minimise, the difficulties besetting home life, so far as those difficulties are beyond individual control. Some home difficulties, however, lie partly within, and partly beyond, our control, notably the

difficulties consequent on the tendencies of the age, the *zeit-geist*, the spirit of the times in which our lot is cast.

The tendency of our age is, in many directions, against the full development of home life. The vast growth of towns is one cause of this tendency ; and this in two ways. In the poorest parts of densely-peopled towns housing is bad, rents are high, wages are precarious, sweating is common. All these evils are adverse to home.

On the other hand, in the richer quarters of towns, owing to the increase of taxes, rates, and rents, the custom of living in flats and taking meals at restaurants is growing. What is called “ the servants difficulty ” is fostering this custom ; as is also the increasing prevalence of spending week-ends, and festivals like Christmas, away from home.

Again, the wages of young labourers in factory and mining districts are often so high as to induce a precocious independence. The position of children in these districts becomes, at a quite early age, more like that of lodgers or paying guests than children. Out of their high wages these young people pay for their board and lodging, keeping the residue for themselves, just as strangers would. This custom is unfavourable to the development and free play of both parental and filial feeling, and frequently creates serious difficulties in home life.

These and similar difficulties are partly removable by truer teachings about the honour due to parents, by emigration to the colonies, by the transference of industries to smaller places, and by the cultivation of small holdings and agricultural pursuits.

### The Servants Difficulty.

“ The servants difficulty,” too, is by no means wholly of the servants’ making. It is largely a masters’ and mistresses’ difficulty. Servants, like other people, have both their faults and their virtues. They have also much to put up with, both from one another and from their employers, some of whom have stronger instincts for feudal rights than for feudal duties. Besides, many people keep servants who ought not to keep them ; people whose means do not justify them in keeping servants, who can neither pay, nor feed, nor otherwise

treat their servants rightly, and who ought to do their domestic work themselves. For no one has a moral right to keep a servant who has not means to keep the servant well. Some keep too few servants and expect too much from them. Others keep too many and suffer from the mischiefs which idle hands are ever industrious in doing.

Not till there is more Christian spirit introduced on both sides will the "servants difficulty" be removed. When on the side of masters and mistresses there is the conviction that their servants are not serfs, but brothers and sisters in Christ, and on the side of servants the conviction that their service should not be eye-service or tongue-service, but loyalty and thoroughness in all things, the servant problem will largely cease to be a great difficulty in home life. For there are few relationships more pleasant and happy than that of masters and servants, mistresses and maids, when generous consideration is shown on the one hand and efficient, honourable service rendered on the other, when neither side expects too much or grants too little.

#### A Parasitic Habit.

Again, the tendency of the modern age to regard the responsibilities of individuals as State responsibilities, and especially parental obligations as State duties, is a tendency injurious to home life. When parents cannot or will not do their duty in clothing, feeding and educating their children, the State ought to step in and provide for them; but not without also strenuously punishing the parents for the neglect of duty, if that neglect is wilful and avoidable. The interference of the State in the administration of home life ought, both for the sake of home and State, to be as little and infrequent as is consistent with the welfare of both.

No honourably independent parent will lay on another a burden he ought himself to bear, or look to others to do for him that which he can do for himself, or to pay for him that which he ought himself to pay. The habit of feeding on others is a parasitic habit. Feebleness follows the practice of constant leaning. The essence of the best home life is strenuous independence. The poorest man's home should be for him and his family not an asylum of dependent weaklings, but a castle in which freedom and fortitude are nourished. Every tendency which saps either individual freedom or individual fortitude is hostile to the best

home life and besets its development with ever-increasing difficulties.

#### No Two Children Alike.

Some difficulties of home life spring from the very constitution of home itself and are inseparable from it. The facts of closest intimacy and of perpetual association themselves give rise to difficulties. We are not so constantly and necessarily on our guard within the family circle as outside. Those with whom we live see our natural infirmities, our faults and failings, more clearly than strangers. They are with us in all our moods and tempers, and we with them in theirs. We cannot avoid them in the east wind, or when we are out of sorts, or are unaccountably cross. They disturb us when we dislike being disturbed, and ask us to do things we do not want to do, or when we are disinclined to do them. And so there are little ruptures, little outbursts of temper. The bridle drops from our lips, and what are called (often mistakenly) home-truths, but are really petulant criticisms, become a source of home difficulty.

Then, too, differences in natural taste and temperament are a common source of home difficulties. No two children in the same family are exactly alike; considering their derivation from the same parents, it is extraordinary how altogether unlike they often are. Our brothers and sisters are not infrequently among the last persons we should ourselves have chosen as our most intimate companions, to live with always under the same roof. How often, too, parents would have liked their children different in disposition and ability, and children their parents different in taste and character.

#### Mutual Forbearance.

Nor is it uncommon for husbands and wives to discover in each other after marriage dislikings unsuspected before marriage. Then, too, the friends and acquaintances which some members of the family make and bring within the home are not always welcome to the other members. Neither are the recreations and pursuits of each approved by all. These and similar difficulties arise inevitably out of the nature of home life, and can only be overcome by the constant exercise of generous patience, mutual forbearance, and loving sympathy; by never forgetting that if we have much to put up with from other members of our family they have much to put up with from us.

Truly one of the best services that home life can render is this training in forbearance, sympathy, and love. The difficulties of home are among the best instruments for development and discipline in character. It may be for the sake of the benefits of this discipline that, in the nature and constitution of home, these difficulties exist and are ineradicable. For if we can earn a good character in our homes, among those who know us most intimately and best, we are not likely to exhibit a bad character elsewhere.

#### Best Manners for the Home.

Conduct at home is the surest test of good manners and a good heart. A great many people who are pleasant and affable out-of-doors are exceedingly unpleasant and disagreeable at home. This is hypocrisy. For at home we are not what to others we seem to be, and to others we seem to be what at home we are not.

Our best manners and best conversation should be reserved for home. Politeness is a domestic not less than a public duty. Husbands should treat their wives with all the grace and tenderness that wooers treat the wooed; and wives be not less careful to please their husbands after marriage than before. Wedded life has few difficulties when it is one long honeymoon; as it always ought to be, and often is—the honey ever growing more sweet as it grows less strange. Happiness which depends on novelty for its nutriment is not happiness, but mere sensationalism, often degrading, never ennobling. The only true happiness is that born of unselfishness and fed on sympathy.

Unselfishness and sympathy, these two, are the real conquerors of home difficulties, in little things not less than great. The importance of little things in home life cannot be over-rated. The little rifts in the lute spoil the harmony of home. It is negligence in little things which is commonly the beginning of great home difficulties. Difficulties seldom begin in vast eruptions and cataclysms, but rather in little acts of unkindness, little words of bitterness, little faults of forgetfulness or inattention, little bits of rudeness. Rudeness should be banished from home as a detested foe. In all rudeness there is an element of brutality, whether rudeness of manner or speech. Roughness is sometimes fun, but rudeness is a vice. It is a form of cruelty.

So also is the saying of smart things—or things supposed to be smart, though often

merely sour—at another's expense. To parade one's cleverness, or air one's wits, or show off one's sharpness, by putting pins into other people, especially when they have neither the ability nor the gracelessness to retort, is like children pulling off the wings of flies. There is plenty of good and true fun to be had, both quiet and robustious fun, without inflicting needless pain. Fun is one of the great delights of home, but the heedless pretence of smartness is one cause of its most common difficulties. Cynicism, both etymologically and in fact, is near akin to curriishness.

Again, home difficulties often spring from parents' fears of their children. Parental cowardice is far more common than is usually acknowledged. Parental and conjugal despotism is known to be common—the infamous despotism of the strong over the weak, of those who have the power of the purse towards those dependent on them. Such despotism is cowardice in its most cruel form.

#### "Be not Afraid of your Children."

But there is another form of cowardice which often creates serious home difficulties—the cowardice which is afraid to correct children, which passes over continuous moodiness, or freaks of temper, or acts of inconsiderateness, or incivilities to servants, or unrestrained manners, or perpetual loudness, or indulgence in constant botherings and bickerings, and whatever spoils the peace or pleasantness of home, without having the courage to put it down. This is a very common kind of parental cowardice. A great writer, long ago, warned his contemporaries against this fear. "Be not afraid of your children," he said.

This ancient warning needs repetition and emphasis in modern days in every rank of life, especially in families where children are precocious. Most young lives are all the better for a little pruning. They develop more beautifully and fruitfully. Some need much bending as well as pruning, else will they grow both crooked and sterile. A child who shows a tendency to masterfulness, to lord it over members of the family or over servants, to give orders without permission, to meddle and interfere in household and domestic affairs, to take the reins and sit on the box of the family coach, shutting the elder members inside, should have the tendency eradicated as soon as it manifests itself. Short-sighted parents laugh at this tendency in the bud, and treat it as a joke, mistaking precocity



for cleverness, and presumption for the promise of power, but when the bud unfolds they find the flower far from beautiful and the fruit far from sweet.

#### Feeble Fear of Early Faults.

In the interests of the child's happiness, as well as to avoid home difficulties in the future, early faults should not, through feeble fear, be passed over. Neither among the poor nor the rich should children be suffered to forget that they are children in their parents' house; while on the other hand it is of the greatest moment that parents should remember that their children do not always continue in infancy; that they *do* actually grow up into men and women, and that as soon as possible fatherhood ought to mellow into elder brotherhood, and motherhood into elder sisterhood. But through every age fathers ought to see to it that mothers are treated with dutiful homage and respectful courtesy.

A good father resents all derelictions of duty to the mother more than towards himself. Many a widow's heart has been pierced through with sorrows in her lonely years by the disrespect of her children owing to the cowardice of her husband during his lifetime in joining with them in arrogant laughter against her, or in not visiting intentional discourtesies with condign punishment.

Of course, in the brightest and happiest families there are times when the laugh, in jocund innocence and kindly mirth, is turned each against each in merry turn, but such laughter is the laughter of free and trustful love, and not that of cowardly, overbearing cynicism. Good as distinct from bad laughter never creates difficulties at home, but is one of the sunniest methods of removing them.

#### Hateful Dulness.

Among the difficulties of home life dulness is one of the worst. Dulness is hateful, particularly to the young. It is the vice of dulness which has made possible the saying, "Be good and you cannot be happy." The saying is fundamentally false, yet, owing to the frequent dulness of the good, partly true. Bright goodness is true happiness, but dull goodness a source of much unhappiness and not a little immorality.

However dull duty is it ought to be done, but neither duty nor anything else should be allowed to be more dull than is absolutely unavoidable. Dulness is the root of many evils. It is one of the causes of the depopulation of rural districts and the over-

crowding of towns. It is a great enemy of home life. Everything at home should be made as fresh and bright and interesting as can be. Husbands should remember when they come home of an evening to tell their wives of any matters of interest which have occurred to them during the day, and wives also to tell their husbands.

Only it should not be forgotten that in home life, as in other matters, there is a time for everything, and everything ought to be done at its own time. To do the right thing at the wrong time is almost as bad as doing the wrong thing. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent, a time for making a request and a time to refrain from making it, a time to work and a time to play, a time for recreation and a time for repose, a time for telling one's troubles and a time for keeping them a little longer to oneself.

#### Out-of-Season Sayings.

Many home difficulties are caused by saying things necessary to be said, and doing things right to be done, but saying and doing them out of season. Just as things eaten out of season have to be dearly paid for, so things said and done out of season have often to be paid for very dearly in loss of temper and other evil results. There are many things for which there is never a right time. It is never the right time to be a bore.

At home every effort should be made to avoid dulness, and particularly dulness for children. Children need not only playthings but a playful atmosphere, an atmosphere warm and light and bright. The delights of life without discipline are deadly. They poison by their sweetness. And the discipline of life without delights is deadly also. Its acidity is fatal.

One of the chief delights of children is the delight of doing things. They love to think they are being useful. You can rarely give a little child a greater pleasure than by letting it do something for you, something which it fancies of importance. It is a good thing to encourage children in the fancy of their own importance, if the importance runs in the direction of helping others, being of service, being kind. Children love running about. Let them fetch things for you as often as possible—a father's stick or a mother's cloak; let them go on errands, carry little parcels, open and shut doors for people leaving the room, anything and everything which pleases or interests them.

Games, sports, recreations, pleasant chats

amusing books, riddles, hobbies, and the like, will often smooth down the difficulties of home life. And let it not be forgotten that one of the best amusements for children is employment in some little work of usefulness for others, so long as the work is not imposed as a task, but voluntarily undertaken as a pleasure.

Another great difficulty in home life is caused by drifting. Purposeless lives are

never happy lives. Wretched in themselves, they are prolific in wretchedness for others. A life without an object is a ship without a helm. It was a good law of the ancient Jews that every male child, of whatever rank, should learn a trade. A law like this in England to-day would probably do more good than all collectivist and socialistic schemes put together. Tradelessness is a great curse; the cause of a whole host of moral as well as economical evils. In some circles it is the fashion to look down on trade, while in

truth the knowledge, if not also the pursuit, of some trade might prove the salvation of the members of the circle which looks down on it.

On the other hand, in the pathetic hosts of unemployed poor the number of skilled labourers is exceedingly few. The unemployed are not only without employment, they are also, as a rule, without a trade in which they can be employed. In some form or other, modified to meet modern requirements, we need a resuscitation of the system of apprenticeship. At any rate it is imperative to check the tendency in human life to driftage. It is through

drifting that so much unhappiness is caused both in the ranks of poor and rich alike—the poor drift into suffering and squalor, and the rich into aimless, vicious indolence.

In home life the consequences of drifting sometimes lead to difficulties practically insufferable. The drifters become a weary load to the family, and not infrequently a cause of distress and shame. Every effort, therefore, should be made to give definite

direction to the lives both of boys and girls from their earliest years. Not only should inspiring ideals be set before them, but they should be taught that drifting through life is misery and sin.

God never means anybody to go dawdling through the world. He Himself, we may reverently say, is always doing something for somebody. And when He brings a life into the world, He intends something to be done by, something to be made of, that life. There is nothing more ungodlike than idleness and purposelessness. With

exceeding few exceptions, every human being born into the world is endowed with some special capacity for some kind of work. And it is parents' duty to seek for this special capacity in each of their children, to instigate and encourage their children to find the capacity in themselves, and to bend their minds and wills to its development. Some sort of labour, either mental or manual (for workers with the mind are as truly working men as workers with the hand), every young person should set himself or herself to do, whether they depend for their livelihood on the work or not.

Bees kill the drones in their hives. In



(Photo: Russell.)

THE RIGHT REV. J. W. DIGGLE, D.D., BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

human homes it is the drones which kill the sweetest joys. All education, from the lowest to the highest, should train the will to work as well as the head to know. What do you mean to be? what do you mean to do? are questions which parents and teachers should frequently put to children, and teach children to put to themselves and to each other. Ignorance is a great evil, but knowledge without purpose is an evil also.

#### Clear Aims in Life.

Moreover, in the choice of a purpose or career in life parents have no right to force their children to follow their own trade or profession. Let children freely choose their calling for themselves. Parents ought honestly to put before their children the *pros* and *cons* of the various callings in life, but having done that let them not constrain their children against their will in any particular direction. Any calling, honourably chosen and pursued, is better than no calling. We each have to live our own life. Nobody can live our life for us, and it is best we should live it in our own way, so long as that way is reasonable in itself and not detrimental to others.

Girls, like boys, should be encouraged to have clear aims in life. Girls are not meant to be dolls any more than boys are meant to be drones. It is quite true that the highest vocation in life for a woman is a pure marriage, with the attendant duties of wifehood and motherhood. But suitable opportunities for this vocation are not offered to all women. All women, therefore, ought to have other resources provided for them, other high aims and useful purposes set before them. The possession of these resources may pre-

serve them from entering into undesirable marriages, from drifting aimlessly through life if unmarried; it will also enable them to add to the happiness of their homes if married.

Abundance of individual resources, and the pursuit of definite occupations and ideals, would surmount many home difficulties which without their aid will be found insurmountable.

#### Radiant Homes.

These, then, are some of the difficulties of home life. The list might easily be prolonged. In no two homes probably are the difficulties exactly identical. But in all homes alike the difficulties are either removable or irremovable. When they are altogether irremovable they may often be alleviated by patience and gentleness. Where there is no remedy, courage to endure remains to the brave, and prayer for help from on high is a never-failing strength to the believing.

But a far greater part of our home difficulties than we allow ourselves to acknowledge even to ourselves are of our own making, and are removable by ourselves if we resolutely determine on the endeavour. By considerateness, by cheerfulness, by the frank confession of our faults, by never saying or doing at home to others what we would not have them say or do to us, by homage to duty and the constant remembrance of the sacred character of all family relationships, most of the stumbling-blocks in the way of home delights would be rolled away, and homes now scarcely less dreary than sepulchres would become radiant as the abodes of angels.

*The above forms part of a volume by the Bishop of Carlisle, entitled "Home Life," published by Cassell and Company.*



## Conversation Corner.

Conducted by THE EDITOR.

### Motor-Car in African Bush.

WHILE travelling in Nigeria, Miss F. M. Dennis found it possible to avail herself of a motor-car, one of the last adjuncts of civilisation that would be expected in Darkest Africa. She travelled from Ibadan to Orfo and back by this means, at an average speed of twelve miles per hour. The fare was five shillings each way. "There was no fear of running over people," says Miss Dennis; "they got into the gutter by the side of the road long before we reached them, but they often left their loads in the track of the motor-car. And the animals! Goats, sheep, donkeys, fowls, and dogs ran into the middle of the road, and stood there watching us come. No hooting of the horn did any good, and several times we had to stop until they were driven away. The people to whom they belonged were too anxious on their own account to care about their animals."



### The Seven Dials Mission Church.

A PLAIN face bearing the stamp of age and toil, but with an interesting expression. Many a hero and heroine can claim no higher distinction of outward appearance than this. So it is with the Mission Church in West Street, Seven Dials. Its plain face has looked through the small panes of its four windows—grey eyes under Roman-arched brows—on remarkable changes in West Street. In the year 1700 a colony of French Protestant refugees, with the permission of the Bishop of London, erected it as a little sanctuary. It witnessed the great revival of spiritual life of the eighteenth century, and in 1745 it was taken over by John Wesley. He wrote in his Journal for this year on Sunday, June 29th (being Trinity Sunday): "I began officiating in the chapel in West Street, near the Seven Dials, of which by a strange chain of Providence we have a lease for seven years. . . . The service lasted from 10 to 3." This five hours' service

was only one of the duties which filled up the untiring preacher's day until 10 p.m., when he felt fresher than he had done at 6 in the morning. The equally untiring congregation had the honour of seeing the evidence of reconciliation between Wesley and Whitfield, after the ardour of these two grand followers of St. Paul and St. Barnabas had led them into a similar contention. Further entries in the same methodical diary record: "On Friday, January 19th, 1750, I read prayers at the



THE SEVEN DIALS MISSION CHURCH.

chapel in West Street, and Mr. Whitfield preached a plain, affectionate discourse. Sunday, January 21st, he read prayers, and I preached. So by the blessing of God one more stumbling-block is removed." How the walls must have re-echoed with the vehement eloquence of Whitfield. John Wesley was generous enough to remark after listening to his sermon on January 28th: "How wise is God in giving different talents to preachers. Even the little improprieties both of his language and manner were the means of profiting many who would not have been touched by a more correct discourse or a more calm and regular manner of speaking."

### Caring for 5,000 Souls.

THE history of this church is a running commentary on his words, for it has called out a variety of gifts and talents. In 1799 it was taken on lease by Sir T. Bernard, and opened as an Episcopal Church on May 25th, Bishop Porteus preaching "an excellent and impressive sermon." In 1840 it was re-opened, after having been closed for a time, as a proprietary chapel, under the charge of the Rev. W. R. Fremantle, who afterwards became Dean of Ripon. Two years later the Rev. R. W. Dibdin was appointed Minister, and he continued at his post until his death in 1887.

The present Missioner, the Rev. A. C. Holthouse, has about 5,000 souls under his charge. With the help of one lay reader, one mission woman, and a staff of voluntary workers, he carries on the numerous organisations which belong to an actively developed mission, spurred to energy by enthusiasm and the surrounding need. Mid-day services for men, lantern services on Sunday nights, are amongst the numerous organisations. With the exception of the stipend of the Missioner, the whole is dependent on voluntary contributions. The association of persecuted French refugees, Methodists, and devoted clergymen makes the name of All Saints appropriate.

**Paying-off Aboard Ship.**

**PAYING-OFF** aboard a British man-o'-war is a joyful ceremony, when Jack Tar finds himself in possession of his hard-earned pay and with liberty to enjoy it. Our picture shows a sailor entangled in the paying-off pennant, which is 600 yards long, and is flown from the masthead. The golden bladder at the end should be noted.



(Photo: Stephen Grubb)

THE "PAYING-OFF PENNANT."

**A Sailor's Promise.**

To take

God's written Word as my chart ;

God's Holy Son as my Pilot ;

To anchor my soul by faith to  
God's sweet promises.

And never to be ashamed to confess  
His name, nor to own myself His  
servant.

**Christianising the Eskimo.**

**HERSCHEL ISLAND** is the most northern mission-station of the Anglican Communion, for it is well within the Arctic Circle. The Bishop of Selkirk lived there, as well as Mrs. Stringer, for nine years. Their successors at the station, the Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Whittaker, can tell of changes for the better which they have seen resulting from teach-

ing and living Christ. Infanticide no longer practised, the marriage tie respected, the aged cared for, murder and thefts less frequent ; and on the positive side, religious services regularly attended, a desire to learn to read and write becoming more common, and reports received of some of these Eskimo when travelling

**Helping "Coalties."**

**THE** London Mission to Coalties and Carmen continues its useful labour, and more abundant results have come from its efforts than the most hopeful could have anticipated when the work among these classes was started. Twenty-three years ago only 150 coalties (for the most part unwashed) attended the first meeting organised by the Mission. At the present time it is able to gather as many as 1,500 hearers, most of whom have abandoned their worldly ways and accepted the Gospel as the means of salvation. Mr. Heard, the missionary to the dock-coalties, gives an instance of one of these men who earned ten shillings a week, spent seven shillings in drink, and took three shillings home to his wife. He was such a slave to liquor that he refused to get up in the morning before he had a "livener." Under the influence of the missionary he was induced to sign the pledge, and since taking the vow of total abstinence he has persuaded nineteen of his mates to follow his example. The money which formerly went in drink, it is needless to say, goes to the upkeep of his home.

**Where Washington Worshipped.**

**ONE** of the most interesting examples of colonial church architecture in America is Pohick Church, in Fairfax County, Virginia. Here Washington worshipped for many years, and served as a member of the vestry. The interior of the church was elaborately decorated with tablets of blue enamel on which were written in letters of gold the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Creed. The pulpit was approached by a winding staircase, and above the sounding-board was a gilded dove, which the English carried off as a souvenir after they had raised the place during the War of Independence. At the present time the church is in process of restoration, and every effort is being made to include all its historical details.



## London's Homeless Women.

By ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER.

A VISITOR to London for the first time, come from overseas, thus catalogued the most striking impressions gained in his sojourn in the metropolis :—"The calm perfection of the way in which the police direct and control the traffic in the most crowded thoroughfares; the beauty and the splendid physical development of the women of the upper classes; the great number and the absolutely comprehensive nature of charities supported by public munificence." Had he stayed longer he would doubtless have modified his estimate of the scope of London charities, for, in spite of the devotion of enormous sums to the lessening of misery in our midst, they still fall far short of being "absolutely comprehensive." Most of us have been made irritatingly aware of that fact, having often had occasion, when wanting to assist a deserving case, to acknowledge that not one of the institutions mentioned in the bulky volume that is the directory of London's charities *exactly* fills the present need. Thus do we regretfully disprove the infallibility of the stranger's kindly verdict. Consolation for our disappointment sometimes comes in the unexpected discovery that in some other direction London is richer in good works than we had realised.

The particular discovery at present in mind resulted from a notice on a door near Edgware Road Station:

"Lodging House for Working Women."

Just at the moment these words met the gaze of the inquisitive passer, it happened that a tidily dressed person of the strong character woman type stopped and rang the bell. Before it was answered she was joined

by a frail figure arrayed in shabby garments that five years ago were Dame Fashion's "latest creation," her wretched appearance entirely suggestive of the distressed gentlewoman. They nodded a greeting, proving their acquaintanceship. In an instant the door moved and a brisk voice said, "Good-evening! I had begun to wonder if you were coming," as they passed into the bright entrance-hall. So they were expected!

My curiosity being now thoroughly aroused, I rang the bell, and, in response to a question, the owner of the voice heard a moment ago said most hospitably, "Yes, please do come in. We shall be delighted to tell you all about the house and its inmates. If you will just wait in here by the fire I will ask our superintendent, Miss Meredith Brown, to see you." And away she went down the stone corridor, her fresh blue cotton dress and white cap and apron making a very refreshing contrast to the hurrying, dingy-looking figures just encountered in surrounding streets.

Miss Meredith Brown willingly gave full details of the establishment. It is known as the Shaftesbury Institute, and its chief function is to provide cheap and comfortable lodgings for women whose earnings are so small and so intermittent as to make it impossible for them to maintain a respectable roof over

their heads. Here, then, was found what had hitherto seemed non-existent—a haven of refuge for London's homeless women, the financial counterpart of the men for whom are provided the Victorian Homes at Whitechapel, and the Rowton Houses in various parts of London. The Shaftesbury Institute caters for that large class of women



SLEEPING ON THE EMBANKMENT.

—"married and unmarried, widows, and those whose husbands have deserted them, or being in prison are unable to support them—who are respectable, honest, and hard-working. They have not reached the depths of poverty at which they are now living through any fault of their own, yet theirs are 'the small trades that merely cheat starvation,' and they have a continuous and terrible struggle for existence. Amongst them are seamstresses, charers, newsvendors, toy hawkers, artificial-flower makers, chair menders, laundry women, tape sellers, and feather beaters, who can just live on what they earn, being provided with respectable, cheap lodgings."

#### The Hope of Independence.

If such a Home did not exist they would have to go to the common lodging-houses and be subject to the lowest possible companionship, or they must renounce all hope of independence by seeking shelter at the workhouse. It is, therefore, an inestimable boon, and one for which the untiring energy of its foundress and present superintendent has gained the gratitude of many a poor fellow-citizen.

The Home is situated in Pell Street, Lisson Grove, where it provides at the charge of 5d. a night a good spring bed, a sitting-room, a kitchen fire where meals can be cooked, and hot water for washing. The Home is open all day to the women who lodge there, under the control of a matron and an assistant. At six o'clock the night matron, who is a professional nurse, comes on duty and remains till the next morning. As the Home is meant to meet the needs of women who are earning a living, however small, the only question asked of the applicant is as to her means of living; the matron must judge of her fitness, and proper behaviour is absolutely necessary. Some strange life-histories have, in the course of the years, come to the knowledge of those associated with the house; stories that reveal in what entirely different circumstances former days have been passed.

#### Some of the Inmates.

There was, for instance, the charwoman seen just now cooking a bloater that she had bought on her way from work, she of the terribly scarred face and the solitary eye. She was once head of the mantle department in a smart West-end establishment, then she married a so-called "gentleman." Having treated her disgracefully for several years, he took to drink, and ending by cutting her face and destroying her eye with a bottle, he fell downstairs and broke his neck. Deprived of the good looks which, added to her valuable

business capability, had secured her solid wages, she found it impossible to return to her former work, and through various spells of bad health, whilst seeking other employment, her little earnings were soon all exhausted. Nothing remained but to sell her belongings, by degrees reducing her little home almost to bare walls; then to part with her clothes not actually in wear for the cost of daily bread.

Soon there came a morning when every available article was gone, the landlord in possession, and the woman homeless and hopeless in the street. All day she tramped about in search of work; at nightfall she was still seeking, and with the gloomy prospect before her of spending out-of-doors the time until another cheerless dawn should find her yet even more hopeless. Tired out she sank down on an empty roadside seat, but she had not been there two minutes before a flower-seller, flinging down a few bunches of violets and herself beside them, proceeded to tie her trailing bootlace. Glancing at her neighbour's pale, pinched face as she got up again, she exclaimed sympathetically, "My! you do look ill! I should get home if I was you!" Thereupon followed explanations, and at the end of the talk the flower-seller said, "Well, come along with me, and stay to-night at the Shaftesbury. Ain't got no money? Won't want none, as it happens I've got some to spare, and I never was a good one at keeping odd change."

#### Starving Gentlewomen.

So the two went off to Bell Street, and when the flower-seller, a regular inhabitant of the Home, brought in her new-made friend she went straight to Miss Meredith Brown, and with a laugh of confident good-fellowship, whilst relating her doings, remarked, "I shouldn't have done it a month ago. If it hadn't been for you and the good you've done me in this here place, I'd just have let her go and drown herself, whilst I treated an old pal and myself to a drink."

The new arrival was kept a day or two, given some cleaning to do, and after satisfactory inquiries had been made, she was recommended as charwoman, when out of her earnings she was proud to be able to repay the expenses incurred on her behalf. Since then, thanks to the new start in life, she has been able to keep her head above water.

Extraordinary cases of starving gentlewomen have come to light, such as superannuated governesses, widows of improvident husbands, and those who in the days of their youth were able to make quite a comfortable

income as clerks or otherwise. By gradual stages, representatives of all these types have sunk lower and lower, and sometimes, having sought forgetfulness in drink, have come to the lowest grade before drifting into the shelter of the Institute. Here was, for instance, a wretched-looking creature, but with unmistakable signs of having once been "a lady," whose only source of income lay in her handful of bootlaces which she sold to mechanics in their mid-day rest. She proved to be the daughter of a baronet, whose marriage had displeased her family. Estranged from her relatives by the quarrel of early life, she had too much pride to reveal to them the poverty by which she had of late been overtaken; but, absolutely miserable, she crept about the mean streets of our vast city, as successfully hidden as if living in another hemisphere, far from the gorgeous mansion, the carriages and the servants which once were hers by right of birth.

All her history was, naturally, not told in one effusive burst of confidence; but it leaked out little by little, in the comfortable surroundings of the sitting-room set apart at the Shaftesbury Institute for the use of women who, like her, had evidently had refined up-bringing. There in the sympathetic companionship of the superintendent and her staff she seemed to feel the relief of once more speaking to considerate hearers.

#### Difficulties to Surmount.

Such cases of *continuous want* as hers present a lasting regret to the charitably disposed people in charge of this much-frequented lodging-house; for, ardently as it may be desired to provide them with adequate and permanent means to retrieve anything like their lost position, it is entirely out of the question. Even to get well-paid and regular work for them all is impossible. The best course seems to be to provide the greatest amount of comfort attainable for all and sundry, whilst keeping a bright lookout for the rare opportunity to put the *most suitable few* in the way of amendment. The Institute is not a reformatory, but it does, as far as possible without interference with the private affairs of its inmates, endeavour to help them over the roughest places in their discouraging way through life.

Saddening disappointments sometimes seem to make vain all effort on their behalf, but there are also certain instances when perseverance has been amply rewarded. Miss Meredith Brown thus tells of one which she describes as the most tragic that has come within her experience. She says, "I am think-

ing of a woman who was brought here one evening by a policeman whose advice she had asked as to a night's lodging. I did not see her when she arrived, but after she was safely in bed I learned that the warmth of the room had made it very evident that she was the worse for drink. Next day she appeared so stupefied that she was allowed to stay in bed, and in fact it took three nights for her to sleep herself sober, and fit to give me any dependable information. Then she told me she was a professional nurse, holding the highest testimonials from eminent physicians and surgeons, some of which stated that she had no superior as surgical nurse. Now her whole fortune was comprised by one sixpence and those precious papers. In connection with them she said, 'Yes, I *have* been a master in my profession, but now drink is my master.' She had nursed many of the best families, had travelled widely; she had crossed the equator several times, had been through the United States of America as far as San Francisco, and also to Australia; and now here she was out of employment and without any hope for the future,—a mere drunkard.

"At the end of our talk it was decided that I should write to her mother, who came next day, broken-hearted with grief, but full of gratitude that her daughter had been cared for at the Institute. I learned that she had thrown away many brilliant opportunities of advancement in her profession and of marriage, through her terrible slavery to drink, and had now become so entirely its victim as to be quite undependable.

#### A Providential Meeting.

"Well, we kept her for six weeks, watched over her, gave her employment, never let her go out alone, and did all possible, even including medical treatment; but at last we had to realise that only in isolation from metropolitan surroundings and associations could hope of recovery be entertained. Then arose the question, how to get the necessary money? Strange to say, there occurred one of those extraordinary accidents which give us the assurance of Providential aid. I met a lady whom she had nursed in the days when everyone who knew her was attracted to her and charmed by her personality. This lady, who thus fortunately came again in contact with her life, was so struck by the depths to which she had fallen that she at once gave a large proportion of the sum required, and another friend, whom she had nursed a few years ago, gave the rest. That enabled us to send her to an excellent home for inebriates,

where it is hoped that two years' care will exorcise the demon of drink, and give her back to life as a useful member of the community."

Many of the women who lodge at the Institute belong entirely to the order of strenuous working people, and all of them agree that the price of labour in the West-end is considerably lower than in the so much more generally commiserated East-end. The question immediately presents itself, "Then, why not go to the East?" But, as all great city dwellers know, there is small chance indeed for the stray arrival from a quarter as remote and as different in its prejudices as a foreign country. Therefore the women of the West stay where grim fortune originally put them, and endure as philosophically as may be the ills they have. Meanwhile they are remarkably obliging to each other in their own particular circle; but invariably suspicious of those who have not the advantage of their acquaintance! The mere fact of earning their living in the same line of work at once establishes a fellow-feeling that makes them kind; so lodgers in such a Home as this inevitably fall into cliques.

The existence of a night matron at Bell Street makes it easy for women working at Covent Garden, and due there at three o'clock in the morning, to be called at the proper time. They go to bed at six o'clock at night, and it is the matron's duty to call them at half-past one, to prepare their breakfast, and let them out when they wish. About half-past five the newsvendors go out, and at a little over half-past six the tailoresses. The rest of the inmates are called at half-past six, breakfast is to be had from quarter to seven to quarter to eight, when prayers are conducted, and at eight o'clock nearly all the women are out at work. Breakfast consists of tea, a large cup for a halfpenny, and bread and butter for a half-

penny. A good dinner can also be had at cost price, but the women are allowed to make their own tea and cook their own food. There is a stock of tin pots for their use, but it has

been noticed that nearly all prefer to make their tea in an old coffee tin, and put it on the fire to boil! They say that it saves the tea, and it gets black quicker! Mixed flavours are evidently not considered detrimental.

Some queer little industries are practised by some of these poor hangers-on to life—such as making patchwork kettle-holders out of scraps of material collected with infinite trouble, to be sold at a penny each to bakers, who use them for the handles of their ovens; and working on Saturdays for Jews, doing such light tasks as fire-lighting and fire-poking, which the conscience of an orthodox Israelite will not allow him to perform on his Sabbath. These substitutes are called "Jews'-pokers." Needless to say, the profits on such enter-

prises are not vast; the only wonder is that they can even be made to cover the price of food and lodging!

Everything possible is done to cause the rare hours of leisure to pass pleasantly for the women who live at the Institute; and on Sundays there are a Bible class and a short mission service, which are both well attended, although there is no compulsion to be present.

It is impossible to visit this Home, and see its large airy dormitories and its cheerful sitting-rooms, and talk with the women who benefit by its existence, without being thankful that London owns such a splendidly managed institution. But it is also impossible not to wish that many more of our poor homeless fellow-citizens could find shelter within its walls, for what are seventy—the limit of admittances—compared with the many times seventy to whom an adequate building could offer care and comfort! Hope for these many



A. NONAGENARIAN.

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homeless ones is, however, within view, for with funds collected through various channels by the extraordinary exertions of Miss Meredith Brown, much larger and better premises will next year be available. The present house is, in accordance with the fiat of the London County Council, regarded merely as a temporary affair, converted, as it was, to its use; but the new one, of which the foundations have just been laid in a neighbouring street, will be in every way suitable to its destiny. It will have many more conveniences of every description, and it will be able to come in every way nearer the "comprehensiveness" at which its excellent superintendent aims. But that the work may progress contributions are most urgently needed, for unless another thousand

pounds be speedily raised the building may be stopped for lack of funds.

It would be a proud position for any of us, knowing the forlorn state of honest working women unable to support homes of their own, to feel that we had done our little best to add to their welfare. Knowing, too, how low some of them have fallen through the callous misery that goes hand in hand with hopeless poverty, we should like to manifest our faith in the human race when given a chance. Tennyson surely expressed our case most aptly when he wrote :—

"I held it truth with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."



SHAFTESBURY INSTITUTE LODGING-HOUSE FOR WORKING WOMEN.



## Neighbours.

A Complete Story.

By M. A. BALLIOL.

THE rain came down in torrents, sudden, desolating, great grey sheets, sweeping the moorland, hiding all the landscape. Half an hour before there had been a fair brightness. But that is the way of lovely, capricious Devonshire.

"Land!" exclaimed Sally Keate, looking up from clearing her master's tea-table. "How it du rain, tu be sure! Quite a shower!"

"Is all reefed and taut?" asked old Captain Dewers. "'Tis a bit of a breeze, Sally." "They du——"

Sally's words were cut short by a tremendous knocking on the hall door of the lonely cottage, and voices were heard shouting outside. Sally started, and looked at her master inquiringly.

"All sail on!" he cried. "Tisn't a day for a picnic! Run, Sally, run!"

Sally ran.

As she threw open the hall door a woeful sight met her eyes: half a dozen young men and women battling with the wind and the rain.

"Oh, let us in! We are drenched! We are rags!"

"Oh, Captain Dewers," as they burst in upon him, "we are from Spedwell—Colonel Ellis's—and we're *wet*!"

"Ay, sure," returned the old seaman, cheerily. "'Tis a shower."

"Shower!" cried one young man. "It's a torrent and a hurricane!"

"Nay, nay," was the cheery answer; "that's but a shower and a breeze—leastways in Devonshire."

Then he bade them welcome to "The Moorings," as he had named his cottage. Sally took the ladies to the kitchen, where they gathered round the fire in dripping summer finery. In the parlour the captain hobbled about a little, and did his best to make the men comfortable.

From explanations offered in kitchen and parlour it was ascertained that this was the walking contingent of a picnic. Young Harry Ellis, on the advent of the sudden rain, had piloted the party to "The Moorings," the only visible shelter.

Soon the girls came back to the parlour, declaring they were quite dry now. But two stayed behind, Hilda Classon and Christine Cameron.

Herbert Sinclair at that moment went down the little passage to reconnoitre from the back door. Hilda called to him:

"Mr. Sinclair! It is most cosy here."

He came in at her call.

"And Sally is telling us all about herself," went on Hilda. "It will interest *you*."

"There ain't much to tell," returned Sally, bringing forward a chair for the young man, "leastways as yet. But if so be as I du make my way to my cousin Hepzibah's wedding, come this day week, there'll be gay to tell, for they folk is lively. That they du be! But there!" with a shake of her head. "Tedn't for I."

"Why are you not going?"

"Land! How can I leave the master? Tedn't's if he could do fur 'isself; but there, he's that rheumatic 'e can't. So I must bide."

She heaved a huge sigh.

"Could you not get a neighbour to come in for the day?" pursued Sinclair.

"Land! Us hasn't no neighbours, sir, no nearer than you folk to Spedwell."

Sinclair's eyes met Hilda's. He was quiet and grave, with some foolish notions, perhaps; but one has at times to humour the foolish notions of an eligible young man, who has just come into one's neighbourhood. Hilda felt a sudden glow of virtue.

"Sally," she cried, "I will come and take care of the captain for you this day week, and you go to your cousin's wedding."

"Land, miss! But you's kind! And would you now? Land! But I'm thankful."

Sally's thanks grew voluble, but Sinclair's smile was better thanks to Hilda.

Round went the days after this, and there was Tuesday once more. Much had happened since the previous Tuesday. To begin with, Sinclair had spent part, at least, of every day at Spedwell, and the Spedwell party had twice been over to Denewell, the beautiful old manor house just bought by Sinclair. The spoken decision of the neighbourhood was that the place wanted only a mistress. The unspoken decision of Hilda Classon was that she should fill that post. Sinclair certainly seemed taken with her; or was it that he had a charming deferential manner with all women? There was one person who watched the two a little

sadly. Before Hilda came, Sinclair had been much in Christine's society. They had found common ground. Her father was an East-end clergyman, and her work among the parishioners proved of interest, unexpected interest, to Sinclair; and this stranger of charming manner seemed to wish to draw the girl out, and to make her brief holiday far from London slums as pleasant as possible. Then Hilda Classon came home fresh from the West-end, full of the season's doings. She seemed to absorb Sinclair. The woman in Christine was roused.

"It is a shame," cried Nellie Ellis, "the way that Hilda tries to captivate every man! I will give Christine a wrinkle or two."

She proceeded to point out to Christine how much she would improve herself if she did her hair in this fashion and posed in that manner. Simple sincerity evidently went no way with men; what they liked was smartness. Christine listened and attempted. In brief, and in a few days' time, the girl was transformed from her simple, straightforward, pleasant self into a poor, unfinished copy of the worldly-wise young woman who lent her charms for a short season to the West.

Sinclair grew grave and turned more to Hilda. Nellie's stratagem seemed unfortunately to have no effect. Christine herself experienced a growing sense of shame. After all, in what was she better than Hilda?

Sinclair dined at Spedwell on the Monday evening. A river trip was then and there arranged for the next day. Sinclair said very little. Once he glanced at Hilda. She smiled back.

"Will it not be lovely up the river to-morrow, Mr. Sinclair?"

"Are you going?"

"Of course! Did you not hear them all declare I must go?"

"The party would certainly be incomplete without you," he smiled.

These words reached Christine's ears. They bore her a double meaning. Evidently Hilda had forgotten all about poor Sally. Evident, also, was it that the understanding between Hilda and Sinclair was complete, or so Christine translated it. She came to a sudden resolution. She would go to "The Moorings" and set Sally free. She tried to feel very virtuous about it, but at the back of her mind Christine knew her motives were not unmingled selfishness. There was a desire to escape from a scene where her feelings told her she was not wanted. There was a desire to let Sinclair see who was sincerely mindful of others, who really remembered a saying

he liked: "We are all neighbours, one to another."

That Tuesday was very different from the last—bright sunshine, light, and colour everywhere. At "The Moorings" Sally looked out of the window and rejoiced in the day. But the morning wore by, and nobody came to the lonely cottage. Sally looked out sadly.

"Land!" she exclaimed, turning back into the house for the twentieth time. "'Tedsn't no use. They's forgotten we clean."

She put the best face on it, however, and, pinning up her best gown, began to scrub the kitchen table for comfort. Scrub, scrub, scrub, until the clock struck.

Ah, well, it was now too late! Sally could not get to the cross-roads in time for the weekly *char-à-banc* to which she had been trusting. Then a sudden knock at the door.

"All sail on!" cried the captain. "Run, Sally, run!"

Sally ran.

"Land!" she exclaimed, as she threw open the door. "Miss Christine Cameron! Us gived you all up."

"My cousin couldn't come," Christine explained quickly, "so I came instead. Quick, Sally! You may just catch the 'bus at the cross-roads."

Sally knew better, but she was Devon bred and could not be discourteous. She hurried on her hat and jacket, throwing out hasty information anent the captain's mid-day dinner, interspersed with hearty thanks for Christine's kindness in coming.

Christine saw her off, waved her handkerchief after her, and then turned back content. Serving others was more native to her than trying to play at being a smart young woman of the world.

The captain gave her a hearty welcome, and bade her be at no trouble on his account.

"You just trim the sails as you like," he exclaimed. "I can sail in any wind."

Christine laughed.

"I am going to cook a beautiful dinner for you, captain," she cried, as she went off to the kitchen enveloped in Sally's biggest and whitest apron.

The sun went south and the time went by.

The mutton was in the oven, and Christine was just putting on the potatoes, when there came a knock at the front door.

"Craft hove to!" shouted the captain, "All sail on! Run, Miss Christine, run!"

Christine ran.

She laughed as she darted to the door, but laughed no more as the door flew open.

"Miss Cameron!" exclaimed Sinclair.

There he stood, and, away down the long white road across the moor, Christine was aware of a dog-cart driving rapidly.

"Please come in," she said, somewhat confused. "The captain will be glad."

"Heartily glad," shouted the captain as Sinclair entered the little parlour. "Got a new skipper on board, sir," with a wave of his hand to Christine.

Christine hastened back to the kitchen. She fancied the potatoes smiled back at her as she lifted the lid, and absently sprinkled a teaspoonful of sugar over them.

After the captain's dinner would come his tea. Christine would make him a hot teacake. To wash her hands and set about it took three minutes. She proceeded briskly. Christine had to work very hard this day in order not to think—harder than ever since that last ring at the bell.

Suddenly to her, immersed in flour, appeared Sinclair.

"Why are you here?" he smiled. "Why are you not gone to the picnic?"

"Why are not you?" she answered.

"Because I came to take care of the captain."

"So did I."

"I did not know you were coming."

"Neither did I—know that you were coming, I mean." And she patted her dough, recovering a little.

"Or you wouldn't have come?" he returned.

"Well, there would not have been any need, would there? For that matter, you need not really lose the day now. You can easily get to the weirhead and join them there if you drive quickly."

"I am not going to lose the day, and I haven't anything to drive."

Christine looked up inquiringly. He continued:

"We met Sally running, and I sent her off to the wedding in the dog-cart."

"Did you? I am so glad. I feared she would miss the bus. That was very kind of you. Still, there is a short cut through the woods."

"Do I bore you awfully?"

"No," said Christine.

"Then please let me stay. I will sweep the decks or do anything I am bid. How nicely you cut those little cakes! Are they for our tea?"

"Yes. Oh, dear! the potatoes!" for the lid was dancing off.

"Try them without the lid on," suggested Sinclair, coming to the rescue.

"Do you think they would do?"

"Let us try, anyway."

So these two irresponsible young persons attempted to boil the captain's potatoes. Had Sally known that and about the sugar sprinkled over them and all else that went on in her kitchen that day, she would have hurried back in hot haste, leaving cousins and wedding and all.

However, the captain declared the dinner a complete success when it finally arrived on the table.

The meal over, the captain invited his guest to a pipe. Sinclair had taken the removal tray into the kitchen for Christine, and would have stayed with her, but she bade him go back to the captain.

"You can clean the knives afterwards," she said.

Soon, all washed up and tidy and the kettle on, she felt she could rest a bit. There was a little garden at the back of the cottage. Into this wandered Christine. A rustic seat invited to rest. She sat down and thought. A shadow fell on her face. The roses were wildly luxuriant, the sweet peas bewildering in beauty. The butterflies, the birds, and the sunshine, all were enough to intoxicate one on this beautiful summer's day in the lovely, lonely moorland.

Herbert Sinclair would soon come out when the captain took his little nap. Christine felt sure that she would soon hear the footfall that made her heart leap. Yet she was not quite happy, for she felt he gave her credit for more than she could claim in coming there that day, and confession must be made. Perhaps he would not care to hear the confession, and that was saddest of all.

When he came, he was beside her before she knew, for her thoughts were so absorbing she had ceased to listen for his step.

He sat on the rustic bench beside her, and looked at the same roses and sweet peas, the same butterflies and sunshine. Then they talked—oh, of many things.

"The captain has a charming little house at 'The Moorings,'" said Sinclair, gazing at the sweet peas. "Does not such a delightful spot make one feel envious?"

"How could you feel envious with such a beautiful home of your own?"

"It is not a home," he interrupted. "It is a house—just a big, lonely house."

Christine held her breath. Was he going to make her any confidences concerning Hilda? It would be unbearable. Something made her say quickly:

"Sally is having a good time just now. She was so glad about her cousin's wedding."



"He was beside her before she knew."

(Drawn by Pickering Walker.)

"She is a wise woman. She is at the beginning of another home."

Silence, while Christine turned away a distressful face.

Suddenly he bent down to her.

"It was very good of you to come here to-day. I was afraid you would laugh at my coming, instead of which I find you here too! Now, you cannot mock at my ideas as quixotic, for you, too, remember we are all neighbours."

"Oh, don't!" cried Christine in distress. "I am not good a bit, and I did not come here from any good motive!"

Her voice broke. He looked at her in amazement.

"I don't believe it," he said, stoutly.

"Yes, yes, you must!"

"Tell me your motive in coming here."

She sprang up from her seat and turned towards the back door.

"Forgive me," he cried. "Do not go away!"

She paid no heed, apparently, but disappeared into the house.

He turned back for a moment, then could stand it no longer, and boldly followed her into the kitchen. As he entered she was lifting up the heavy kettle. He took it quietly out of her hand and placed it on the fire.

"Next?" he said.

She glanced up, somewhat fearful.

"I am going—to bake my cakes."

Sinclair opened the oven door and waited. She arranged the cakes to her satisfaction, presumably, but with hands that trembled slightly.

"Shall I shut the oven door?"

"Please."

"Next?"

"There is really no next until the kettle boils. I have everything ready."

"Then will you do me a kindness? May I talk to you a little?"

"Yes," very nervously.

He brought forward a chair for her, taking the kitchen table for his own seat. Then he looked at her, and a helpless pause ensued. Suddenly he burst out:

"I am most anxious to know why you came here to-day. It is of the utmost moment to me; but I dare not ask you. I will tell you something instead. I know a man who for long has been seeking for a woman like-minded with himself, one to whom his dreams will be dear, who will help and not hinder him. One day my friend thought he had found such a girl—sweet, simple, sincere—unworldly, in short. But just as he was happiest, she fell into the hands of some foolish woman who, I

think, preached doctrines to the girl which—to be quite frank—spoilt her for the man, for his ideal. And then, one day, he suddenly finds her changed back again, once more the simple girl he loved." He stopped, as if the word surprised himself, then went on with more emotion in his tone: "Yes, loved, un-awares, perhaps, but anyway he is sure of it now. Only"—Christine suddenly felt her hands caught in his—"only he does not know what *she* thinks about this."

Christine's old directness came to her aid. She looked up.

"Who is he? Is it *you*?"

"Yes; and *she* is *you*."

The girl tried to draw away her hands.

"No, no!" she cried. "You say that because you think I am good and unselfish. It is just because you are so good and noble yourself. *Don't* you know why I came here to-day?"

"No."

"I thought it was Hilda, and I couldn't bear to see her happy! And, too, I wanted to let you see how *she* forgot her promise, and how much better *I* was! Now, is not that horrid? Let me go! Please! I feel so ashamed—I must tell you. Hilda is far better than I. She doesn't pretend."

He let go her hands, fixing his attention instead on the suspicious drops on her drooped lashes.

"You came here to—please *me*?"

"Yes. Oh!" and Christine's apron went over her face. "Please go away!" she sobbed. "I don't know what I am saying!"

He longed to take her, apron and all, into his arms, but he refrained.

"You make me very happy," he began, "so happy that—"

A great spluttering from the stove caused Christine to start up.

"The kettle!"

The kettle was certainly asserting itself; in fact, it was boiling over with much fuss. A few exciting and intensely busy moments followed. Sinclair seized and coped with the kettle, Christine with the teapot. Between them they made the tea somehow. Christine took her cakes from the oven; for a wonder they were done to a turn. Sinclair bore the tea-tray into the captain's parlour. To this day the captain speaks of that as the stiffest cup of tea he ever drank.

"Strong as half a gale, it was!" he says, and laughs.

His guests were slightly distraught, but all their activities were performed with rapidity and on strictly business lines. The captain



was in an anecdotal humour, and kept the conversation going during tea, devoting himself especially to Christine. After tea, when she retired to tidy up the kitchen, he strove to entertain Sinclair. Presumably at this juncture the captain told his guest a yarn. Sinclair certainly remembers the last sentence:

"And that was my last voyage in the *Nancy*, sir, for my next boat was the *Christine*."

"*Christine*?"

"Ay; same as Miss Cameron in the kitchen yon."

Sinclair started up.

"I think I ought to be helping her, captain."

"So you ought, sir; and a tidy craft she is."

Sinclair took the hint and disappeared. But he found the kitchen "redd up," and nothing left for him to do. Christine was sitting still in the chair by the fire. She rose as he entered.

"Miss Cameron——" he began.

"Would you mind," she interrupted, "waiting now until Sally comes back? It cannot be very long, and there is nothing more to do."

"Do you wish to go?"

"Yes; I have finished here."

"But you cannot go home across the moors by yourself."

"I came——"

"I see—I understand." He took up the word quickly. "It was unpardonable of me, in the circumstances, to speak to you. But I never get a chance at Spedwell, and the thought of that big, empty house——"

"Ship ahoy!" sang out the captain. "Sally beating up with all sail spread! Run, sir, run!"

Infected by the atmosphere of the place, Sinclair turned quickly.

Sinclair ran.

"Oh!" cried Sally, as he threw open the door. "Oh, but 'tis gude to be home! Land! but 'twas fine, and 'tedn't more nor half over. My! All they folk and all they housen!"

Then she poured out thanks on both her benefactors. Her farewells were equally volu-

minous, and the captain was almost as eloquent. At last the two got away.

But now a strange thing happened. The groom seated at the back of the dog-cart may indeed have been the cause of keeping the conversation at the first strictly and impersonally commonplace. But soon it branched off to all manner of topics. Soon Sinclair was opening his heart to her. Soon she thawed, and her eyes looked brightly up at him. Yes, at heart they were one; at heart each knew that we are all neighbours; in practice each had tried to remember the words of the "Duty." No reference was made to anything at "The Moorings," but just at the end the woods and gables of Denewell came in view.

"Your home——" she said involuntarily.

"It is not a home," he corrected. "I have told you, and you have seen it. It is just a big caravanserai. I am one of the homeless."

A silence followed, which each found hard to break. But hearts speak loudest in the silence. At last the hall door of Spedwell was reached. Sinclair sprang out and helped her down from the high dog-cart. A moment he held her so.

"Christine! Must I still be homeless?"

"No," she whispered with a quick glance round. But the groom was rigid at the horse's head.

When the engagement of Christine Cameron and Herbert Sinclair became known at "The Moorings," great was the satisfaction. The captain and Sally longed to express their congratulations. It was not many days before this wish was fulfilled. The captain turned to look out at the window, and shouted suddenly:

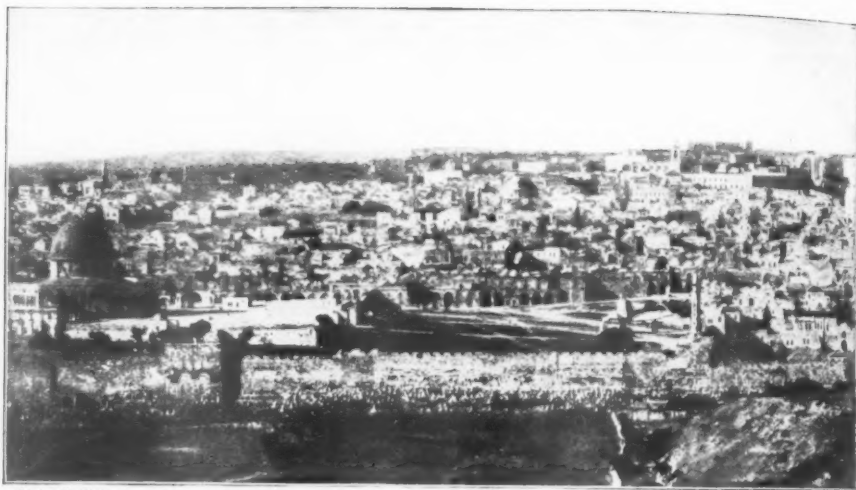
"Sally! Two trim craft a-cruising up the road! Seems by their rig they're neighbours to us! Ay! They've put the helm hard aport, and come a-steering up the path!"

"Land!" cried Sally, joyously shaking the flour from her hands.

"All sail on! Run, Sally, run!"

Sally ran.





(Photo: Baugh.)

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

## Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land.

By the Rev. Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE.

"**B**EAUTIFUL in elevation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King."

Thus sang the Hebrew poet, perhaps after the Assyrians had been destroyed beneath the walls of Jerusalem, perhaps after the return of the Jews from Babylon and the rebuilding of the city gates. We felt for the first time the exquisite truth of the poetry in our camp among the olives. For, though we could see but little of the city from our tents, being embowered and shut in by ancient trees, yet a few minutes' walk in any direction brought us where the precise beauty of the Psalmist's picture became visible.

Jerusalem is two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and holds the central place in that line of ancient shrine-cities—Beersheba, Hebron, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Bethel, Shiloh, Shechem—which stretches along the mountainous plateau of Judaea, between the valley of Jordan and the plain of Philistia. "The sides of the north" slope down gently to the grey, crenelated walls and towers, the Jaffa Gate, the New Gate, the Damascus Gate. Within those bulwarks, which are thirty-eight feet high and two miles and a half in circumference, Jerusalem is "builded as a city that is compact together," covering, with her crooked

streets and huddled houses, the two or three rounded hills and almost obliterated valleys in which the northern plateau terminates. South, and east, and west, the valley of the brook Kidron and the valley of Hinnom surround the city wall with a dry moat three or four hundred feet deep.

Thus the city stands, as it were, on the knuckles of a closed hand stretched out toward the south-east, impregnable from all sides except the north, where the wrist comes down from the higher tableland. This northern approach, open to Assyria, and Babylon, and Damascus, and Persia, has always been the weak point of Jerusalem. She was no fortress unassailable in natural strength, but a sacred city, a lofty shrine, whose refuge and salvation were in Jehovah—in the faith, the loyalty, the heroism which He inspired in the people who trusted Him.

Jerusalem is still one of the high places of the world, consecrated in the imagination of Mohammedans and Christians alike, a metropolis of infinite human hopes and beliefs and longings, though no longer the capital of an earthly kingdom. We saw the innumerable companies of foot-weary pilgrims climbing the steep roads from the seacoast, from Bethlehem, from the Jordan Valley—"thither the tribes go up." We felt the shift and sweep of the ever-changing winds

from all quarters of the sky across that elevated plateau—"the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

The mystery of the heart of mankind, of the spiritual airs that breathe through it, of the desires and aspirations that lead and drive men on their journeyings, of the common hopes that bind them together, of the fears and enmities that array them in warring hosts—of all this some vague sense came to us as we dwelt in tents outside the city gates.

The camp itself was peaceful and friendly enough. There were millions of tiny flowers, like infinitesimal pansies run wild, all over the fallow ground of last year's ploughing. The trunks of the olive trees were gnarled and massive, the foliage soft and tremulous, the grove wide and free from undergrowth. The corner where we camped was raised above the road and separated from it by a kind of terrace.

#### Our Life in Tents.

The four tents, each circular and about fifteen feet in diameter, were arranged in a crescent. The one nearest to the road was for the kitchen and service; there Shukari, our Maronite *chef*, in his white cap and apron, could turn out an admirable six-course dinner on a portable charcoal range not three feet square. Around the door of this tent there was much coming and going: edibles of all kinds were brought for sale; visitors squatted in sociable conversation; curious children hung about, watching the proceedings, or waiting for the favours which a good cook can bestow. The next tent was the dining-room; the huge wooden chests of the canteen, full of glass and china and table-linen and new Britannia-ware, which shone like silver, were placed one on each side of the entrance; behind the central pole stood the dining-table, with two chairs at the back and one at each end, so that we could all enjoy the view out through the open door.

The tent was lofty and lined with many-coloured cotton cloth, arranged in elaborate patterns, scarlet and green and yellow and blue; when the four candles were lighted on the well-spread table, and Youssouf, the Greek, in his embroidered jacket and baggy blue breeches, came in to serve the dinner, it was quite an Oriental scene. His assistant, Little Youssouf, the Copt, squatted outside the tent, at one side of the door, to wash up the dishes and polish the Britannia-ware.

The two other tents were of the same pattern and the same gaudy colours within; each of them contained two little iron bedsteads, two Turkish rugs, two washstands, one dressing-table, and such luggage as we had imagined necessary for our comfort, piled round the tent-pole—this by way of precaution, lest some misguided hand should be tempted to slip under the canvas at night and abstract an unconsidered trifle lying near the edge of the tent.

#### The Songful Boy.

Of our own men, I must say that we never had a suspicion either of their honesty or of their good-humour. Not only the four who had most immediately to do with us, but also the two chief muleteers, Mohammed Ali and Mousa, and the songful boy, Mohammed el Nasan, who warbled an interminable Arabian ditty all day long, and Faris and the two other assistants, were models of fidelity and willing service. They did not quarrel (except once, over the division of the mule-loads, in the mountains of Gilead); they got us into no difficulties and subjected us to no blackmail from humbugging Bedouin chiefs. They were of a picturesque motley in costume and of a bewildering variety in creed—Anglican, Romanist, Coptic, Maronite, Greek, Mohammedan, and one of whom the others said that "he belonged to no religion, but sang beautiful Persian songs." Yet, so far as we were concerned, they all did the things they ought to have done and left undone the things they ought not to have done, and their way with us was peace. Much of this, no doubt, was due to the wisdom, tact, and firmness of George, the Bethlehemite, the best of dragomans.

We had many visitors at the camp, but none unwelcome. The American Consul, a genial scholar who knows Palestine by heart and has made valuable contributions to the archaeology of Jerusalem, came with his wife to dine with us in the open air. George's gentle wife and his two bright little boys, Howard and Robert, were with us often. Missionaries came to tell us of their labours and trials. An Arab hunter, with his long flint-lock musket, brought us beautiful grey partridges which he had shot among the neighbouring hills. The stable-master came day after day with strings of horses galloping through the grove; for our first mounts were not to our liking, and we were determined not to start on our long ride until we had found steeds that suited us. Peasants from the country round about brought

all sorts of things to sell—vegetables and lambs and pigeons and old coins and embroidered caps.

There were two men ploughing in a vineyard behind the camp, beyond the edge of the grove. The plough was a crooked stick of wood which scratched the surface of the earth. The vines were lying flat on the ground, still leafless, closely pruned: they looked like big black snakes.

#### Buying the Bride's Clothes.

Women of the city, dressed in black and blue silks, with black mantles over their heads, came out in the afternoon to picnic among the trees. They sat in little circles on the grass, smoking cigarettes and eating sweetmeats. If they saw us looking at them they drew the corners of their mantles across the lower part of their faces; but when they thought themselves unobserved they dropped their veils and regarded us curiously with lustrous brown eyes.

One morning a procession of rustic women and girls, singing with shrill voices, passed the camp on their way to the city to buy the bride's clothes for a wedding. At nightfall they returned singing yet more loudly, and accompanied by men and boys firing guns into the air and shouting.

Another day a crowd of villagers went by. Their old sheikh rode in the midst of them, with his white-and-gold turban, his long grey beard, his flowing robes of rich silk. He was mounted on a splendid white Arab horse, with arched neck and flaunting tail, and a beautiful, gaily-dressed little boy rode behind him with both arms clasped around the old man's waist. They were going up to the city for a Mohammedan religious rite.

Later in the day a Jewish funeral came hurrying through the grove: some twenty or thirty men in flat caps trimmed with fur, and gabardines of cotton velvet, purple or yellow or pink, chanting psalms as they marched, with the body of the dead man wrapped in linen cloth and carried on a rude bier on their shoulders. They seemed in haste (because the hour was late and the burial must be made before sunset), perhaps a little indifferent, or almost joyful. Certainly there was no sign of grief in their looks or their voices; for among them it is counted a fortunate thing to die in the Holy City and be buried on the southern slope of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where Gabriel is to blow his trumpet for the resurrection.

We did not altogether neglect our duty as travellers to the city of the great King.

We "went round about her" again and again, numbering her towers and marking well her bulwarks. We visited most, if not all, of the sacred localities and shrines, Jewish, Mohammedan, and Christian. We threaded our way through the motley, polyglot crowd at the crooked Jaffa Gate, with its hotels and cafés and curiosity shops and tourist agencies, and the great gap in the wall beside it, made for the German Emperor to pass through at the time of his famous visit to Palestine in 1898. We loitered in front of the Citadel, where a multitude of bootblacks assure you that you need "a shine," and groups of blue-robed peasant women sit on the curbstone selling vegetables and grass and firewood and bread; and Turkish soldiers, Greek priests with tall black hats, brown-mantled Bedouins, white-faced Jews with curly ear-locks, Syrian girls with dark languid eyes, Moslem women with particularly coloured half-transparent veils, British tourists with cork helmets, camels, donkeys, goats, and dainty Arab horses jostle together in picturesque confusion.

#### Weeping over Jerusalem.

We strolled down the slippery steps of narrow David Street, between the tiny dusky shops with open fronts where all kinds of queer things to eat and to wear are sold, and all sorts of craftsmen are at work making shoes and tin pans and copper pots and wooden seats and little tables and clothes of strange pattern. We went through Christian Street and the New Bazaar of the Greeks, with its modern stores. We descended to the Place of Lamentations, beside the ancient foundation wall of the Temple, where the Jews come in the afternoon of Fridays and festival-days to lean their heads against the huge stones and murmur forth their wailings over the downfall of Jerusalem.

"For the majesty that is departed," cries the leader, and the others answer: "We sit in solitude and mourn." "We pray Thee have mercy on Zion," cries the leader, and the others answer: "Gather the children of Jerusalem."

With most of them it seemed a perfunctory mourning; but I saw two or three old men with the tears running down their faces as they kissed the smooth-worn stones.

We entered convents and churches, mosques and tombs. We traced the course of the traditional Via Dolorosa, and tried to reconstruct in our imagination the probable path of that grievous journey from the judgment-hall of injustice to the Calvary of

cruelty—a path which now lies buried far below the present level of the city.

One impression deepened in my mind with every hour: this was never Christ's city. The confusion, the shallow curiosity, the self-interest, the clashing prejudices, the inaccessibility of the idle and busy multitudes were the same in His day that they are now. It was not here that Jesus found the men and women who believed in Him and loved Him, but in the quiet villages, among the green fields, by the peaceful lake shores. And it was not here that we found the clearest traces, the most intimate visions of Him, but away in the big out-of-doors, where the sky opened free above us, and the landscape rolled away to far horizons.

#### The City an Epitome of Life.

As we loitered about the city, now alone, now under the discreet and unhampering escort of the Bethlehemite; watching the Mussulmans at their dinner in some dingy little restaurant, where kitchen, store-room, and banquet-hall were all in the same apartment, level and open to the street; pausing to bargain with an impassive Mohammedan for a leather belt, or with an ingratiating Greek for a string of amber beads; looking in through the unshuttered windows of the Jewish houses where the families were gathered in festal array for the household rites of Passover Week; turning over the chaplets and rosaries and anklets and bracelets of coloured glass and mother-o'-pearl and variegated stones and curious beans and seed-pods in the baskets of the street-vendors around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; stepping back into an archway to avoid a bag-footed camel, or a gaily-caparisoned horse, or a heavy-laden donkey passing through a narrow street; exchanging a smile and an unintelligible friendly jest with a sweet-faced, careless child; listening to long disputes between buyers and sellers in that resounding Arab tongue which seems full of tragic indignation and wrath, while the eyes of the handsome brown Bedouins who use it remain unsearchable in their Oriental languor and pride; we came to know and feel Jerusalem more and more as a symbol and epitome of that which is changeless and transient, capricious and inevitable, necessary and insignificant, interesting and unsatisfying in the unfinished tragi-comedy of human life.

There were times when it fascinated us with its whirling charm. There were other times when we were glad to ride away from

it, to seek conference with the great spirit of some ancient prophet, or to find the consoling presence of Him who spake the words of the eternal life and carried the peace of God in His heart.

Mizpah of Benjamin stands to the north-west; the sharpest peak in the Judæan range, crowned with a ragged, dusty village and the minaret of a small mosque. We rode to it one morning over the steepest, stoniest paths that we had ever seen. The country was bleak and rocky, a skeleton of landscape; but between the stones and down the precipitous hillsides and along the hot gorges, the incredible multitude of spring flowers were abloom.

It was a stiff scramble up the conical hill to the little hamlet at the top, built out of and among ruins. The mosque, evidently an old Christian church remodelled, was bare, but fairly clean; cool and tranquil. We peered through a grated window, tied with many-coloured scraps of rags by the Mohammedan pilgrims, into a whitewashed room containing a huge sarcophagus said to be the tomb of Samuel. Then we climbed the minaret and lingered on the tiny railed balcony, feeding on the view.

#### The Crusaders' Last Stand.

The peak on which we stood was isolated by deep ravines from the other hills of desolate grey and scanty green. Beyond the western range lay the valley of Ajalon, and beyond that the rich plain of Sharon with iridescent hues of green and blue and silver and gold, and beyond that the yellow line of the sand-dunes broken by the white spot of Jaffa, and beyond that the azure breadth of the Mediterranean. Northward, at our feet, on the summit of a lower conical hill, ringed with grey rock, lay the village of El-Jib, the ancient Geba of Benjamin, one of the cities which Joshua gave to the Levites; the place from which Jonathan and his armour-bearer set out, without Saul's knowledge, on their daring, perilous scouting expedition against the Philistines. What fighting there was in olden days over that tumbled country of hills and gorges, stretching away north to the blue mountains of Samaria and the summits of Ebal and Gerizim on the horizon! There, on the rocky backbone of Benjamin and Ephraim, was Ramallah (where we had spent Sunday in the sweet orderliness of the Friends' Mission School), and Beeroth and Bethel and Gilgal and Shiloh. Eastward, behind the hills we could trace the long, vast trench of the Jordan valley running due north and



south, filled with thin violet haze and terminating in a glint of the Dead Sea. Beyond that deep line of division rose the purple wall of the mountains of Gilead and Moab, a lofty, unbroken barrier. To the south-east we could see the red roofs of the new Jerusalem and a few domes and minarets of the ancient city. Beyond them, in the south, was the truncated cone of the Frank Mountains, where the Crusaders made their last stand against the Saracens, and the hills around Bethlehem, and a glimpse, nearer at hand, of the tall cypresses and peaceful garden of Ain Kârim.

This terrestrial paradise of vision encircled us with jewel-hues and clear, exquisite outlines. Below us were the flat roofs of Nebi Samwil, with a dog barking on every roof; the filthy courtyards and dark doorways, with a woman in one of them making bread; the ruined archways, and broken cisterns with a pool of green water stagnating in one corner; peasants ploughing their stony little fields, and a string of donkeys winding up the steep path to the hill.

#### The Coffin of Samuel.

Here, centuries ago, Samuel called all Israel to Mizpah, and offered sacrifice before Jehovah, and judged the people. Here he inspired them with new courage and sent them down to discomfit the Philistines. Hither he came as judge and ruler of Israel, making his annual circuit between Gilgal and Bethel and Mizpah. Here he assembled the tribes again, when they were tired of his rule, and gave them a king according to their desire, even the tall warrior Saul, the son of Kish. Do the bones of the prophet rest here or at Ramah? I do not know. But here, on this commanding peak, he began and ended his judgeship; from this eyrie he looked forth on the inheritance of the turbulent sons of Jacob; and here, if you like, to-day, a pale, clever young Mohammedan will show you what he calls the coffin of Samuel.

We had seen from Mizpah the sharp ridge of the Mount of Olives, rising above Jerusalem to the east. Our road thither from the camp led us around the city wall past the Damascus Gate, and the royal grottoes, and Herod's Gate, and the Tower of the Storks, and Saint Stephen's Gate, down into the Valley of the Brook Kidron. There are several buildings on the side of the steep hill marking supposed holy places or sacred events—the Church of the Tomb of the Virgin, the Latin Chapel of the Agony, the Greek Church

of Saint Mary Magdalen. On top of the ridge are the Russian Buildings, with the Chapel of the Ascension, and the Latin Buildings, with the Church of the Creed, the Church of the Paternoster, and a Carmelite Nunnery.

Among the walls of these enclosures we wound our way, and at last tied our horses outside of the Russian garden. We climbed the two hundred and fourteen steps of the lofty Belvidere Tower, and found ourselves in possession of one of the great views of the world. There was Jerusalem, across the Kidron, spread out like a raised map below us. The mountains of Judah billowed away north and south and east and west—the clean-cut pinnacle of Mizpah, the lofty plain of Rephaim, the dark hills towards Hebron, the rounded top of Scopus, where Titus camped with his Roman legions, the flattened peak of Frank Mountain. Bethlehem was not visible; but there was the tiny village of Bethphage, and the first roof of Bethany peeping over the ridge, and the Inn of the Good Samaritan in a red cut of the long, serpentine road to Jericho. The dark range of Gilead and Moab seemed like a huge wall of *lapis lazuli* beyond the furrowed, wrinkled, yellowish clay-banks and the wide grey trench of the Jordan Valley, wherein the river marked its crooked path with a line of deep green. The hundreds of ridges that sloped steeply down to that immense depression were touched with a thousand hues of amethystine light, and the ravines between them filled with a thousand tones of azure shadow. At the end of the valley glittered the blue waters of the Dead Sea, fifteen miles away, four thousand feet below us, yet seeming so near that we almost listened for the sound of its waves on the rocky shores of the Wilderness of Tekoa.

#### Where Jesus walked with His Disciples.

On this mount Jesus of Nazareth often walked with His disciples. On this wide-spread landscape His eyes rested as He spoke divinely of the invisible kingdom of peace and love and joy that shall never pass away. Over this walled city, sleeping in the sunshine, full of earthly dreams and disappointments, battlemented hearts and whitened sepulchres of the spirit, He wept, and cried, "O Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Come down, now, from the mount of vision to the grove of olive trees, the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus was wont to take

refuge with His friends from even the sight of the great world. It lies on the eastern slope of Olivet, not far above the Valley of Kidron, over against that city-gate which was called the Beautiful, or the Golden, but which is now walled up. The grove probably belonged to some friend of Jesus or of one of His disciples, who permitted them to make use of it for their quiet meetings. At that time no doubt the whole hillside was covered with olive-trees, but most of these have now disappeared. The eight aged trees that still cling to life in Gethsemane have been enclosed with a wall and an iron railing, and the little garden that blooms around them is cared for by Franciscan monks from Italy.

#### Preaching to the Birds.

The bronzed Mohammedan gardener, silent, patient, absorbed in his task, moved with his watering-pot among the beds, quietly refreshing the thirsty blossoms. There were wall-flowers, stocks, pansies, pinks, anemones of all colours, rosemary, rue, poppies—all sorts of sweet old-fashioned flowers. Among them stood the scattered venerable trees, with enormous trunks, wrinkled and contorted, eaten away by age, patched and built up with stones, protected and tended with pious care, as if they were very old people whose life must be tenderly nursed and sheltered.

Above each of them spread a crown of fresh foliage, delicate, abundant, shimmering softly in the sunlight and the breeze, with silken turnings of the under side of the innumerable leaves. In the centre of the garden was a kind of open flower-house with a fountain of flowing water, erected in memory of a young American girl. At each corner a pair of slender cypresses lifted their black-green spires against the blanched azure of the sky.

It was a place of refuge, of ineffable tranquillity, of unforgetful tenderness. The enclosure did not offend. How else could this most sacred shrine of the out-of-doors be preserved, and what more fitting guardian for it than the Order of that loving Saint Francis who called the sun and the moon his brother and his sister, and preached to a joyous congregation of birds as his little brothers of the air? The flowers did not offend. Their antique fragrance, gracious order, familiar

looks, were a symbol of what faithful memory does with the sorrows and sufferings of those who have loved us best—she treasures and transmutes them into something beautiful, she grows her sweetest flowers in the ground that they have made holy.

#### The Struggle in the Garden.

Here, indeed, in the moonlit shadow of these olives—if not of these very branches yet of others sprung from the same immemorial stems—was endured the deepest suffering ever borne for man, the most profound sorrow of the greatest Soul that loved all human souls. It was not in the temptation in the wilderness, as Milton imagined, that the crisis of the Divine life was enacted and Paradise was regained. It was in the agony in the Garden. Here the love of life wrestled in the heart of Jesus with the purpose of sacrifice, and the anguish of that wrestling wrung the drops of blood from Him like sweat. Here, for the only time, He found the cup of sorrow and shame too bitter, and prayed the Father to take it from His lips if it were possible—possible without breaking faith, without surrendering love. For that He would not do, though His soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.

What infinite sense of the poverty and feebleness of mankind, the inveteracy of selfishness, the uncertainty of human impulses and aspirations and promises; what poignant questioning of the necessity, the utility of self-immolation must have tortured the soul of Jesus in that hour! It was His black hour. None can imagine the depth of that darkness but those who have themselves passed through some of its outer shadows, in the times when love seems vain, and sacrifice futile, and friendship meaningless, and life a failure, and death intolerable.

Jesus met the spirit of despair in the Garden of Gethsemane; and after that meeting the Cross had no terrors for Him, because He had already endured them; the grave no fear, because He had already conquered it. How calm and gentle was the voice with which He wakened His disciples, how firm the step with which He went to meet Judas. The bitterness of death was behind Him in the shadows of the olive-trees. The peace of Heaven shone above Him in the silent stars, reflected in His heart.



## "That Boy."

A Complete Story.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

THERE is a certain age of that playful, mischievous animal, the boy, when a home is thought to be made pleasanter for his absence.

Ezekiel Croft and his wife, "Aunt Mary," as everybody called her, were about to enjoy the felicity of a house minus "that boy," for Tom, their noisy nephew, had gone to spend a whole fortnight at Sandwich among the sandpipers.

"What a rest it will be!" sighed Aunt Mary, remembering Tom's hob-nailed boots and dreadful appetite; and the young professor, who was boarding with them, "thanked his stars"—by their Latin names—that at last he could "have a little peace."

It was supper-time, and the three sat down to a bountiful country table. Aunt Mary, by force of habit, had placed four chairs, but one was vacant, and the pause which followed the blessing was somewhat awkward.

As a general thing Aunt Mary looked over at Tom immediately and said, "Tom, take your elbow off the table," or "Tom, *where* is your serviette? I *do* wish that I could ever teach you manners at the table!"

"Uncle Ezekiel" was apt to ask as soon as there was a pause, "Tom, did you come right home from school and feed the pigs?" And if—as sometimes happened—Tom could answer in his off-hand way, "Yes, all done," then Uncle 'Zekiel would ponder darkly for a few minutes, finally coming out with:

"Tom, how many boys did you take down to the cider-mill a week ago last Saturday?" or something similar.

Then, while Uncle 'Zekiel was summoning up the evil deeds of departed Saturdays, the professor found *his* opportunity.

"'Hadt'n ought,' as I have often told you, Master Tom, is entirely contrary to the genius of the English language. 'Ought not' is the correct expression," he would add, with a schoolmaster's didactic air.

By this time, in spite of his various sins, Tom, going on with undiminished appetite, had worked his way to about the sixth slice of bread and butter.

"I *never*!" Aunt Mary would say as he took it. "You'll certainly have the dyspepsy, Tom."

"No, Aunt Mary," Tom would answer, his good-humour as irrepressible as his appetite.

"I'm safe up to ten; ten's my limit—never go over."

So, at this first supper, it is not strange that there was a sudden silence, since the unfailing subject—and object—of conversation was absent.

Finally Uncle 'Zekiel spoke, looking over at the vacant place again:

"Seems lop-sided an' lonesome without Tom, after all."

"It will be a happy 'lonesome' for the next two weeks," replied Aunt Mary. "I should like to have a chance to hear myself think once in a while."

Aunt Mary had an opportunity to "hear herself think" all that evening. There was no one to upset her nerves by sudden hand-springs, cracking nuts or munching apples while he pretended to study. But, somehow, her quiet thinking seemed a fatiguing operation, for, weary and a little dispirited in appearance, at half-past eight she rolled up her knitting and retired for the night.

Neither thoughts nor dreams disturbed her, until in the early twilight of the next morning a voice penetrated the mist of slumberland, calling, "Tom! T—o—o—m! Come, Tom!" And looking out she saw her husband standing at the foot of the back stairs, calling with all his might, "Get up, Tom! Time to light the kitchen fire, Tom! Come! Come! T—o—m! Don't be a sluggard!"

"Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a boy healthy, wealthy and wise,"

"Why, 'Zekiel," called out Aunt Mary, in astonishment, "be you clean gone off your mind this morning? Don't you remember that that boy's gone to Sandwich?"

"Well, I declare," said Uncle 'Zekiel, sinking down into a chair, and laughing until his fat sides shook, "I never thought a word about it! I'm so used to gettin' that boy up in the mornin' that I don't know how to begin the day without it. I'll light the fire right away."

"No, 'Zekiel," said Aunt Mary, "I'll light the fire, and you go out and milk the cows."

She dressed herself rather hastily, and not quite so neatly as was her habit, and hurried out into the kitchen. There was no wood ready as was usual—no one had thought of that—



"Well, I declare!" said Uncle 'Zekiel, laughing until his fat sides shook."

and, taking a basket, she went out and gathered a few chips, so damp from the morning dew that it was some time before the feeble fire could be coaxed into a blaze hot enough for cooking the meal.

But breakfast had been ready a good half-hour, and she was just on the point of going down to the barn to see what had happened, when 'Zekiel Croft appeared in a most woeful plight.

Little rivulets of milk were running down his hair, off the end of his nose, and meandering slowly along his sleeves and trousers; he was dripping wet from head to foot, and the pail was empty.

"'Zekiel," cried Aunt Mary, with uplifted hands, "what hev you done?"

"Well, Mary," said he, looking at her with a moist and milky smile, "I hain't done very much, but the cow she's done consid'able," and he laughed heartily.

"Ye see, Mary, she ain't used to me, and she objected to my milkin' her, an' I hed to smooth her down before she'd let me begin. An' then I took Tom's milkin' stool, an' I ain't quite so slim as I was once. I felt it

kinder teeterin' under me two or three times, but I thought I'd set rather light on it an' get through; but jest as I was goin' to move the pail one side, I brought myself down pretty solid, an' the three legs jest softly spread out, and away I went flat on my back, with my feet flyin' in the air! The cow was so scared at my antics that she kicked up her heels, too, an' over went the brimmin' pail o' milk, an' here I be perfectly soaked. Well, Mary, they say't a milk-bath's good for the complexion, so you're likely to hev a pretty han'some husband after this."

"Han'some or not, 'Zekiel, do you go an' change your wet clothes this minute, or you'll have your death-cold. Seems as if every-thing goes wrong this morning, somehow."

"So it does," said 'Zekiel, giving a backward glance as he walked off, and then, turning fairly around, "Mary," said he, "I've made a discovery. Tom's a pretty handy boy to have 'round mornin's."

"I guess you'd thought so if you'd seen me pickin' up wet chips for lightin' the fire," sighed Aunt Mary.

"There! I did forget it, after all," said

Uncle 'Zekiel regretfully. "Tom told me the very last thing to be sure an' not forget Aunt Mary's wood. That boy must step round pretty lively in the mornin' to get done before school, an' I never thought he did anything, either! Don't seem to, somehow."

At last they gathered around the breakfast table, an hour late. It was silent, like the supper of the night before, and other silent meals succeeded it.

"I don't know what in the world I'm goin' to do about the pieces," said Aunt Mary complainingly. Tom had been gone six days. "There's pieces of pie we've had left, all down one of the pantry shelves. They lost no time when Tom's home. He's worth a sight to eat up the pieces, anyway. Beats all how that boy enjoys eating!"

"Seems as though we don't eat anything," she said again that evening as she looked around the supper table discontentedly.

The professor was looking through his glasses straight before him with a serious air.

"Isn't there anything more that you would like?" she asked, turning to him.

"Thank you, no," he replied. "I was just thinking," he added, rather primly, "as I looked at the empty place, that nature abhors a vacuum, and it would be rather pleasant to have Tom's merry face opposite me."

"'Twould be a great thing for the pies, anyway," remarked Uncle 'Zekiel. "They're just spilin' for him," and he walked out heavily to stable the horse, lock up the barn, and chop the firewood.

About eight o'clock that evening they all gathered in the old-fashioned sitting-room, around the cheerful open fire, for the evening was cool. The professor sat at his own little table, writing a very learned article on "The Higher Education"; Aunt Mary was quietly knitting a warm and cosy-looking red mitten—not a very large one—and Uncle 'Zekiel was busy trying to find out from the columns of the village paper which party was going to save the country in the coming elections. It was perfectly "quiet," and they were enjoying "peace." Not a sound broke the silence until a cricket, thinking itself alone, came out on the hearth and chirped a little.

"There!" said Aunt Mary, "I'm thankful to hear *something*. Seems as if we're having a funeral here, nowadays."

Uncle 'Zekiel looked over the top of the paper and caught her furtively wiping away a tear.

"Now, now, Mary, that'll never do," said he soothingly. "What's gone wrong to-day?"

"Oh, I don't know what is the matter," she replied. "Perhaps I'm nervous. But it's *dreadful* lonesome."

Uncle 'Zekiel arose, and, laying aside the paper, walked up and down the room with his hands clasped behind him, as he was in the habit of doing when meditating any serious project, such as going into town, or running down to the seaside for a day or two.

"Mary," said he, after a few turns, "I'm going off to-morrow on some business, an' I guess I'd better run down to Sandwich an' bring that boy home with me next day."

Aunt Mary's face went through a kaleidoscopic change, and came out beaming like a full moon.

"That's the very best thing you can do, 'Zekiel," said she. "Bring him home to-morrow afternoon, and I'll have just the best supper for him. Seems as if I'd been living for the last week in a kind of deaf and dumb asylum."

The professor looked up from his learned theme with a gratified air.

"Yes," said he, with his characteristic primness of expression, "it would indeed be exceedingly agreeable to see Master Tom's beaming countenance once more at our evening repast."

But Tom! What a delightful time he was having at Sandwich! Nobody said "Don't" to him from morning till night. He had often thought that had he been the author of that famous little volume "Don't," and founded it on his own experience, it would have been as large as Johnson's Dictionary. He took such deep, full breaths of freedom, with no one to criticise every moment.

Mr. Saunders, whose son Tom was visiting, was a glass-blowing philosopher, perfectly devoted to his calling, a department which gave him frequent opportunities for the meditation which all philosophers love. He believed that children had altogether too much pruning and nagging, and used to say to Aleck, his eldest boy:

"Look here, Aleck, you do what you think is right to-day, and if you make any mistakes, come to me and we will see what we can do about it."

The plan seemed to have worked well so far, but then Aleck Saunders was a remarkably good boy naturally, and needed little pruning.

On the Friday of Uncle 'Zekiel's unexpected advent, the two boys had been all over the glass works. It was one of Mr. Saunders's leisure days, and instead of "philosophising," he went over the works with them, explaining every process, and Tom had even been



allowed to blow something that came out looking like the "missing link" between a cow and an elephant.

He had just come out, his brown curls all blown about by the salt sea breeze, and was proudly displaying this nondescript animal to Mrs. Saunders and the children, when Uncle Zekiel opened the gate.

Down dropped the glass memento, shivering into fragments, while Tom flew down the walk to meet his uncle.

"Oh, Uncle 'Zekiel!" he cried, catching hold of his brown hand, "is anything the matter with Aunt Mary?"

Tom had no mother, and he loved Aunt Mary dearly, in spite of her fault-finding.

"Yes," replied Uncle 'Zekiel, with a cheerful air, "she's pretty bad."

"What is it?" asked Tom anxiously.

"Well," replied Uncle 'Zekiel, "I don't exactly know the name o' the disease, but the symptoms is that she's dreadful lonesome without the company of a certing boy called Thomas Croft."

"You don't mean it, uncle!" cried Tom, with an air of incredulity.

"Mean it? She says the house is like a deaf an' dumb asylum, an' she can't stand it nohow, so I hed to come down after you."

Tom's lip quivered, and two great tears gathered in his eyes and glistened on his cheeks like shining diamonds. He threw his arms around Uncle 'Zekiel's neck and gave him a good hug.

"Uncle," said he, "I never was so happy in my life! I thought I was nothing but a bother to her," and then dashed off behind the house, that no one might see the tears he could not repress. Then he sat down upon a stone, wiped his eyes, and gave up his dark schemes of emigration as soon as he was old enough.

They went home the next afternoon, and what a supper Aunt Mary had for them! Roast chicken, double the usual quantity, Tom's favourite strawberry preserves, and a crisp apple "turnover" laid close by his plate.

They were all very gay and happy together, as Tom ate with undiminished appetite, and related the adventures of the week.

Aunt Mary looked around with a beaming face.

"Well," said she, as they sat back from the table, "this is something like livin' again. I should hev had the dyspepsy myself in another week."

"Yes," said the young professor, "while there is often a serious incompatibility between youth and maturity, yet it must be confessed that the presence of the young at the festal board is extremely exhilarating."

But "that boy" Tom jumped up so hastily that his chair fell back with a loud crack—nobody said, "Don't, Tom"—and then he went round to Aunt Mary's chair, leaned over and softly kissed her faded cheek.

"I'm so glad to be at home again," he said.



## WORDS OF WISDOM.

WHO is a wise man? He who reaches truth by way of error. Who is a foolish man? He who abides with error.

He to whom God sends a happy day should not prepare an unhappy night for himself.

He who serves God has a good master.

He is a happy man who can rejoice with them that rejoice.

It is fine for a man to reach the heights by his own strength, but finer still to reach them by his own weakness.

Where the avaricious man has harvested the gleaner has no chance.

That which cannot be abused is of no use.

He who acquires wisdom and does not make use of it is like unto the man who ploughs a field and forgets to scatter seed upon it.

## The Children's Pages.

Conducted by "MR. ANON."

*I AM still anxious to receive more gifts towards providing a Radiography Apparatus for the Children's Hospital. It will be of so much help in curing poor suffering children. Do please send me some money, addressed to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.*

MR. ANON.

### The Mystery of the Money-Box.

By MARGARET BATCHELOR.

#### III.

TROUBLE FOR KITTY AND EVE.

THE little girls were sitting on the nursery window seat. Kitty, with puckered forehead and serious mouth, was making a summer frock for her doll Bluebell. Eve was threading beads.

They were both so busy and good that nurse took the opportunity to go in search of a cardboard box to pack Julia's dress in, which Prudence had just sent up to the nursery.

"We must hide it away very carefully this time," Kitty whispered to Eve directly they heard nurse's footsteps creak down the stairs. "I can't think how Prudence and Mrs. Honeysett could be so naughty as to tell mother it was their money-box when they knew it was ours."

"Julia will be shocked," said Eve, laying down her beads.

"We won't tell Julia. She would have Prudence put in prison, I am sure. And by-and-by Prudence will feel badly about it, like we always do when we've been naughty. I shouldn't like Julia to do anything cruel to her. P'r'aps Mrs. Honeysett is really very poor, and Prudence took the money for her."

"I b'lieve I hear nurse coming back. Quick, Kitty! Where shall we put the bank this time? We must hide it," whispered Eve.

"I have thought of a beau-ti-ful place, Eve. It's downstairs in the hall," said Kitty.

"Oh, Kitty! Someone will see us if we go down there," and Eve looked frightened.

"Mother is out driving. Come! Quick, Eve! It will be all right!"

So the two little girls crept down the broad oak stairs to the hall on tiptoe. All was quiet there, only the loud tick-tock of the grandfather clock to break the silence.

After a little trouble Kitty managed to open the door of the cupboard under the stairs.

"Father's old carpet shoes are on the shelf. We will put the money-box in one of the toes," said Kitty. "No one will think of looking there."

Meanwhile, when Mrs. Honeysett returned to the Lodge, Prudence came to the door to meet her.

"Did the young ladies take the money-box, mother?" she asked.

"No; Mrs. Marshall had them both down to see me, and they said together, in their shrill voices, 'We have not taken Mrs. Honeysett's money-box.' Those were their very words. They looked at me so severely, they might have been the judges and I the culprit."

"Well, it is very odd," said Prudence. "The money-box was on the mantelpiece just before the young ladies came in this morning. Mrs. Abel Cox looked in and bought sixpenn'orth of eggs. I remember as well as can be putting the sixpenny-bit into the box. 'That makes four-and-sixpence,' says I to myself. I went upstairs as Miss Kitty knocked at the door. You said afterwards that they both looked confused when you came into the room, and they ran home at a fine rate."

"We must turn the cottage out and look in every nook and cranny to-morrow," said Mrs. Honeysett. "There must be some mistake. The young ladies can never have said they had not taken it if they had. They would never tell a lie, I know."

"You never can tell," said Prudence rather sourly. "But I'll give a good hunt through the place, nevertheless." But, hunt as she would, Prudence could not find the missing money-box.

Prudence said something about it to nurse one day, a week or so afterwards, when she was cutting out the children's new cotton dresses on the nursery table. Kitty and Eve

were planting mustard and cress in their garden in the orchard.

"It is strange how things disappear," she began, taking a pin out of her mouth, where she generally held a supply—a habit which shocked nurse very much. "One would think things had legs and could walk. Now there's that little money-box, that went the very morning your young ladies came in with a note from their mother. I haven't seen it since."

"I hope, Prudence, you don't think either of my little ones is guilty. If so, you had better walk out of the nursery and never come in again. My young ladies do not steal or tell lies either," said nurse, looking very hot and her blue eyes flashing.

"Well, I don't say that," said Prudence, rather frightened at the effect of her words. "But I can't think where the box went. Four-and-sixpence in it, too."

"A jackdaw took it, likely; or a tramp picked it up in passing. You do hear of such things. I remember that the gipsies were around just then. Anyway, my young ladies haven't it; I should have come across it before this. And I don't think any the better of you, Miss Honeysett, for thinking of such a thing." And nurse, looking very indignant, went on darning Kitty's stockings.

"Miss Julia is expected home to-morrow, nurse, isn't she?" asked Prudence, by way of changing the conversation. "How does she get on with the little ones? Mother thought she was a bit quick-tempered with them."

"You and your mother think a lot," said nurse, who was still feeling vexed. "I shall put on the kettle now for tea, and call the young ladies in from their gardening."

Later in the evening, when Prudence had gone and the children were in bed, Mrs. Marshall, looking very troubled, came into the nursery.

"We have started the spring cleaning to-day, nurse," she began. "And—do you know?—when Alice was turning out the cupboard beneath the front stairs, she found this little money-box in one of master's shoes. I am afraid it is the very one Mrs. Honeysett has lost. The children said they knew nothing about it."

"There must be some mistake, ma'am," said nurse, her lips quivering. "The little ones have never told me a lie."

"Well, it is a dreadful thing. I shall go and ask them about it at once," said Mrs. Marshall.

The children were still awake as their mother entered the room.

She looked very grave, and, showing them the money-box, asked if they knew anything about it.

"Were you afraid to tell, dears?" she asked. "It is very naughty, you know. We shall have to tell Mrs. Honeysett."

"It isn't her box," said Eve.

"No," joined in Kitty. "It isn't Mrs. Honeysett's."

"Then do you know anything about it?"

"We mayn't tell, mummy; but it isn't Mrs. Honeysett's." And Mrs. Marshall could find out nothing more from them.

"I can't kiss you till you tell me; you have made me feel very unhappy," she said. "I must tell father how naughty you have been when he comes home." And she left the children sobbing bitterly.

"Never mind, Eve," said Kitty, trying to comfort her sister. "Julia will come to-morrow—father has gone to fetch her; then we will get leave from her to tell our secret. She will be pleased we have kept it so well."

#### IV.

##### EXPLANATIONS.

THE church clocks of Arundel were striking five as Colonel Marshall, driving his dog-cart, with Julia beside him, left the town and turned his good horse, Prince, towards Wilmanhurst.

"I feel quite disappointed that the children did not come to meet us," he said, as Prince broke into a steady trot. "I suppose nurse had other plans in her head for them."

Colonel Marshall had been to fetch Julia home from Aunt Patty's, and they had just arrived by the afternoon express. Julia also had been disappointed not to see her sisters on the platform. To her surprise she had quite missed them, and had often found herself talking of their quaint sayings and doings to Aunt Patty.

"Soon be home now," said Colonel Marshall, as a bend in the road brought to their view a pile of grey chimneys peeping out from the midst of a clump of trees. "There is Wilmanhurst. How comfortable and homelike it looks!"

Mrs. Marshall was standing in the hall to welcome them as they drove up to the door. She looked tired and sad. And still there was no sign of Kitty and Eve.

"Hullo! Here we are! And ready for tea!" called out Colonel Marshall. "Where are the children? I have something for them in my pocket."

"Oh! I am sorry to say they are rather in disgrace. I will tell you about it afterwards," said Mrs. Marshall, leading the way into the library. Then, when Julia had gone upstairs to take off her things, Mrs. Marshall told her husband the story of the money-box she had found in the old carpet slipper.

"The children look so white and miserable about it, but will not say one word in explanation. I never knew Kitty and Eve behave like this before," she said.

"Poor little kids! Perhaps there is some explanation you have not thought of. Both of them are as honest and straightforward as possible. I will try and coax Eve to tell me," replied Colonel Marshall.

Meanwhile Julia had gone to the nursery.

"Kitty! Eve! Where are you?" she called out. "I have something for each of you in my box. A new dress for Eve's doll, and a beautiful rug I've made for Kitty's doll's perambulator. But whatever is the matter?" she asked, as she saw her sisters' faces.

"We are in disgrace with mother, 'cause we couldn't explain about the money-box. We have heaps to tell you. And please may we tell mother the secret now? It will be such a relief," said Eve, with a little sob in her voice.

"First we lost it, then we found Prudence Honeysett had taken it, then we took it back, and Mrs. Honeysett said that we had stolen her bank, and we said it wasn't hers. We hid it away, and mummy found it, and thinks we are very naughty and it is really Mrs. Honeysett's," began the children rather incoherently. "Now, may we tell mummy? It has been such a hard secret to keep. Haven't we been good not to tell it, Julia?"

The expression on Julia's face had changed from astonishment to vexation during the recital.

"Well, you are little stupids!" she now burst out. "I had the money-box, *our* money-box, with me all the time. At the last moment I thought I wouldn't trust you babies with it. So you really took Mrs. Honeysett's. Of course, you might have known she wouldn't steal it. I declare, I sha'n't give you my presents now you have been so foolish. All this trouble about nothing! You should have explained to mother."

The children's faces grew long and troubled at Julia's harsh words. After all their troubles, to be blamed instead of receiving the expected praise seemed very hard.

"But, Julia, you said we weren't to tell anyone, or you would shut us up in a cupboard and never let us out again if we did. And

we have woken up in the night and thought we were there. We did want to tell mother, but were afraid of you," they said. "But we are glad that Prudence did not steal it."

The children were so excited that they did not notice their father and mother, who had come into the nursery during the conversation.

"What is the matter?" here broke in Colonel Marshall. "You children seem to have a wonderful secret. Cannot you tell it to your poor old daddy?"

"We can now, father," said Kitty; and after a little patience on Colonel and Mrs. Marshall's part they understood about the children's mistake with regard to the money-box.

"You see, there were really two boxes exactly alike," said Eve.

Mrs. Marshall was delighted, and so was nurse when she came up from the kitchen with the children's tea.

"I knew my little ladies would not tell an untruth," she proudly said.

Kitty and Eve begged to be allowed to go down and explain to Mrs. Honeysett and return her money-box.

"Why, my dears," said Mrs. Honeysett, "I knew it would all come out some day. Though I did not think my money-box had a double."

Mrs. Marshall spoke very seriously to Julia that night, and told her that if she had not been so cross with her sisters and frightened them with her threats they would have confided in their mother or nurse about the money-box, and all the trouble might have been avoided.

"I think you forget how young they are, Julia, and expect too much of them. You will find that you will do far more with kind words than harsh ones."

Julia must have taken her mother's words to heart, for next morning she gave Kitty and Eve her presents, and a few weeks after nurse overheard Kitty and Eve saying:

"We do love Julia. She has turned out nicely, after all."

### SUNDAY TALKS. Children of Light.

BY THE REV. A. AVERELL RAMSEY.

ALL the living flowers and trees that girdle the globe with beauty are "children of light."

When darkness covered the face of nature, death reigned. The opening page of the Bible tells us, "The earth was waste and void." Light is the parent of life. Without sunbeams no seed would sprout in the soil, no shrubs

would grow in the field, no flowers would bloom in the garden. There would be no smiling orchards of fruit, no golden harvests of corn. These and countless other "precious things of the earth" are "children of light."

How wonderful is the saying of St. John, "God is LIGHT"! Nowhere is it said God is thunder, God is storm, God is electricity, God is power. But we have all read the Psalmist's words, "The Lord God is a Sun." This Sun is without spots—"In Him is no darkness at all." The very first words from the great Creator's lips are written for our learning, thus: "God said, Let there be light: and there was light." It came from Himself.

He made two great lights—the sun and the moon. He made the stars also. The heavens declare His glory; and God, who at the beginning "commanded the light to shine out of darkness," more fully shows Himself "Father of lights" in the Son of His love, our Lord and Saviour. To His disciples Jesus declares, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

We all begin in darkness. What was said of some early Christians at Ephesus is true of us also: "Ye were once darkness." That picture of natural ignorance and helplessness which a poet has painted in his verse does not flatter, and in it a good many of us may see a familiar face:

"An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry."

Blind Bartimæus was not content to sit still in his darkness by the gates of Jericho when "the Light of the World," Jesus of Nazareth, was passing by. He cried out, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." Immediately his eyes were opened to the daylight, and he saw the face of Jesus Christ.

You and I must have the eyes of our understanding enlightened, our conscience illumined, our heart opened. To the Great and Good Physician each of us must cry, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!"

'Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,'

shine upon my dark mind. In Thy light let me have light!"

He will surely hear. He will answer and help and save.

Everybody knows that the sun makes the day. Light from his face glorifies the mountain peaks, gilds the clouds, silvers the streams, purifies the air, discloses unsuspected perils, reveals hidden treasures, destroys germs of disease, wakens the silent woods into melody, clothes the landscape with loveliness, and brings sweet hope into the chamber of the sick and into the dungeon of the prisoner.

All this—and, oh, how vastly more!—will Jesus do in the hearts and lives of those upon whom He pours "the Light of Life," His own quickening Spirit.

No wonder good St. Bernard cried, "Adorable Sun, I cannot walk without Thee. Enlighten my steps. Furnish this barren, ignorant mind with thoughts worthy of Thee. Thou art the true noonday of my soul. Disperse its clouds. Burn, dry up, consume all its filth and impurity. Divine Sun, arise on my soul and never set!"

Shall not every one of us echo this beautiful prayer, saying a hearty Amen to its petitions?

And when "Christ, our true and only Light," shines upon us, we must not fail to let our light shine upon others.

"Heaven doth with us as men with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves."

St. Paul tells us that "Sons of God" should be "seen as lights in the world." Are we such?

Sometimes, while looking upwards to the glorious sun or the brilliant stars, a whisper comes within my breast: "You can never hope to be like these." Yet I remember that starlight is mirrored in the dewdrops, and the least bit of mica will flash in the sunbeams. Both on land and sea, too, there are little light-bearing creatures which even the least of us may resemble.

In walking through a quiet country lane, when the dusk of a summer evening had spread its pall over all the flowers and trees and brooks, I have seen tiny glow-worms glittering like sparks in the hedgerow, making many a gloomy spot bright and beautiful.

And in warmer countries than ours, after sunset, lovely fireflies twinkle like little stars in the gloaming. They are frequently spoken of as "living lights." If you had opportunity for handling and measuring one of these lustrous insects, you would find it probably an inch and a half long, with two large yellow spots on its back, and two more under its wings. These are its lanterns, and are all seen when it is flying. How brilliant the shade of a summer night becomes where thousands of these fireflies flit and dance in the air, each carrying four separate lamps in its body!

The sea, moreover, has its "children of light." In the Pacific Ocean there are plants so luminous that at night the rocks where they grow resemble a bush on fire, or a splendid radiant grotto. Humboldt mentions that in the Gulf Stream he saw the waters flashing with brilliance. There were large, living creatures swimming about like animate sea-moons, and by their light he could watch the movements of other fish.

Such living lights on land and sea suggest to us what we may be. If we cannot resemble the sun and the stars, let us remember that we may be like the glow-worm, the firefly, the sea-anemone, and other lesser lights. Let us do our best to shed kindly rays of truth and love and hope and happiness wherever we are, and upon all around us.



## Sunday School Pages.

### POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

#### MAY 3rd. OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

*John xiv.*

**POINTS TO EMPHASISE.** (1) Christ's declaration about the Father's House. (2) The only way to the Home of Many Mansions; "By Me." (3) Obedience the fruit of love. (4) The promise of the Comforter.

THE fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel is without doubt the favourite chapter in the whole Bible. It is so full of comfort, so rich in consolation, so positive about heaven, that the human heart, when weary and in trouble, turns to its great words and finds in them a peace and a promise contained nowhere else in all the world's literature.

To help each other, to bear each other's burdens and to lighten each other's sorrows, are among the privileges of the Christian. And it is wonderful how much can be done in this direction by a bright and happy disposition. A woman who had had many sorrows and heavy burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirits, once said in explanation. "You know I have had no money. I had nothing I could give to my friends but myself, and so I made the resolution that I would never sadden anyone else with my troubles. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let anyone go from my presence without a happy word or a happy thought to carry with them." Christ soothed the sorrow of His disciples by telling them of the home which He was going to prepare for them, and we, too, can drive away troubles by kind words and actions.

#### Believing without Seeing.

When Jesus Christ spoke to His followers about the home in heaven, they implicitly believed His words. True faith never doubts. A building was being torn down, and a labourer, who was not noted for intelligence, was set to pull at a rope attached to the top of the wall. "Do you think," a passer-by asked, "that you are going to pull that thick wall down that way?" The man continued his tugs as he replied, "It doesn't seem so to me, but I am sure the boss knows what he is about." After an hour's pulling, the man felt a slight vibratory response to his tug, and at last the wall swayed and fell. We may not understand many things about the way by which God is leading us, but if we put all our trust in Him, walking by faith and not by sight, we may be sure that it will come all right with us in the end.

#### MAY 10th. THE MISSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

*John xv. 26 to xvi. 24.*

**POINTS TO EMPHASISE.** (1) The Spirit's testimony to Jesus Christ. (2) Persecution predicted. (3) The coming joy. The great assurance, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

The Holy Spirit bears witness to Jesus Christ; Christians are expected to do the same. Dr. Mabie, in his wonderful book on Soul-winning, tells of how he went into the house of a family in the United States. The husband was not a church-goer or a believer, though the wife was. Dr. Mabie said to the husband, "Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" "I believe some things about Him, but not all that you believe." "I would like to know what you believe." "I believe that Jesus Christ was the greatest teacher that was ever upon this earth." "That is really an important thing to believe. Is He your teacher?" "I do not know that I should say that, but He is the greatest teacher." "Would you mind coming to my church prayer meeting next Wednesday night just to tell my people what you have told me?" "I could not make a speech at a prayer meeting." "I do not ask you to do that; I simply ask you to be a perfectly honest man and bear your testimony before the people, that you do believe Jesus is the greatest teacher the world has ever seen." "I suppose," he said, "I can do that."

On the following Wednesday night this man went to the prayer meeting and told briefly and simply the interview with the pastor. He said, "I am here now to do what the pastor kindly asked me to do—to say that I believe Jesus Christ is the greatest teacher the world has ever seen. But, my friends, since I have said that, I really think there is more that I believe than I knew of before."

To the astonishment of his wife and the pastor, the next week that man came and asked to be received into the full communion of that church as a professed believer in Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

#### Asking in Faith.

Christ gave to His disciples, and through them to believers of all ages, this precious promise: "Ask, and ye shall receive." Dr. Pierson asked the late George Müller, a short time before he died, if he had asked anything of God that had not been granted, "and he told me," says Dr. Pierson, "he had prayed

sixty-two years, three months, five days, two hours—with his mathematical precision—for two men to be converted, neither of whom was converted, and there were no signs of it. I said, 'Do you expect God to convert them?' 'Certainly. Do you suppose that God would put upon His child for sixty-two years the burden of two souls if He had no purpose of their salvation? I shall meet them in heaven, certainly.' Shortly afterwards he died, and I was preaching in his pulpit, in Bristol, and referred to this occurrence. As I was going out, a lady said, 'One of those men was my uncle, and he was converted, and died a few weeks ago.'

#### MAY 17th. JESUS BETRAYED AND DENIED.

*John xviii. 1-27.*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The fearless Christ.  
(2) Peter's boldness and the Master's rebuke.  
(3) Peter's denial.

Peter declared with emphasis that he would never forsake his Lord, and yet when the testing hour came, and when Jesus needed him most, he denied that he ever knew Him. "I believe that the road to all denial," remarks a well-known preacher, "lies in over-consciousness of oneself. I tremble when I hear any man boast of his strength to resist temptation. I have heard a man stand upon a conspicuous platform for Christian workers and make the assertion that he never any more had to pray for deliverance from temptation. He submitted two reasons why: one was because God had given him strength to resist it; the other was because he did not have temptation. I remember a man who sat by my side when he made that statement, and I turned to him and said, 'Unless I am very much mistaken, that man will go to the bad before he gets out of this country.' And he was wallowing in the gutter before six weeks had passed."

#### The Way Back.

Though Peter denied his Lord, he found his way back to Him, and therein is an encouragement for poor, erring humanity. No man has ever gone beyond the possibility of salvation. As long as there is life there is hope. At one of the first of those remarkable meetings for students conducted in Edinburgh by Henry Drummond, he read one night a letter which some of those who heard it called a letter from hell. It was the revelation of a human soul tortured, sunken, lost; it bore no name, it was signed only "Thanatos" (the Greek word for death). "If ever," said Drummond, "I thought a man was hopelessly, irretrievably lost, it was that man. He was an intellectual, physical, and moral wreck." Years went by, and one night Drummond went to his meeting again with another letter from "Thanatos" in his pocket; but the writer was a changed man now, filling a position of responsibility and usefulness, and it was to Christ he owed it all.

"Howbeit I am a wretched captive of sin," cried Samuel Rutherford, "yet my Lord can hew heaven out of worse timber than I am."

#### MAY 24th. JESUS' DEATH AND BURIAL.

*John xix. 17-42.*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The crucified Saviour.  
(2) Christ's thoughtfulness for His mother in the hour of His own suffering. (3) Nicodemus' gift.

Even in the hour of His own intense suffering, Jesus Christ was not unmindful of His loved ones, and remembering His mother, He gave her into the care of His beloved disciple. In trying to help others, we very often forget our own trials and sufferings. It is told of a man who was just about to drown himself that he found two sovereigns in his pocket, and thinking it was a pity to waste so much, he gave them to a poor woman who was starving for bread. When he saw how happy the money made the mother and her children, he thought of how much happiness he could occasion by his great wealth. He abandoned the idea of suicide, and devoted the rest of his life to doing good.

Love is always ready to give, and Nicodemus, who had first of all made the acquaintance of Jesus by night, brings his gift of love for the body of his Lord. A young girl, thirteen years of age, gave £16 for foreign missions in about eighteen months' time. She was only a poor little girl, but she went out to work whenever she got the chance, and put by all she could that she might give it for missionary purposes. "There is nothing so sweet to me as to give for missions," she wrote in her diary one day. If all Christians were like her, what an extension would be witnessed in missionary enterprise!

#### MAY 31st. JESUS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

*John xx. 1-18.*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The early visit to the tomb. (2) The disciples' discovery. (3) Mary's interview with her risen Lord.

"When I was a boy," says the Rev. F. B. Meyer, "I used to go to the Polytechnic in London, where my favourite diversion was a diving bell, which had seats around the rim, and which, at a given time, was filled with people and lowered into a tank. We used to go down deeper, deeper, into the water, but not a drop came into that diving-bell, though it had no bottom, and the water was quite within reach, because the bell was so full of air that, though the water lusted against the air, the air lusted against the water, because the air was being pumped in all the time, and the water could not do what otherwise it would do."

Jesus Christ has gone down into the grave and gained the victory over it. And because of that triumph, the sting of death has been destroyed, and all who believe in Christ shall likewise rise again, to be for ever with the Lord.

## The League of Loving Hearts.

SINCE our last issue I have had two generous gifts towards the Fund of the League of Loving Hearts. Mr. Henry A. Smith has very kindly sent us £10, and a lady in New Zealand has sent £5, with a list of fifty names of members. This should encourage our members to "go and do likewise."

Our membership continues to grow satisfactorily, but I am still anxious to see it increase much quicker. Will not the original members of the League try and secure others to join by filling in the coupon to be found among our advertisement pages? Our method

of dividing the money among ten societies makes the gift of any money ten times more useful than if it were devoted simply to one philanthropy. If some of your friends do not care to become members of the League, why not persuade them to send a donation to our Fund?

I am glad to tell the members of the League that I was able to send a substantial contribution to each of the ten societies in the New Year, and received from them the most grateful letters of thanks. This must encourage us to go forward, as I have promised the societies that we shall eclipse the efforts of the last half-year.

### SOCIETIES WHICH MEMBERS WILL HELP:

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.  
 RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.  
 CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.  
 SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.  
 MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.  
 NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.  
 LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.  
 ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.  
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,  
 Savoy Street, W.C.  
 BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.



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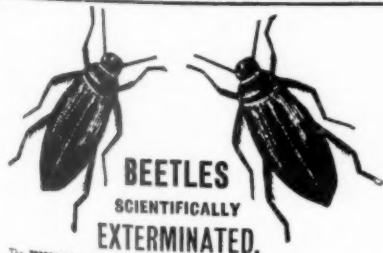
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DOCTOR: "Out of condition—all you require is

**ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'**  
*—Always keep a bottle handy."*
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 CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.
SEVEN PRIZE  
MEDALS.Neither Scratch  
nor Spurt.
 Attention is  
 also drawn to the  
**NEW PATENT  
 ANTI-BLOTTING  
 PENS.** Sample Box of  
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Works: BIRMINGHAM.

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The **UNION COCKROACH PASTE** is a scientific poison for  
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 of the Sheffield Museum, to clear the Beetle Plague at the Sheffield Workhouse  
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**J. P. HEWITT, Wholesale and Retail Chemist,**  
 66 & 68, Division Street, Sheffield.

Q.—May, 1908.]



Wearers the wide world o'er declare that

**ATHEENIC  
 UNSHRINKABLE  
 UNDERWEAR**

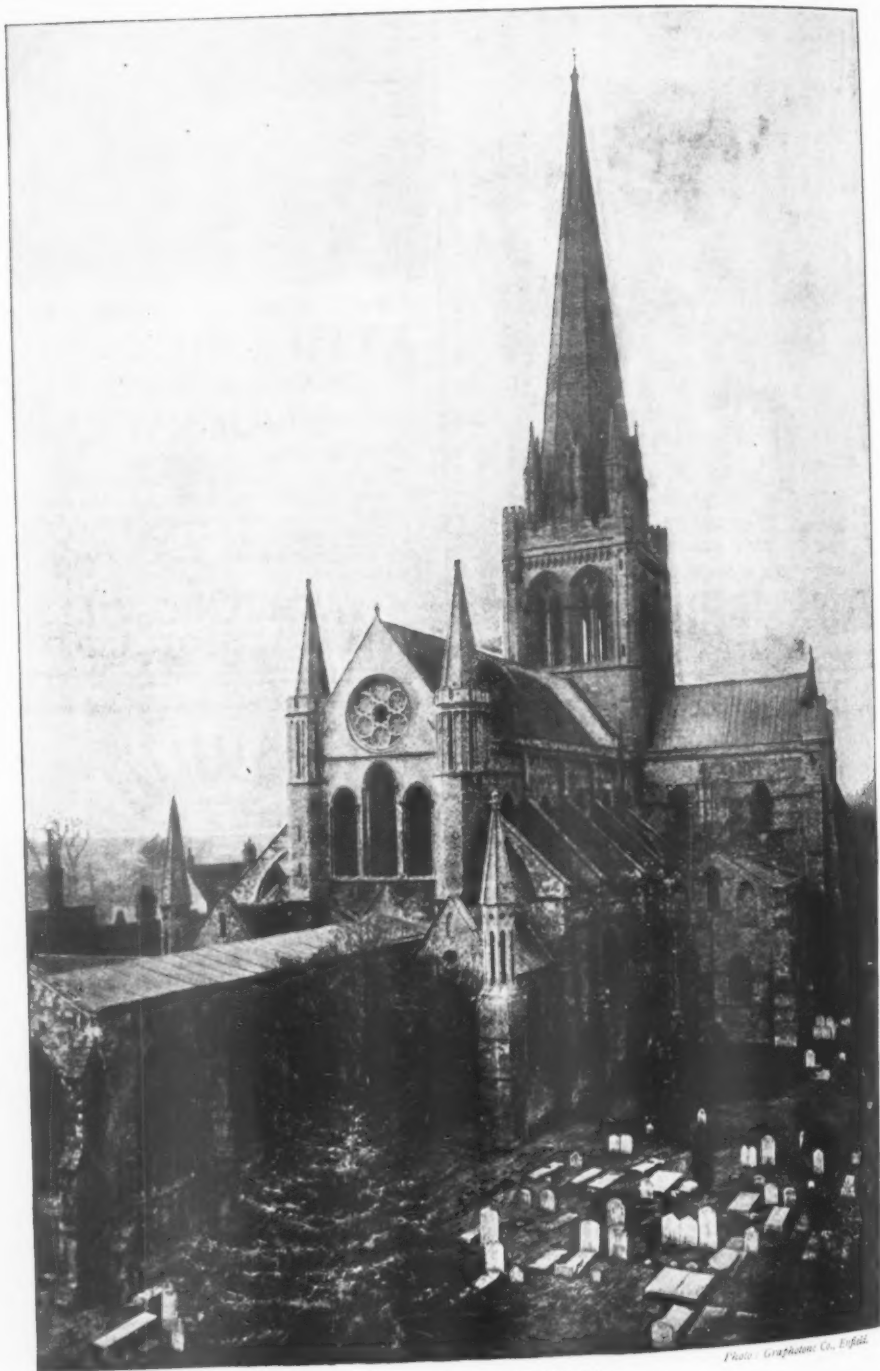
is the best obtainable.

It is made in Ladies', Gent's and Children's  
garments, suitable alike for Equatorial or Arctic wear.It has also the great recommendation of being  
sold direct from the makers.Any shrunk garment will be replaced. Write for  
patterns to
 Dept. M.I. **ATHEENIC MILLS,**  
**HAWICK, SCOTLAND.**
Other **PLASMON** preparations:

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- “ Chocolate.
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- “ Blancmange.
- “ Custard.
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 THE LANCET says: "Plasmon may be employed with the  
 greatest advantage for enriching food."

[Face end matter.]



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THE COCOA FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

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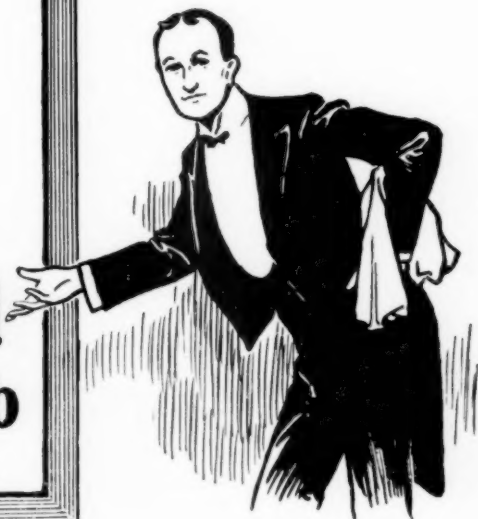
Joints.

SWEETS.

**Bird's  
Custard**  
with **Rhubarb**

A Spring-time Luxury.

"THE BEST DISH NOW  
IN SEASON."



## WHY DON'T YOU MOTOR?

THE general idea of the picture drawn to represent the results of motoring is a wild-eyed person in a state approaching nervous prostration. There is no explaining why this view should be so popularly accepted, especially now that motoring is receiving more and more the approval of medical men. I was reading the other day that in the great majority of morbid conditions the motor car can be used with most

and varied that, with the exception of a few hysterical and epileptic conditions the pastime may be regarded as a "cure-all."

The hygienic side of motoring is sadly neglected, and if the matter were only gone into by medical men the "motor tonic" would often be prescribed in place of other and less pleasurable remedies.

In previous issues of *THE QUIVER* I have spoken of the great advantages that doctors



ARGYLL MOTOR SCHOOL: INSTRUCTION BEING GIVEN TO PUPILS.

satisfactory results, and only in rare cases is the consequence harmful. The most marked effect of careful, regular motoring is on the blood, and splendid results have been obtained in cases of anaemia. The number of other ailments, however, for which the motor can be used beneficially is so great

and clergymen in country districts may derive from the automobile. To the list of cars I have already mentioned I now add the 14-16-h.p. Argyll Modele de Luxe, of which an illustration is given. The folding wind screen is of special design, and has polished mahogany frames. The upper half

By Appointment to



H.M. THE KING.

# FURTHER ROYAL APPRECIATION.

By Appointment to



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

# DAIMLER

*Ober-Hofmarschall-Amt  
Seiner Majestät  
des Kaisers und Königs.*

Berlin, the 20<sup>th</sup> December 1907.

The Count E u l e n b u r g has much pleasure in informing the Daimler Company, that His Majesty the Emperor has been very satisfied with the motor cars which the Company has sent to the Imperial Household during His stay in Highcliffe as well as in London.

The motor cars worked without a fault and the chauffeurs showed themselves to be very reliable and careful so that His Majesty has been highly satisfied.

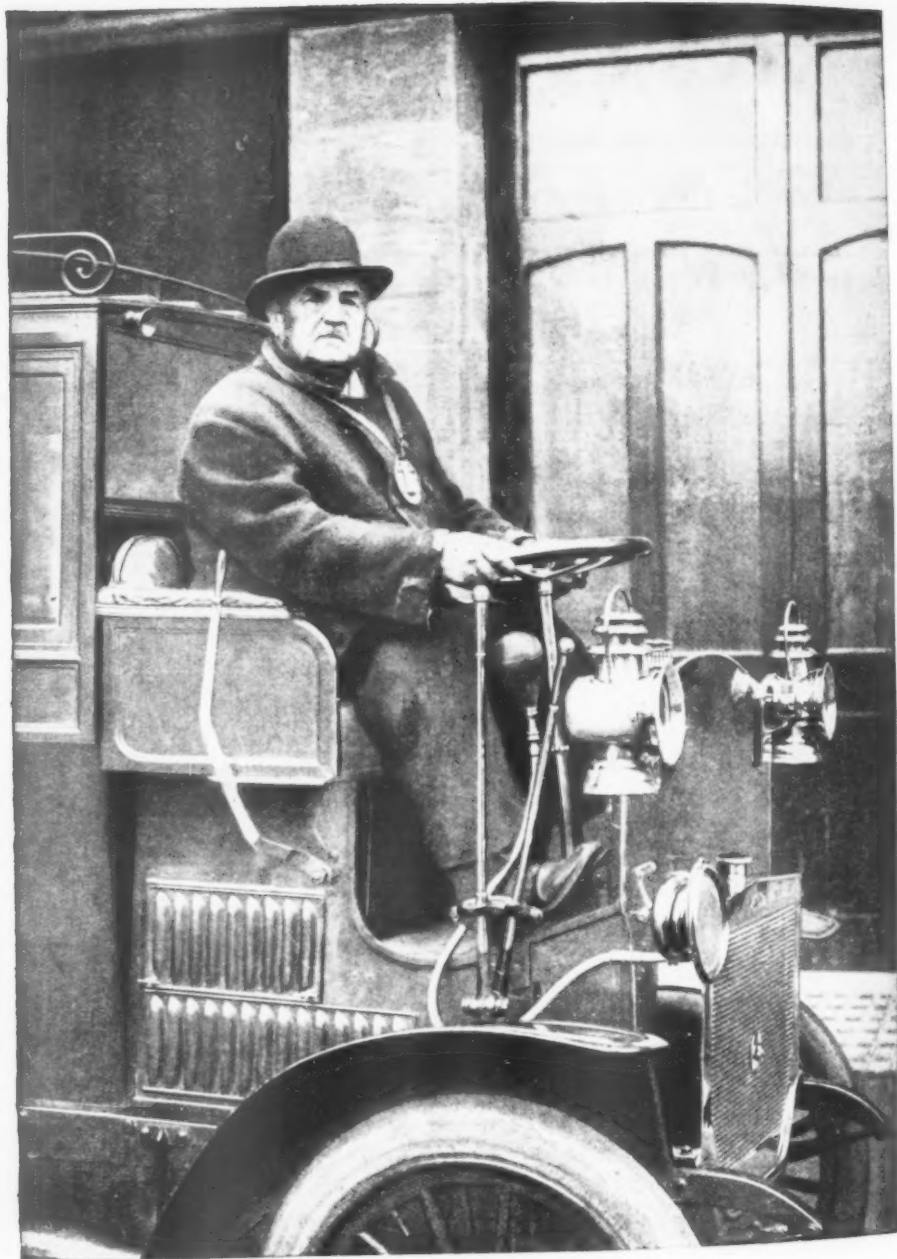


The  
Daimler Motor Company Limited

L o n d o n . W . C .

## THE DAIMLER MOTOR CO. (1904) Ltd.,

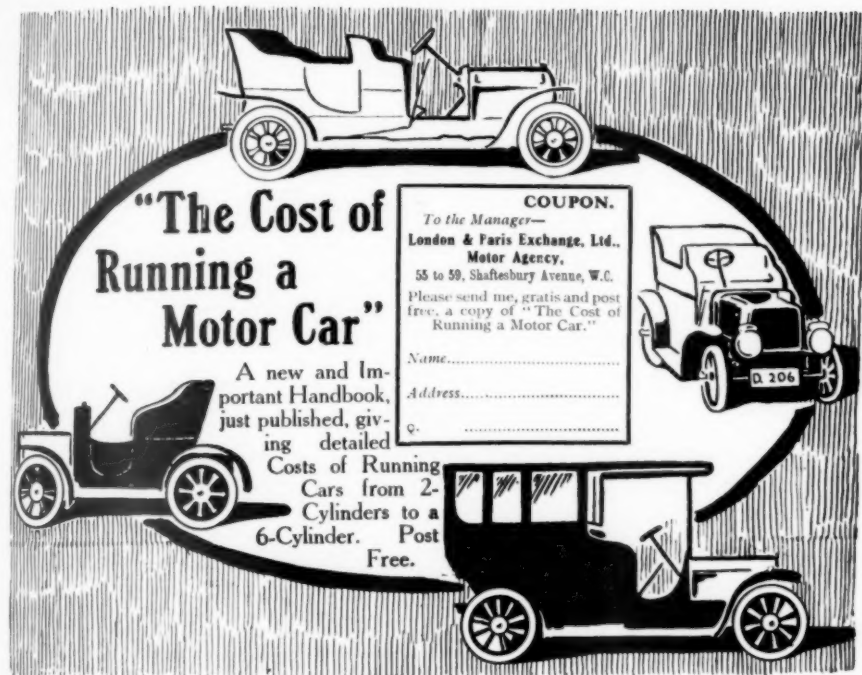
COVENTRY—Daimler Works. LONDON—219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.  
MANCHESTER—60, Deansgate. NOTTINGHAM—96-98, Derby Road. BRISTOL—18, Victoria Street.  
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"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN."

THE LATEST CONVERT, AN AGED GENTLEMAN, CLAIMED BY THE ARVILL MOTOR SCHOOL.

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**"The Cost of Running a Motor Car"**

A new and important Handbook, just published, giving detailed Costs of Running Cars from 2-Cylinders to a 6-Cylinder. Post Free.

**COUPON.**  
 To the Manager—  
 London & Paris Exchange, Ltd.,  
 Motor Agency,  
 55 to 59, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.  
 Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of "The Cost of Running a Motor Car."

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 C.....

projects to permit of clear vision through the embrasure thus obtained, and may be swung inwards up to the roof. The bucket seats are very roomy and comfortable, and the doors are made high to afford protection from draughts. At the hinder part of the car there is an additional seat, which is collapsible, and arranged to disappear behind. A feature that will be appreciated by every medical man is the provision of a double-lined drawer, suitable for holding medicines, instruments, etc. When one considers that the name Argyll stands for all that is good in construction, finish, and efficiency, the price, £395 (£20 extra for the collapsible seat), is really moderate.

Amongst the many advantages that Messrs. Argyll possess are (1) the high state to which they have carried the standardisation of all parts; (2) the fact that, having agents or branches in many of the provinces, spare parts may be procured without the usual delay; (3) the intending buyer is afforded great facilities for personal inspection; and (4) the cars are all delivered from stock, thus saving what, in some instances, means a very long wait.

The Cadillac test was completed on the 20th March without a hitch. I mentioned the test in the April issue of THE QUIVER, but for those who may not remember it I make this description as plain as possible. Three 10-h.p. cars were chosen from the showrooms of the Cadillac Company by an official of the R.A.C., and run for twenty-five miles round the Brooklands track. They were then completely dismantled, the parts mixed together, separated again into three heaps, and built up into three "fresh" cars.

To satisfy themselves more thoroughly on the point of standardisation, the R.A.C. officials added some eighty fresh parts from the showrooms, making the total number of parts about 800, and these fresh parts were used in the rebuilding of the cars. An examination afterwards showed how mixed the cars were. No. 3 car had its engine made up of the cylinder from No. 1, the crank case from No. 2, and the piston, connecting rod, etc., from stock. Its back axle was composed of half from No. 1 and half from No. 2. This principle was carried out down to the smallest part.



The cars were then run round the track for 500 miles, and at two o'clock on Friday they completed the severest standardisation test that has ever been attempted. Their average speed for the 500 miles was over 34 miles an hour. But to cap this extraordinary performance Mr. Bennet, of the Cadillac Company, has left the cars still under observation, and is asking the R.A.C. to choose one and lock it up until the morning of the "Two Thousand," when he proposes to start it just as it finished at Brooklands!

The cost of tyres is one of the most serious expenses of the motorists, and any device or advice relating to their preservation is always worth having. Perhaps more damage is done to tyres in the intermediate stage than in any other. By intermediate I mean when the tyre is not actually deflated, but is soft.

One of the few complaints against motorists, for which I think there is just cause, is the inconvenience created by the excessive glare from ordinary acetylene motor headlights. These lights, while absolutely essential to the safety of the motorist travelling by night, cause a certain amount of annoyance to motorists themselves when meeting one another, as well as to drivers of horse-drawn vehicles and pedestrians. Demands have been made that motorists should adopt some means of modifying this glare when passing through towns and urban districts, and in Paris and several large and small towns in

France the authorities have forbidden the use of motor search lights. The possibility of similar action by the local authorities of the United Kingdom has already been discussed by motorists.

The "Autoclipse" lamps claim to have solved this problem. In ordinary use they give the usual blinding glare, but by a very simple piece of mechanism the light loses all its fierceness. The main point is that, by pressing a lever, a black disc falls in front of the reflector, thus giving the lamp only the actual power of the acetylene flame. The disc stays down until the driver moves

the lever again, when it flies back, leaving the reflector clear.

Messrs. George W. Houk, Ltd., of 48, Knightsbridge, S.W., who are agents for Autoclipse lamps (made in France), tell me that any mechanic, driver, or garage keeper—in fact, any person who understands motor lamps at all—can instal this system. And it is very

simple, being, more or less, merely the running of a flexible Bowden wire from the lamps to a convenient position on the car. The prices run from £9 8s. for a 5,000 candle power, with a projective power of 700 ft., down to £2 12s. for a 1,400 candle-power lamp, throwing a light 360 feet.

These lamps will, I believe, come greatly into use, and I should be glad to see them do so. I admit candidly, that I have experienced the unpleasant glare of the fierce white light that blinds one when the car is still sixty or seventy yards off.



DOCTOR'S CAR, NEW ARGYLL MODÈLE DE LUXE

# EDUCATION

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and all Defects in Speech effectually CURED by "The Macon Natural System of 1876," either by correspondence or by personal tuition. The "Practical Guide" (11th Edition), with printed Medical and General testimony to the 30 years' success of the system, is lent to enquirers, post free. A preliminary interview (without charge) can be had by previous appointment.

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School for Boys.  
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Messrs. J. and J. PATON, having an intimate knowledge of the BEST SCHOOLS and TUTORS in this country and on the Continent, will be pleased to aid parents in their selection by sending (free of charge) prospectuses and full particulars of reliable and highly recommended establishments. When writing please state the age of pupil, the district preferred, and give some idea of the fees to be paid.—J. and J. Paton, Educational Agents, 143, Cannon Street, London, E.C. Telephone: 5053 Central.

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Founded by King Edward VI., 1580; Rebuilt 1862; Reorganised under a Scheme of the Charity Commissioners, 1875.

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IF I MUST BE WASHED  
WASH ME WITH

**VINOLIA**

Premier, 4d. ; Floral, 6d. ; Medical, 8d. ; Toilet (Otto), 10d. ; Vestal, 2 6.

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Patron—H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

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**RADIOGRAPHY APPARATUS FOR THE GREAT  
ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL.**

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged .. ..	33	14	2
"A Member of the League of Loving Hearts" ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Mattherson .. ..	2	0	0
A Friend (Bournemouth) .. ..	2	0	0
E. M. Newnham .. ..	2	0	0
"Ilfracombe" .. ..	1	0	0
"Noel" .. ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Newnham .. ..	5	0	0
<b>Total .. ..</b>	<b>£36</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>8</b>

**MAKES WRINKLES  
DISAPPEAR IN A NIGHT**

in many instances. No face massage, no steaming, no creams or so-called skin foods, no masks or rollers, nothing to inject, but a marvellous, simple discovery that works surprising wonders in EIGHT HOURS.

**I FOOLED THEM ALL**

and took my own wrinkles out by my discovery after massage and beauty doctors had failed. My treatment is absolutely harmless; can be used without the knowledge of anyone, and takes only a few minutes—For further particulars, address HARRIETT META, 44, Albion House, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. Before I give full information I require promise of secrecy for my own protection.

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**Plate in Colours**

It is a fine plate, and one which is well worth framing. Every boy should certainly get the April 22 number of CHUMS, and see for himself what a glorious number it is.

**CHUMS**

1d. Weekly. 6d. Monthly.

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Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

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Which cures HEADACHE, COLD IN THE HEAD,  
CATARRH, DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS.  
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